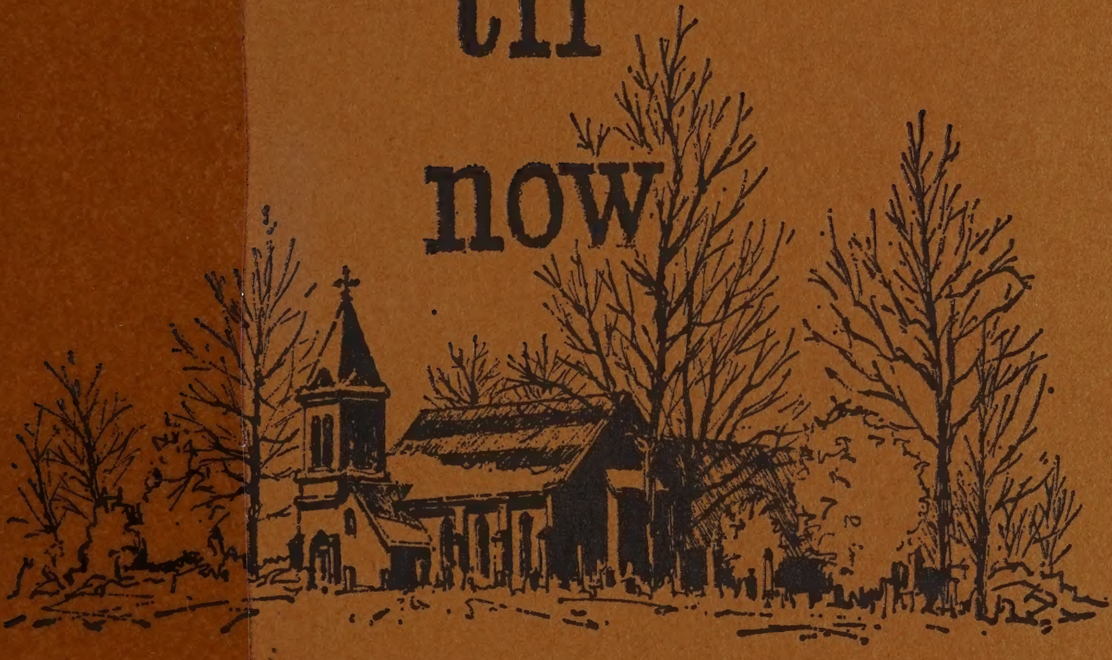
977.237
McCU

3/04
rebound

ECKHART PUBLIC LIBRARY
603 S. Jackson St.
Auburn, IN 46706

From then til now



History of McCutchanville

by

Kenneth P. McCutchan

DO NOT CIRCULATE

ECKHART PUBLIC LIBRARY
AUBURN, INDIANA
925-2414

1. Books may be kept two weeks and may be renewed for the same period

2. A fine will be charged on each book which is not returned according to the above rule. No book will be issued to any person incurring an excessive fine until it has been paid

3. All injuries to books beyond reasonable wear and all losses shall be made good to the satisfaction of the Librarian

4. Each borrower is held responsible for all materials drawn on his card and for all fines accruing on the same

DEMCO

977.233
McCU
Vanderburgh Co.

ECKHART PUBLIC LIBRARY
603 S. Jackson
Auburn, IN 46706

Copy 1

ECKHART PUBLIC LIB.
8401 9100 057 977 0

FROM THEN 'TIL NOW

Eckhart Public Library

603 S. Jackson Street Auburn, IN 46706
Phone: 219-925-2414

Patron is responsible for all
material borrowed.

The Indiana Historical Society in co-operating with the McCutchanville Community Association in the publication and distribution of *From Then 'Til Now* hopes that this community history will serve as a guide and inspiration to citizens of other communities in the collecting, preserving, and writing of their histories.

From
then
til
now

History of McCutchanville

by

Kenneth P. McCutchan

illustrated by

Jerry N. Baum

INDIANA HISTORICAL SOCIETY
SEAL
1830

INDIANAPOLIS INDIANA
1969

Copyright © 1969
by
Kenneth P. McCutchan
Printed in the United States of America

Here . . . on a ridge of hills the families dwelt in a little community of their own, like a highland clan upon its own peaks. . . . No streets had McCutchanville. It was scarcely a hamlet, since it had not even a store, and its post-office was "Squire Mack's" private sitting-room where the mail was brought once a week. It was simply a scattered settlement having two foci, the church and the schoolhouse. Its laws were the Ten Commandments, the Golden Rule, and the customs of the fathers.

—Beauty for Ashes, by ALBION FELLOWS BACON

PREFACE

MY HISTORY OF McCutchanville, *From Then 'Til Now,* was first published in 1955 in a limited edition of 350 numbered copies. The preface read:

My decision to write this book was made in April 1951, when I recited a history of the McCutchanville Church at the dedication service of the new church parish house. So many people expressed interest in what I said that day, and asked for copies that I decided then and there to begin to collect the story of the whole community before another generation and its knowledge passed away. I began the work immediately.

What I undertook was a task that should have been started years ago. Too much of the fascinating early history of McCutchanville has been lost because few have written anything down, and the ones who knew the interesting stories of the early times have long ago passed on.

If I could remember half the amusing incidents I heard my grandfather and the men and women of his generation talk about when I was a small boy, I could fill a book twice this size.

For example, there is the story of how the early women came to the big spring to do their family washings—the big spring that was then in the side of the steep slope on the north border of the east cemetery. There are stories of things that happened at log rollings when all the men and boys worked together in the clearing—the big half-breed Indian and the runaway slaves—the amusing incident at church when the Moffett's bondwoman named Charity Neale arrived late for services wearing a crazily trimmed bonnet just at the precise moment when the preacher, pounding the pulpit and raising his voice to its full fury, brought out the point of his sermon, "But, dear friends, charity never faileth." This set the boys to giggling so that they had to leave the room. There is the story of "Peg-leg" Jack who went into the nursery business and sold his neighbors plants of a "new improved thornless gooseberry." When next season his customers all reported, somewhat irately, that their gooseberry bushes did have thorns as always, his quick come-back was, "they were supposed to be thornless gooseberries. Sure, I guess maybe the bushes did have some thorns, but the gooseberries don't." These and a hundred other tales could have been woven into a warm, human-interest history, for these people had a quick Irish wit when they had fun together, and hot Irish tempers when they disagreed.

However, in writing the following account I have gathered as much information as I could find and presented it as clearly and as accurately as possible. Many times I have run across conflicting accounts, wrong dates, and even impossible stories because of time sequence. As we all know, when tales are handed down through several generations by word of mouth, they become mere legend and usually undergo considerable coloring with each succeeding telling. For that reason I fully realize that some of the things I have written here may be challenged. But I have weighed evidence, checked dates against dates, referred to all available printed accounts, hunted out old newspaper clippings, read obituaries, and talked to many, many people. What I have arrived at is what I feel to be the most logical and reasonable account of what happened. Some names may not be presented in an as important a light as they may well deserve. Some may even be omitted. This is due only to the fact that additional information on them has not been available to me.

I wish to thank all the persons who have been of assistance. To name them all would be to list half the residents of the community. I hope all will find this history interesting. I only hope that I have done a small service in here collecting and preserving information that might soon have been lost forever. I shall welcome any criticisms, suggestions or comments.

KENNETH P. McCUTCHAN

October 26, 1954

The book was released on the night of May 21, 1955, at a reception arranged for me at the church by the Fellowship Class of the Sunday School. The weather was miserable that night. During the hour before the reception was to begin the rain came down in torrents, but in spite of it about 130 people came. Members of the class had set up a veritable community museum for the occasion. Items displayed included old costumes, documents, pictures, books, Indian artifacts, Civil War relics, and china and glass and old furniture from the Erskine, Whitehead, Earl, McCutchan, Moffett, Hooker, Ensle, Brodie, McJohnston, and Perry families. Everyone who braved the weather seemed to have a splendid time, and I believe it ignited a spark of interest in the history of the community that had not been touched off before. Ninety-six copies of the book were sold before the evening was over, and the remaining copies were all gone within a few months. I believe copies went to almost every corner of the nation. Ever since there has been a constant demand for more, and I have been urged to issue a reprint. However, I have learned one thing in the last ten years. History is made far more rapidly than any of us realize. The happenings from day to day are taken in stride, and unless there is something to use as a guide we seldom realize how the scene has changed. This book has served as such a guide for me. I began to realize after two or three years that a reprint would not be advisable, because already there were many changes taking place. In the decade that followed there have been many more. People have moved away, many have died, roads have been closed or relocated, old houses have disappeared. Also a great quantity of other interesting material has come to light since 1955. I came to the conclusion that the only solution was a revision of the original manuscript.

As early as 1965 I decided I would undertake the revision and set 1969 as the goal for publication. This would coincide with the 150th anniversary of the arrival of the first permanent white settlers in the community, the McJohnstons and the Erskines. I have worked ever since toward that end.

I have retained as much of the original as possible. I have revised some passages, corrected some errors, and added a great deal of material that was not included before. I feel sure that old trunks and attics will yet some day produce even more, but that will be for another historian.

I have found valuable information on a variety of subjects in *Griffing's Atlas of Vanderburgh County* (Philadelphia: D. J. Lake & Co., 1880) and in *History of Vanderburgh County* (Brant & Fuller, 1889). I have consulted the records of the Center Township schools, now owned by the Evansville-Vanderburgh School Corporation and stored at Stringtown School, and the records of the various churches mentioned. The latter, though incomplete, have been very helpful as has been the *History of the McCutchanville Methodist Church*, by Mrs. Mary A. Johns (privately printed, 1930). Other sources have been the Vanderburgh County Tract Book Number One in the County Auditor's Office, early county marriage records in the Clerk's Office, and, of course, old newspapers on file in the Willard Library in Evansville.

Again I want to thank everyone who has contributed to this book in any way—through the loan of diaries, letters, documents and pictures—or just conversation. A special thanks goes to Nana Hart Baum for proofreading the manuscript and typing the final draft.

KENNETH P. McCUTCHAN

March 1969

CONTENTS

I. In the Beginning 1

II. Pioneer Life 29

III. Post Offices 40

IV. McCutchanville School 46

V. The Little Red Schoolhouses 59

VI. Secondary Education 67

VII. Early Diseases and Cures—Local Physicians.. 74

VIII. Transportation and Communication 82

IX. Highways and Byways 91

X. The Methodist Church 99

XI. Organizations of the Methodist Church..... 116

XII. Neighboring Churches 123

XIII. The Civil War 132

XIV. The Cemetery 145

XV. Law, Order and Politics 156

XVI. Civic Clubs 160

XVII. Lake Talahi 170

XVIII. Old Houses 173
XIX. Some Old Letters 190
XX. Excerpts from a Diary 208
XXI. Miscellanea 219
Conclusion 238
Acknowledgment 239
Index 241

I

IN THE BEGINNING

THIS IS THE story of a spot not marked on many maps—a place without definite boundaries—a place in the rolling, wooded hills of southern Indiana several miles northeast of the city of Evansville, in Center Township, Vanderburgh County. This is the story of a community called McCutchanville.

This region, in the very early days, was part of the great wilderness then known as the Northwest Territory. The hills were covered with a dense, tangled forest of huge trees and vines, inhabited only by birds, wild beasts, and Indians. Flint arrowheads which have been found in considerable numbers show us that this was either a rich hunting ground or a one-time field of battle. As far back as history goes, the main tribes that occupied and claimed this land were the Miami, the Piankashaw, the Delawares, the Wyandots, and the Shawnee.

They must have lived rather well here. Food was abundant and the soil was rich for growing their simple crops. Several spots in the neighborhood at one time showed evidence that they had been the sites of semi-permanent, small Indian villages. One is the deep depression in the southeast side of the hill located on the Ellen McCutchan farm, on the south side of Kansas Road between Heddon and Green River roads.

Here were protection on three sides from the winds and the weather and a large spring of fresh water. Numerous Indian artifacts were found at this spot in the early days before the farmers' plows turned them under. Another location was along Whetstone Road, as it goes down the hill toward the airport. On property taken first by the Moffett family and later owned by Albert George, there was a spring that had been dug out and crudely walled with rough field stone. It was found there when the first white settlers arrived. We do not know who these red men were, but they were most likely Shawnee.

However, all Indian claim to the territory of which the McCutchanville area is a part was finally relinquished by the treaties with the Piankashaw and Delawares concluded in August 1804 and proclaimed the following February. This land, thus acquired by the Government, was then placed on the market at the land office in Vincennes for $2.00 an acre reduced to $1.25 in 1820. Entries and settlement soon followed along the river, but it was more than a decade after the treaties before any white families ventured to settle as deep in the wilderness as the McCutchanville hills.

On February 10, 1821, Saunders Hornbrook, Sr., wrote to a friend back in England:

My dear friend Taylor:

. . . Tis not many years since the Indians were camped near our spring. They have left some marks on the trees of figures of different kinds. From every information I have been able to procure they worship the Great Spirit and some of their leaders frequently in the course of the day, address prayers to him.

The lands here are very heavily timbered of a large size and great height, some parts more lightly, which are called barrens. The expense of clearing the land depends upon the quantity of timber, but we must have timber as everything is done with timber, say timber houses and timber hedges, the common way being to split into rails about 10 ft long, 2 to 4 inches on the square. These are placed in zig-zag fashion about 8 or 9 feet high which makes a good fence. The woods are full of good hickory, walnut and hazelnuts, and acorns on which the pigs feed and fatten requiring but little corn but in winter. . . . In the woods are great quantities of grapes, also persimmons which are a very rich plum when ripe, but before they are ripe so astringent that it almost draws the mouth together. The country is still in a wild state, being an immense forest with only here and there an improvement.

So far as we know today the first white man to settle permanently in the McCutchanville area was a widower, Charles McCutchan-Johnstone, who came from County Longford, Ireland, with his seven children. The McCutchan-Johnstone family, which shall hereafter be referred to as the McJohnston family, sailed down the Ohio River from Pittsburgh on flatboats and landed in March 1819 at the crude little riverbank settlement called Evansville.

Things had not been going too well for Evansville. Its bright prospects had been dimmed in 1814 when it lost the county seat of Warrick County, in which it was then located, to Darlington. When Vanderburgh County was organized in 1818, Evansville became its seat of justice, but the advantages of this were not yet evident. In 1819 the town had a population of about one hundred. Charles McJohnston, with the sturdy spirit of a pioneer, left the settlement behind, turned his boats into Pigeon Creek, and pushed up into the wilderness as far as Skelhorn Hill (now Stringtown Hill) and disembarked. He had brought with him, besides some household goods, a wagon and two horses and a cow or two. Here at Skelhorn Hill he loaded his possessions on the wagon and headed northward on what was later known as the Old State Road (now Stringtown Road merging into the Old State Road) running from Evansville to Vincennes. In 1819 and for some years after this was nothing more than a winding path through the forest—a path from which the saplings and underbrush had been cut, but which had giant forest trees standing in its center along its entire course.

Instead of following the road northward into the area of Scott Township (organized in 1821) as earlier arrivals had done, Mr. McJohnston struck out eastward on an Indian trail (now Petersburg Road), crossed the valley, and climbed the next ridge of hills. The hill country was a wise choice because the marshy valley lands along the creeks were malarial, and there was much trouble from that disease in the years that followed.

The land had been government property since the Indian treaties and was open to claim. He registered approximately one thousand acres at the Vincennes Land Office. He named his estate Goshen after the village that had been his home in Ireland. It is believed that the property extended from the Petersburg Road east as far as the Green River Road or beyond. There is no record of exactly where the first McJohnston house was built. Many, many years ago, it was said, folks of the community would in the summertime "go blackberry picking at Goshen." This meant a trip over the hills around the present Seib farm on Seib Road. Perhaps this was the site of the first McJohnston dwelling.

It must have been lonely that first year being the only family for miles. How Mr. McJohnston managed is difficult to imagine. His oldest son was only thirteen years old, and the oldest daughter only seven. The youngest child was just four. One may wonder why a widower with seven small children would have attempted such a long and difficult journey. It seems that the real reason he came to America in the first place was to escape trouble he was having with the courts in Ireland.

In 1816 he had killed a man. As the story goes, he owned a shop in the town of Granard, and one night, discovering someone prowling in the shop, he got his gun and shot the intruder dead. It turned out that the man was one of his employees. McJohnston was cleared of a murder charge, but was sentenced to assume the maintenance and guardianship of the victim's family. A letter from an attorney in Dublin addressed to Charles McCutchan-Johnstone, Esq., Granard, dated 1816, warned him that he had no other alternative, except go to jail. There was, however, another alternative. That was to sell out and go to America, which he did two years later; but things must have been very difficult here at first.

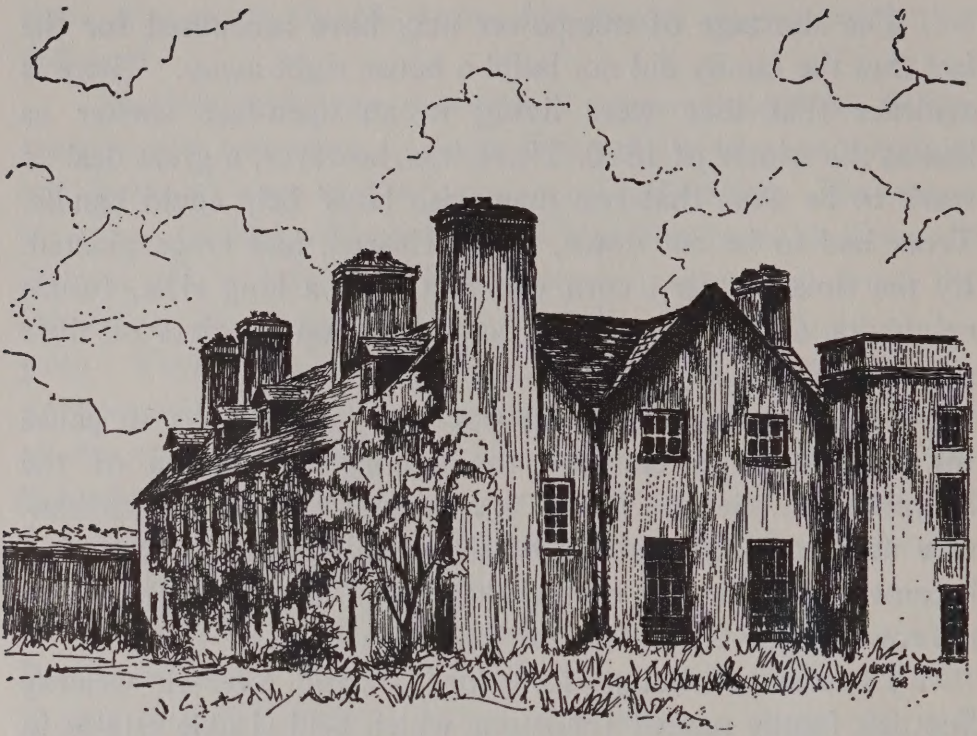
The shortage of manpower may have accounted for the fact that the family did not build a house right away. There is evidence that they were living in an open-face shelter as late as the winter of 1820. There was, however, a great deal of work to be done that one man with boys' help could handle. Trees had to be cut down, brush cleared, and crops planted. By the time the first corn was as tall as a long rifle, future neighbors, the Erskines, were somewhere up the river on their way to this wild, new land.

However, before we introduce the Erskines, let us pause for a moment to consider the history and origin of the McJohnstons. Several of the present residents of McCutchanville are direct descendants of this family, but the name has become extinct in this community except as seen engraved on the rows of gravestones in the church cemetery.

There was in County Longford, Ireland, a certain wealthy Scottish family named Johnstone which held sizable estates in the vicinity of Granard and Edgeworthstown. They had come from Annandale in the south of Scotland and were related by marriage to the McCutchans (spelled McCutcheon in Scotland), the Kingstones, the Edgeworths, and other families who had taken property in County Longford. A certain lady of the family (we do not know if she was a Miss or a Mrs. Johnstone) owned a thousand-acre estate called Mosstown near the village Keenagh eight miles south of the town of Longford and other properties in the county. Apparently she was a very wealthy woman, but had no heirs. It is said that she was an enthusiastic supporter of John Wesley and supplied him with lodging and money when he was crusading in her country.

In the neighborhood were two orphaned brothers, Charles and Robert McCutchan of the village Goshen. Some believe that these boys' mother had been a sister of the aforementioned Miss Johnstone, but I have found no documentary proof of this. It has been established, however, that the two families were in some way related.

Anyhow, this lady took the two McCutchan brothers to raise and arranged to leave them certain parts of her property



Ruins of Mosstown, Ancestral Manor House of the Johnstone Family, County Longford, Ireland
From a photograph made in 1955

on condition that they assume her name. Thereupon they became known as Robert and Charles McCutchan-Johnstone.

The two young men grew up and married two sisters of the Fox family, Amelia and Maria. The following marriage is recorded on an undated clipping from *Walker's Hibernian Magazine*:

> Charles McCutchan-Johnstone, Esq. of Goshen, County Longford—Fox, Maria, Daughter of Matthew of Foxbrooke, County Meath, July 1805.

To this marriage were born the following children:

1. Arthur born Aug. 9, 1806 — married Mary Simpson 1828
2. Charles born ——— 1808 — died in infancy
3. Eliza born Sept. 15, 1809 — married Patrick Keegan 1829

4. Charles Fox born Sept. 30, 1810 married Mary Catherine Wasson 1833
5. Harriet Maria born Dec. 3, 1811 married John Inwood 1836
6. Amelia Fox born Apr. 13, 1813 married Rev. William Atcheson 1840
7. Wilhelmina born June 14, 1814 married James Moffett 1836
8. Kinlock born Sept. 30, 1815 married Mary Anne McCutchan 1840, daughter of Robt. & Elizabeth McCutchan of Castletown, Ireland. Following her death he married Leanna DeBruler.

After the death of his wife, July 17, 1817, Charles McCutchan-Johnstone took his seven children and sailed for America, landing in Philadelphia in August 1818. He left his children in that city for awhile and spent some time searching for a location in the state of New York. Failing to find a site that he liked, he purchased wagons and made the journey with his children across the mountains to Pittsburgh. The trip took more than four weeks. In Pittsburgh he built a flatboat and started down the Ohio River. Winter came on early, and before they had gone far, he landed at a place called Beaver Dam, sold his boat, and awaited the spring.

When the good days came again, he built two boats, on one of which he placed his family and household goods and on the other his wagon and animals, and continued the journey down the Ohio to Evansville where he landed on March 25, 1819.

I have not yet, however, explained the family name. It seems after such a long journey across the mountains and down the river that Charles McCutchan-Johnstone, Esq., had developed into a hardy pioneer. There was no place in the Indiana wilderness for fancy foibles such as long hyphenated names.

We do not know exactly when the change occurred, but soon after the family settled in Indiana the "Cutchan" and the final "e" disappeared so that the name contracted into simply McJohnston.

It is interesting to note, however, that all the children did not agree on this change. The father and sons Charles Fox and Kinlock (and their heirs) were from hereafter known as McJohnston. The eldest son, Arthur, although his name appears in early Vanderburgh County records as Arthur McCutchan-Johnstone, was generally known as Arthur Johnston. The other children dropped the "McCutchan" and became known as Johnstone. Today one may see in the McCutchanville cemetery long rows of gravestones, some bearing the name McJohnston, some Johnston, and some McJohnstone, but all are of the same family—all actually McCutchans by blood.

The Erskines, the second white family to arrive in McCutchanville, came also from Ireland, but were descended from a very old Scottish family whose records go back for centuries. When I was in Scotland in 1945, I visited the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey near Melrose where Sir Walter Scott is buried, and I saw there in the churchyard many gravestones bearing the family name with such familiar first names as James, John, Andrew, and William. James Boswell, noted Scottish journalist and biographer, in his personal diaries for the years 1762 and 1763, mentions frequently members of the family who were his intimate friends—Hon. James Erskine (Advocate), Lady Frances Erskine, Col. John Erskine, John Francis Erskine (13th Earl of Mar), and Col. Andrew Erskine (younger son of the 5th Earl of Kellie), who was prominent in Scotland's rebellion of 1745. It is interesting to note that here again appear the familiar first names.

The Irish branch of the family (including, no doubt, those who came to McCutchanville) were descended from Sir James Erskine who left Scotland about 1610 during the reign of King James I and settled in Ireland. The family crest is a boar's head.

It was the bitterly cold Christmas Day of 1819 when William and Mary Erskine and their four children tied up their flatboat at the Evansville landing. They had come from Largey, in Antrim County, Ireland. Whether they had intended going on down the river is not known, for during that Christmas night the river froze over so solidly that all traffic was brought to a halt. Mr. Erskine was able to rent a small cabin from Hugh McGary, the founder of Evansville, and the family remained there until spring.

Perhaps during the long months while the winter wore away they began to like southern Indiana, for when the weather broke and good green days came again, Mr. Erskine went back into the hills and selected a site for a farm, which he later purchased at the Vincennes Land Office for $1.25 per acre.

With the spring, the family moved to their new estate and set to work to build a barn. There were more hands to do the work than there had been in the McJohnston family. The Erskine children were already grown; the two oldest boys were twenty-two and twenty years of age. This barn, constructed of round hickory logs, is thought to have been the first building erected in the McCutchanville area. It was located on the brow of the hill north of the present church at the end of what is now Erskine Lane. These early folk built well, for the old barn remained into the first quarter of this century. When the barn was finished, the family moved into it and lived there until their house was completed just before the winter of 1820-21 set in.

The children of William and Mary Erskine were:

1. John, born 1797, married Harriet Iglehart 1825.
2. Andrew, born 1799, married Abigail Ewing 1825.
3. William, born ——, married Elizabeth Hemingway 1825.
4. Mary (Anne), born ——, married James Hillyard 1825.

Of these four only the first two, John and Andrew, settled permanently in McCutchanville. John fathered nine children and their descendants have now spread to all parts of the United States. Andrew had four children and one grand-child, all of whom died young, so that there were no descendants from this branch later than the 1870s.

Soon after the McJohnstons and the Erskines there came many more Scotch-Irish families to settle in the vicinity. Among them were the Atchesons, Cootses, Headens, Keegans, Knowles, McCutchans, Moffetts, Perrys, and others. Most of these families had been related by marriage before they left Ireland, and some of the relationships seem to go back even further into Scotland. More marriages among them after their arrival here have so complicated the relationship that even the most adroit genealogist would have difficulty untwining the branches on the family tree.

Albion Fellows Bacon described them well when she wrote, "Here . . . on a ridge of hills the families dwelt in a little community . . . like a highland clan upon its own peaks."

These early folk had hot Scotch-Irish tempers, and through the years sometimes there were violent disagreements; but although they fought among themselves, they would have stood shoulder to shoulder against the outside world. There was a saying at one time—"The McCutchans are not speaking to the McJohnstons, the McJohnstons are not speaking to the Erskines, and the Erskines are speaking only to God." But as in the legends of the Montagues and Capulets and the Martins and the Coys, love conquered all and the families continued to intermarry back and forth.

In the 1820s a number of English immigrants came to this general vicinity. From the beginning they took an active part in the development of the school and church and married with the Scotch-Irish, and through the years they have been very influential in the community. Among these were the Bohannons, Browns, Earls, Grimwoods, Hookers, Hornbys, Inwoods, Pattersons, Sansoms, Skeelses, Whiteheads, and Youngs.

To give the reader some idea of the complex relationship, here follows a list of ten of the early families, showing which of the other nine each has been married to at least once since their arrival in Indiana. In some cases families have been married to each other several times, such as three marriages between McCutchans and Hornbys, and three between the Whiteheads and the McCutchans.

Atcheson .... married: McCutchan, McJohnston
Coots .... married: Henry, McCutchan, Moffett, Perry
Erskine .... married: Hornby, McJohnston, Perry Whitehead
Henry .... married: Coots, McCutchan, Perry, Whitehead
Hornby .... married: Erskine, McCutchan, Whitehead
McCutchan ..... married: Atcheson, Coots, Henry, Hornby, McJohnston, Moffett, Whitehead
McJohnston ..... married: Atcheson, Erskine, McCutchan, Moffett
Moffett .... married: Coots, McCutchan, McJohnston, Moffett, Whitehead
Perry .... married: Coots, Erskine, Henry
Whitehead ...... married: Erskine, Henry, Hornby, McCutchan, Moffett

Also within a radius of three or four miles were several German families. Since most of them spoke only the tongue of their fatherland, the language barrier kept the two groups separated. As time went on this barrier was broken. Peter Huebner, who married Harriet Inwood in 1847, was perhaps one of the first German immigrants to take an active part in the development of the McCutchanville community.

The McCutchan family, for whom the village was named, is a sept of the Clan Donald of Scotland. Clan Donald held the throne of Scotland briefly several times and was, for the most part, sympathetic toward the Norman invaders of the island and assisted the Normans in establishing and maintaining their line on the throne of England from 1066 until 1135.

There are two theories on the origin of the name, but the most plausible is that "McCutchan" finds its roots in the old Norman language in the word "escuchon" which meant "shield." It is possible that the forerunner of the family was a Norman who came to the British Isles with William the Conqueror's army early in the eleventh century and later became allied with the friendly Donalds during their various wars for power. It is not at all improbable that the man was given the name "Shield" because of some act of valor which he performed in the protection of his leader. The descendants of Escuchon, then under the Scottish influence, naturally became known as MacEscuchon, or "son of the shield," and so the name McCutcheon evolved from the English spelling (escutcheon) of the old Norman word. The name, thus spelled, appears in Scottish records from the early fifteenth century.

The "an" spelling seems to have been peculiar only to the branch of the family that emigrated to Ireland, and it was apparently an effort to fall in line with the Irish ways—so many Irish names end in "an," such as McClanahan, O'Hoolahan, Horan, Gahagan, Donnegan, etc.

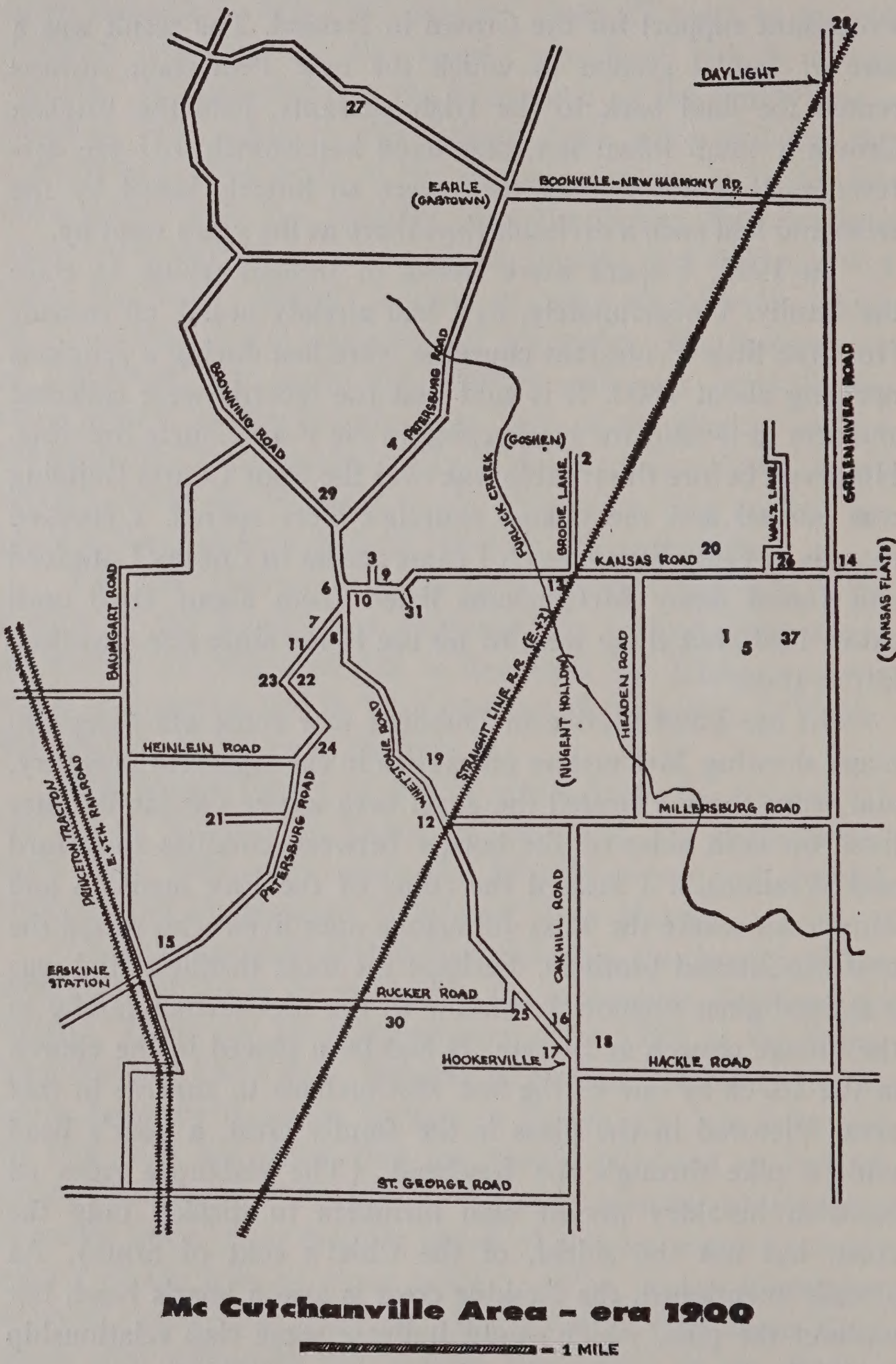
The second theory of origin comes from the Curator of the Burgh Museum in Dumfries, Scotland. He suggests the name may have been originally MacHutcheon and derived from the old Gaelic word "Huchoun" (for Hugh).

I have never been able to find out when this branch of the family moved from Annandale in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, to Ireland. There are no McCutcheons since 1724 in the Dumfries Burgess Lists. Miss Patricia Baxendine, Secretary of the Scots Ancestry Research Society in Edinburgh, has informed me that it is her belief that the family migrated to Ireland during the Ulster Plantation in the early seventeenth century, although there is no definite proof of this since there are no known extant lists of these settlers. The Ulster Plantation occurred during the reign of King James I (the same King James who sponsored the famous translation of the Bible). Under this system he confiscated large tracts of land from the Roman Catholic Irish and gave this land to his Protestant friends from England and Scotland so that there would be Protestant support for the Crown in Ireland. The result was a sort of feudal system in which the new Protestant owners rented the land back to the Irish peasants, paid the English Crown a small token tax, and lived handsomely off the difference. It is no wonder they were so bitterly hated by the Irish and had such a difficult time there as the years went by.

In 1955, I spent three weeks in Ireland trying to trace the family. Unfortunately, as I had already heard, all records from the little Protestant churches were lost during a religious uprising about 1800. It is said that the records were collected and sent to Dublin for safekeeping in the Four Courts Building. However, before the trouble was over the Four Courts Building was burned and the village churches were spared. I checked records in every little church I came across in County Longford and found many McCutchans listed from about 1810 until about 1850, but these were of no use to me since our ancestors left in 1806.

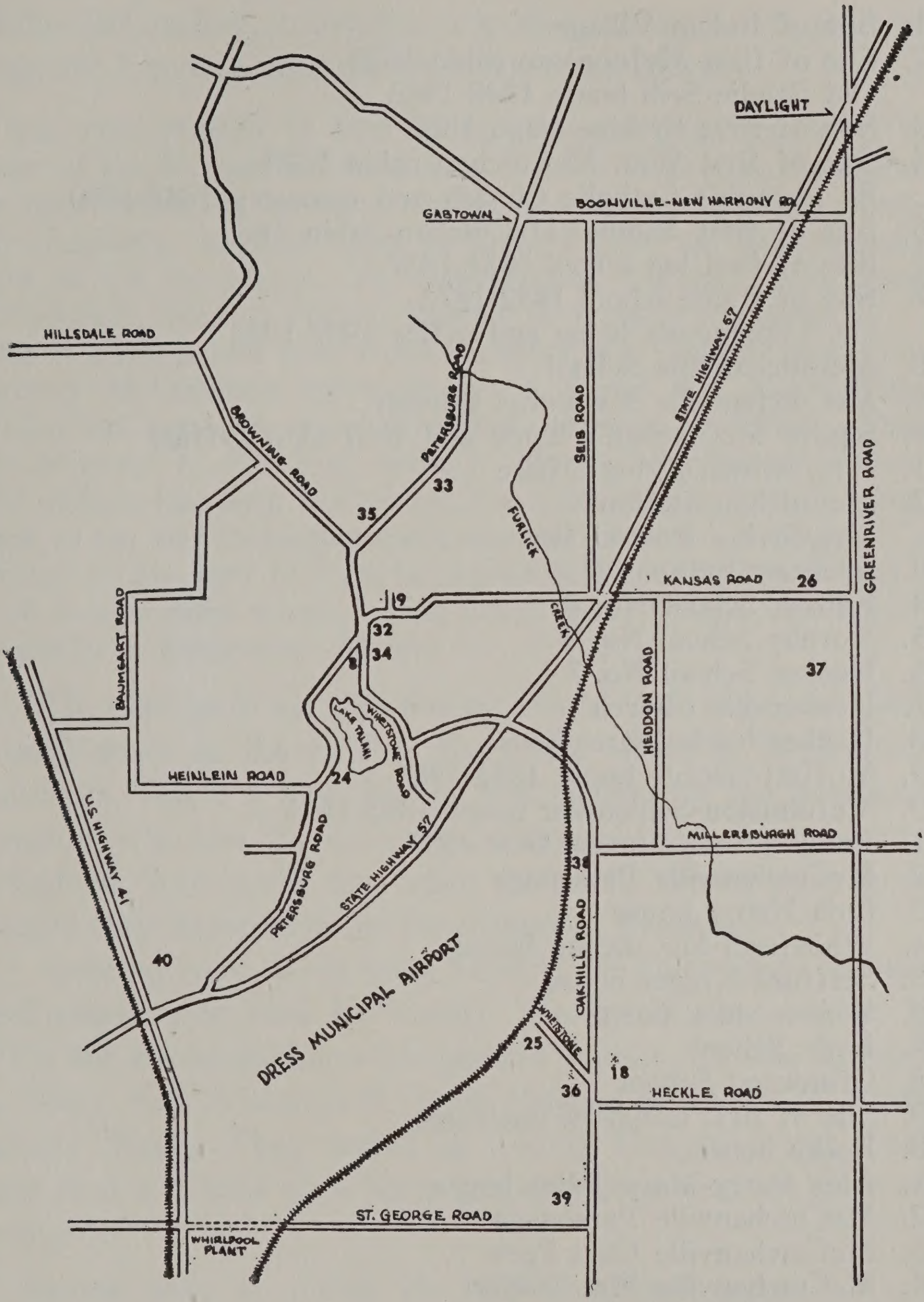
In the Land Office in Dublin I saw some old sheepskin maps showing McCutchan properties in the eighteenth century, and from these I located the exact area where the family once lived on both sides of the border between counties Longford and Westmeath. I located the ruins of the Fox mansion and Mosstown where the Miss Johnstone once lived who raised the two McCutchan brothers. Perhaps the most thrilling find was a stained-glass memorial window to the McCutchan family in the village church at Streete. It had been placed in the church in the 1870s by one of the last McCutchans to survive in that area. Pictured in the glass is the family crest, a boar's head with a pike through the forehead. (The elaborate rules of Scottish heraldry permit clan members to display only the crest, but not the shield, of the Chief's coat of arms). As already mentioned, the Erskine crest is also a boar's head, but without the pike, which might indicate some clan relationship in the dim past.

There are no McCutchans living in Ireland today, and have been none for more than half a century.


28
DAYLIGHT
27
EARLE
(GASTOWN)
BOONVILLE-NEW HARMONY RD.
GREEN RIVER ROAD
PETERSBURG ROAD
BROWNING ROAD
4
(GOSHEN)
2
FURLICK CREEK
BRODIE LANE
WALTZ LANE
29
3
9
6
10
31
KANSAS ROAD
20
26
14
(KANSAS FLATS)
13
7
11
8
1
5
37
BAUMGART ROAD
23
22
(NUGENT HOLLOW)
HEADEN ROAD
STRAIGHT LINE R.R. (E.+I.)
WHETSTONE ROAD
HEINLEIN ROAD
24
19
MILLERSBURG ROAD
PRINCETON TRACTION
E.+T.H. RAILROAD
21
PETERSBURG ROAD
12
OAKHILL ROAD
15
ERSKINE STATION
RUCKER ROAD
25
16
30
18
HOOKERVILLE
17
HACKLE ROAD
ST. GEORGE ROAD
= 1 MILE

Mc Cutchanville Area - era 1900

Key on page 16


DAYLIGHT
GABTOWN
BOONVILLE-NEW HARMONY RD
HILLSDALE ROAD
STATE HIGHWAY 57
PETERSBURG ROAD
SEIS ROAD
GREENRIVER ROAD
BROWNING ROAD
33
35
FURLICK CREEK
KANSAS ROAD
26
9
32
34
8
37
BAUMGART ROAD
LAKE TALAWI
WHETSTONE ROAD
HEDDON ROAD
HEINLEIN ROAD
24
U.S. HIGHWAY 41
PETERSBURG ROAD
STATE HIGHWAY 57
MILLERSBURGH ROAD
38
40
DRESS MUNICIPAL AIRPORT
OAKHILL ROAD
WHETSTONE
25
18
36
HECKLE ROAD
39
ST. GEORGE ROAD
WHIRLPOOL PLANT

Mc Cutchanville Area 1968

= 1 MILE

Key on page 16

KEY TO MAPS

1. Site of Indian Village
2. Site of first McJohnston cabin 1820
   Old Brodie-Seib house 1848-1968
3. Site of first Erskine cabin 1820
4. Site of first Wm. McCutchan cabin 1828
   St. Patrick's Catholic Church and cemetery 1848-1890
5. Site of first Samuel McCutchan cabin 1835
6. Site of first log school 1834-1837
7. Site of frame school 1852-1873
   Dr. Clippinger's home and office 1909-1933
8. McCutchanville School
9. McCutchanville Methodist Church
10. Squire McCutchan's home and first Post Office
11. Mrs. Brown's Post Office
12. McCutchan Station
    Mr. Cavins' Post Office
13. Igleheart Station
14. Kansas School No. 8
15. Hornby School No. 9
16. Hooker School No. 7
17. Hookerville Church
18. Hooker-Ensle-Pierce house
19. Moffett-George house 1845-1964
20. McJohnston-Schlensker house 1845-1964
21. Erskine-Swope house 1830-1957
22. McCutchanville Parsonage
23. Lida Henry house
24. Whitehead-McCutchan house
25. Stafford-Kreger house
26. Weber-Ahles farm
27. Earle School
28. Grimwood School
29. Site of first telephone exchange
30. Boeke house
31. Alex Perry-Mary Johns house
32. McCutchanville Parsonage
33. McCutchanville Club Park
34. McCutchanville Fire Station
35. Indiana Bell Telephone Exchange
36. Bethlehem United Church of Christ
37. The author's home
38. Oak Hill School
39. New Olivet Presbyterian Church
40. Burch Plow Works

Two years ago, quite by chance, I came in contact with a Philip McCutchan, a novelist, who lives on the south coast of England. I quote some lines from one of his letters:

> I was very pleased to hear from you and most interested to know of the McCutchans in U.S.A. I think there is no doubt that we must belong to the same family; our history is almost identical—formerly Scottish, went to Ireland, and we have definite links in Co. Longford. My Grandfather, Colonel James Shaw McCutchan, lived at Torboy [Corboy?], County Longford . . . [this is about a half mile from the townland, Goshen, where our Indiana McCutchans came from. I found the James Shaw McCutchan properties marked on the old maps in Dublin. They lay adjacent to the Fox estate.] My father, Donald Robert McCutchan, was born in Clonmel, Co. Tipperary in 1885 and then went to sea and thereafter spent most of his time in England; a brother of his went to Canada just after the 1914-18 war, and I have cousins there whom I have never met. I think that branch is mostly in Edmonton, Alberta.

He went on to say that during World War II he had spent several years in the British Navy and while in Melbourne, Australia, found a long list of McCutchans in the telephone directory who had also descended from emigrants from County Longford. So it seems that when the family finally gave up in Ireland they scattered to the far corners of the earth.

Coming back to the local history, we know that William McCutchan was born in County Westmeath, on August 1, 1775, but we do not know his parents' names. He was married to Mary Ann Vickerstaff, born September 16, 1777, from County Meath. They settled in County Longford and there their first five sons were born, probably at or near the town of Granard:

1. Samuel born . . . . Oct. 16, 1797	married Agnes (Nancy) McCrabbie
2. Alexander Dennison born . . 1800	married Anna Maria Atcheson
3. William, Jr. born 1801	married Dezire ——
4. John born 1802	married Hester A. Benjamin

5. Thomas born .... 1804 married Sarah Trimble

They left Ireland early in 1806 and arrived in New York State in May of that year. Their reason for emigration was religious oppression. The McCutchans had been Protestants for many years before they fell under the dynamic spell of John Wesley's preachings. As Methodists in Ireland they ran into great difficulty with the Roman Catholic majority, and the religious differences often broke into outright warfare. There is a legend handed down about the Catholics chasing Sammy down the road with a pitchfork. At any rate, William was bitter—so bitter, in fact, that he did not allow his family to celebrate Christmas. Christmas to him was nothing more than "Christ's Mass", and being a Mass was therefore Catholic; so he wanted no part of it.

In America he purchased land and settled near the village of Bethel in Sullivan County, New York. Here were born Sarah Bond (the only daughter), March 20, 1807, George Bond on February 3, 1812, Robert, about 1817, and James. Two other children whose names and birth dates are not known did not reach maturity.

It is interesting to note that two children, Sarah and George, were both given "Bond" for a middle name. What was the significance of this? In Ireland I found in the same vicinity many vestiges of a Bond family. There was the ruin of a Bond house and numerous members of the family were buried in the Corboy churchyard. Perhaps the elder William McCutchan's mother was a Bond.

The blood relationship of William McCutchan and Charles McJohnston, whom we have already discussed, has never been definitely established. They were most certainly closely related, and some family historians maintain that they were half brothers. There is a story of a meeting in New York between William McCutchan and a half brother, who had more recently come from Ireland, and that half brother brought William news of his father. It is quite possible that this was Charles McJohnston who in 1818 was traveling through New

York looking for a suitable place to settle, as I have already related.

With promises of great opportunities awaiting the adventurous in the new State of Indiana, William and Mary McCutchan and part of their family set out for the West. They arrived in the McCutchanville area about 1828 and purchased several tracts of land from the Vincennes Land Office. The land they took was along Browning Road and east as far as the Petersburg Road. One entry for eighty acres was recorded in August 1835. The Arthur Hill and the Orr properties and others are part of that tract. Another entry for eighty acres constitutes land occupied today by the church, the cemetery, the Traylor, the Dailey, and other properties in the vicinity. It is believed that William McCutchan first settled on the hill near the present Ross house across from the McCutchanville Community Association Park on the Petersburg Road.

We do not know who, besides the parents, came along in the first group. Most certainly the younger children, Sarah, George, Robert, and James, were in the party, and probably the second eldest son, Alexander, who was not yet married.

In exactly what order the other sons and their families followed to Indiana is not known. There were eventually ten families in all. Robert married Maria Massey, and James married Mary Ann Mossman. The only daughter, Sarah, married a man named Samuel B. McCutcheon (spelled with "eon"). This man was no known relation. He was a veteran of the War of 1812 and twenty years older than Sarah. It is said that since he could neither read nor write, she was the scribe for the family and she always wrote the name with her own family spelling, as did their descendants, except their eldest son, Robert, who during his lifetime used the "eon" spelling. However, Robert's heirs have since changed back to the "an." The contemporary Connor, France, Patterson, and Schlensker families have members who are direct descendants of this branch.

I shall elaborate a bit on William and Mary's sons Samuel and George Bond, for they are the two whose influence has been felt most in McCutchanville down through the years.

George Bond McCutchan married Amelia L. Yerkes in Evansville in 1833. Soon after the birth of their first child, Arad, they settled at the site of the present Methodist Parsonage at 9401 Petersburg Road.

Samuel McCutchan, the eldest son, married Agnes McCrabbie on April 23, 1820, at Bethel, New York. (Agnes never used her real name, but was always known as "Nancy," even on legal papers and on her gravestone.) To Samuel and Nancy were born in New York: Margaret, Agnes, William, Sarah, Elizabeth, and Samuel Vickerstaff (the latter always known as "Vic"). Immediately following the birth of Vic, they sold their New York farm, in March 1835, and set out for Indiana. Their arrival here is dated November 27, 1835.

Samuel selected property along what is now the Kansas Road between Hedden and Green River roads. (The farm where I live today is part of that tract, as well as land now owned by Ellen McCutchan and William Hartig.) He built a small cabin near a spring in the depression on the southeast side of the hill near the Indian village site mentioned earlier and lived there for about a year.

His selection of land was not then a wise one because the Blue Grass Creek valley immediately to the east was nothing more than a mosquito-infested swamp. He completed the purchase of the property anyway, but did nothing further to develop it. Instead he moved to the hill in 1836.

William, the father, died on October 22 that year, and Samuel purchased his father's land, as well as the land and house of his brother, George Bond. George, thereupon, with his family and the widowed mother, moved north into Scott Township where they settled permanently on what is now McCutchan Road and became active in the development of the Blue Grass Church community. Samuel remained at the McCutchanville location (now 9401 Petersburg Road) for the rest of his life.

It is impossible today to number the descendants of pioneers William and Mary McCutchan and their eight sons and one daughter who married a McCutcheon. They have spread into almost every state in the union. At the time of the last big family reunion on September 26, 1900, their direct descendants numbered about six hundred, and that has been more than two generations ago.

Another Scotch-Irish family that exerted great influence for good in the community was the Atcheson. It was not a large family, and the name has long since become extinct in the neighborhood, but there are still descendants here (Allen Patterson and Harold O. McCutchan families) and relatives scattered across the nation.

The Atcheson family in Ireland was apparently one of considerable wealth and reportedly held large tracts of land in Leitrim County. The father of the McCutchanville branch, William Atcheson, Sr., was killed by robbers about 1823 while the mother and the three daughters were away attending a wedding. Only young William, Jr., the sole son, then seven years old, was at home with his father. Legend says that the band of robbers forced their way into the house, and before they killed Mr. Atcheson they tortured him into telling them where the money was kept by tying him up and burning his feet in the fireplace.

After this tragedy Mrs. Atcheson tried to run the estate but soon gave up and turned over its management to a barrister. She and the three daughters, age nineteen, seventeen, and fifteen, left Ireland and removed to Canada. A short time later they came here to Indiana, presumably because they had relatives here. We do not know which of the early settlers were their relation, but certainly four women would not have come into this wilderness without knowing someone on whom they could rely.

Young William, who was the only male child and sole heir to the estate under the Irish law, was left in Ireland under the guardianship of the barrister. He was confirmed in 1831 at age fifteen in the Annaduff Church, Leitrim County, by the Rector Handcock. Then he was educated in the University in Dublin. When he reached twenty-one years, he came to

America to join his mother and sisters at McCutchanville. This was in 1837. By this time his sister Anna Maria was already married to Alexander McCutchan. Sister Margaret had married a man named William McFarland and lived in Evansville. The third sister, Sarah, married Joel Maltby, who is listed as one of the first teachers in the old log school.

William made a home for his widowed mother, taught school, and later became an ordained minister and preached at McCutchanville and the neighboring churches, organized the first Sunday School, and served as a chaplain in the Civil War.

He married Amelia F. McJohnston in 1840, and to them were born three children—a son who died in infancy; a daughter, Eliza Jane, who married Willis West Webb, a farmer of Warrick County who later became an ordained Methodist minister; and a daughter, Maria, who married James C. Inwood of McCutchanville and lived her life out in the community. Maria was at one time a schoolteacher and was also a leader in raising the funds to build the present McCutchanville Church.

Two families among the early English arrivals were the Whiteheads and the Earls. John Whitehead and his wife, Ann Charity, with John Earl and his wife, Mary Granfield, both newly married couples, left their homes in Chatteris, England, and set out together to seek their fortunes in the new world. They arrived in the United States in 1820 and settled in Washington, D.C. The site of their first home in America is believed to have been in that tiny section of Washington that has since their day been ceded back to the State of Virginia. After about two years they got the urge to move westward; so, still together, they purchased a cart and a team of horses and set out. After many days' journey that had taken them far into the mountains, a great calamity befell them. One of the horses died. From then until they finally reached the Ohio River they experienced nothing but hardship after hardship. They were, however, fortunate in striking a good bargain when they reached the river and traded the remaining horse and the cart for a flatboat. From then on the traveling was slow but much easier. It was June 10, 1822, when they arrived at Evansville.

We do not know where they settled first or how long they remained in Evansville. It was not long before they entered jointly a tract of eighty acres on the north side of the Boonville–New Harmony Road, between Petersburg and Browning roads. The story is that each agreed to pay for one half, or forty acres, of the land. As there was only one spring of water on the whole tract, they decided to toss a coin to see who would get the acreage with the spring, making an agreement at the same time that the one who won the spring would give the other five acres of land adjacent to it, so that both would have equal outlet to the source of water supply.

John Whitehead won the spring in the toss-up and John Earl got the extra five acres. In 1831 John Whitehead walked to Vincennes to record the entry.

The two families lived side by side in perfect harmony for many, many years and were later more closely united when descendants of the first two couples were married.

It was from the Earl family that the settlement of Earle, Indiana (now commonly called Gabtown), was named. There was at one time an Earle Post Office and the old Earle School stood on property now owned by William Becker. How the spelling of the town's name acquired the final "e" I do not know. Descendants of the family insist that Earl is correct.

The Whiteheads had four children. Three of them married three of Samuel McCutchan's children, uniting the McCutchans and the Whiteheads with a triple marriage relationship. John Whitehead, Jr., married Sarah McCutchan, Charles Whitehead married Elizabeth McCutchan, and Sarah Whitehead married William McCutchan.

Charles and Elizabeth remained on the original Whitehead farm. Sarah and William McCutchan purchased land from his father at the southeast corner of the junction of Kansas and Hedden roads. Among their descendants are the contemporary families of William, Milan, and Marlin McCutchan;

Ralph Sensmeier; William, August, and Glenn Hartig; Walter Foster; Ralph Barton; and Raymond Nicholson.

In February 1852, John and Sarah Whitehead purchased from Mary Skeels more than one hundred acres of land lying between the Petersburg and Whetstone roads. (This was part of the original Patrick Keegan land.) They built the house now owned and occupied by Grace McCutchan at 8401 Petersburg Road, and their farm comprised the present Lake Talahi area and its surrounding estates. Among their descendants still living in McCutchanville are the Hornbys, Grotes, Georgesens, Erskines, Swopes, and Schlenskers. Mrs. Sarah Whitehead lived six months and twenty-three days past her 101st birthday. During the last decade of her life each succeeding birthday was occasion for feature stories in the newspapers, with her picture and reminiscences of the early days in McCutchanville. (See Chapter 18.) Her death occurred in Evansville at the home of her daughter, Mrs. John Sterne, in December 1930.

The relationship of these families became even closer and more involved by the 1951 marriage of William Nicholson (great-grandson of William McCutchan and Sarah Whitehead) to Ann Whitehead (great-great-granddaughter of John Whitehead and Sarah McCutchan).

The families of Henry and Brodie are also so closely related and their stories so parallel that it is impossible to discuss one without the other. Both found their origin around Johnstone, a village in Renfrew County, Scotland. Both had engaged in the manufacture of textiles.

About 1840, or a little earlier, Andrew Brodie and his wife, Janet Henry, came to America and settled in New Jersey. For some reason unknown today they remained only a short time in the United States and then moved on to Mexico City, Mexico. In Mexico City their daughter, Janet, was born in 1844, and it was there about the same time that they were joined by Mr. Brodie's brother, David.

In 1846 the Mexican War broke out and Mexico was no longer a popular or safe place for Americans to live. The Brodies felt they should leave the country as soon as possible and find a safe new land of opportunity back within the borders of the United States. While they were waiting to make their escape from Mexico, they encountered a man from a little place called McCutchanville in the State of Indiana. No one today knows the name of this first "publicity man," or why he was wandering so far from home unless he was serving in the army. Records show that Robert McCutchan was a veteran of the Mexican War, so it may have been he. Anyway, this man gave the Brodies a glowing word picture of the McCutchanville area—told them that the land was rich and cheap and that it was indeed a place of opportunity.

The Brodies, particularly Andrew, became interested. As soon as he could secure a military escort to guarantee his family a safe journey to the coast, they set out for Veracruz, where they boarded a ship for New Orleans. When they arrived in the thriving city at the mouth of the Mississippi, they heard rumors of fabulous gold discoveries in the West. It was late in the year 1848. David was interested and soon set out with the prospectors in the Gold Rush of '49. Andrew, with his family, proceeded up the rivers to Evansville in search of the new land of promise that had been described to him in Mexico City.

When he arrived, he purchased land from the McJohnstons and built a house. Apparently he was well off financially for his house was a substantial and attractive brick, probably the first brick house in the area. It stood back from what is now known as the Seib Road, and was occupied by the Seib family for many years after the Brodies. After Andrew and his family became settled in their new home, it was arranged that David's wife and daughter, Margaret, were to come from Scotland and await David's return from California. Mrs. Brodie and Maragret arrived, but David never did. He died somewhere in the West.

About 1850 Mrs. Janet Brodie's brother, James Henry, also came here to find his fortune. He, too, made his temporary home with his sister and brother-in-law, and it was here that love bloomed between him and his brother-in-law's pretty niece, Margaret Brodie.

Within the next few years both Margaret Brodie and James Henry went back to Scotland, and in 1854 they were married in Glasgow. They remained in that city for five years and several of their twelve children were born there. In 1859 they returned to McCutchanville and purchased the farm where they spent the rest of their lives (now Larcland Farm on Kansas Road just east of Highway 57). Of the twelve children several have held prominent places in the community. Robert R. Henry was a popular schoolteacher for many years, and for many, many years was superintendent of the McCutchanville Sunday School.

Miss Mary Henry was also known throughout the county as one of the most successful schoolteachers of her day. Another sister, Janet, married a neighbor boy, the Reverend Heber Headen. She will be rememberd as the donor of the Headen Retreat on the University of Evansville Campus, covered now, I believe, with new buildings. Several of the children married and moved away from McCutchanville.

On the other branch of the Brodie family, Janet (daughter of Andrew) married John Fletcher Moffett of this neighborhood and they lived the rest of their lives on their farm at the end of Moffett Lane. This brings us to the history of the Moffett family.

It is interesting to see how the histories of the Moffetts and the McCutchans have moved down parallel paths in close proximity for centuries, perhaps as long as nine hundred years.

Like the McCutchans, the Moffetts find their origin in Normandy. Before the year 1066 there was a township called Mauffett in France. One of the knights who fought with William the Conqueror was a John de Mauffett. He was awarded land in England by the Conqueror, which he named after his original home in France. What is left of that land today is known as the town of Moffat in the south of Scotland, just across the English border. The town of Annandale where the McCutchans originally lived is only about ten miles from

Moffat. Both families then moved to Ireland, apparently during the reign of King James I. The Moffetts settled at Freeduff in County Armagh. They also spread to County Longford, for I found the name on gravestones and in the village church records. The McCutchans came to Sullivan County, New York, in 1806. The Moffetts came to America in 1821 and also settled in Sullivan County, New York. This group included the parents, John Moffett (1777-1853) and his wife, Izabella (1775-1846), and their five children:

1. Elizabeth	1800-1836	married William C. Brown
2. Samuel	1803-1846	married Margaret ————
3. James	1805-1869	married Wilhelmina McJohnston
4. Mary	1807-1899	married William Coots
5. William	1811-1893	married Eliza ————

Exactly when the family came to McCutchanville is not known. Elizabeth, who died in 1836, is buried in the McCutchanville Cemetery. However, since the cemetery was not formally established until 1845, there are two possibilities. Either the property, originally owned by the Moffett family, had been used as a family burial plot before it became a community burial ground or her grave was moved there from some other location.

James, who married Wilhelmina McJohnston, purchased 207 acres in the area in 1837. Their descendants have been prominent in the community ever since. Wilhelmina Moffett gave half the first $1000 raised to build the present church.

John, the father, entered a 160-acre tract in 1838.

It is recorded that Samuel and Margaret Moffett deeded the land on the east side of the church to be used as a public burying ground, but it is curious that neither of them is buried on the land—or perhaps their grave markers have been lost.

Mary was married to William Coots in Sullivan County, New York. They settled there on a farm and remained until 1844, when they finally sold out and followed the rest of the family to Indiana.

William and his wife also settled in McCutchanville and raised their family, but we have no record of the date when he acquired his farm. None of their descendants have lived in the community for a number of years, although they retain a burial plot here.

At one time the properties of the family totaled some 450 to 500 acres and included most of the land then bounded by Kansas, Heddon, Millersburgh, and Whetstone roads.

Other families have equally interesting stories, but the foregoing, I think, are representative enough to show what kind of people our early settlers were, where they originated, why they came to America, how they made their way to Indiana, and where they settled when they arrived here.

II

PIONEER LIFE

> A voyage in the stinking steerage of a ship, and then a journey over the mountains in waggons, sometimes camping out all night, or sleeping, like pigs, as did Mrs. Ingle and six children and maid, on the dirty floor of a bar-room, amongst blackguards, and then floating in a little stinking ark, full of unclean things, will prepare the mind and body for barbarizing in a little log-hole, like that in which I dined yesterday, belonging to Mr. Ferrel, who, with his family, some adults, male and female, in all ten souls, sleep in one room, fifteen feet by ten, only half floored, and in three beds, standing on a dirt floor.[1]

THE ABOVE IS from a journal kept by a William Faux, Esq., of Huntingdonshire, England, who came to Indiana in 1819 to visit his old friends, the John Ingle family.

The first concern of the pioneer, after he arrived in this new land and found a spot he liked, was to erect a cabin. Trees were cut for building material as well as to make an opening in the forest. He notched the ends of the logs with his hand ax and laid them one upon the other to make a substantial enclosure. The spaces between the logs were filled with chips and sticks and plastered with clay. The roof was made of hand-hewn clapboards held in place by long poles laid upon them as weights. For heat and for cooking a fireplace was built in one end, a stone fireplace with either a stone chimney or a chimney built of crossed sticks daubed with mud. Often the floor was only well-trodden earth. Almost every pioneer homestead was enclosed in a rail stockade for protection against marauding animals. The size and appearance of these first homes may be imagined when one realizes that they were built by the pioneer family out of just the material at hand and often without any outside aid.

---

[1] William Faux, *Memorable Days in America: being a Journal of a Tour to the United States . . .* (London, 1823), p. 241.

The following is an excerpt from a letter written on February 10, 1821, by Saunders Hornbrook, Sr., to friends in England.[2]

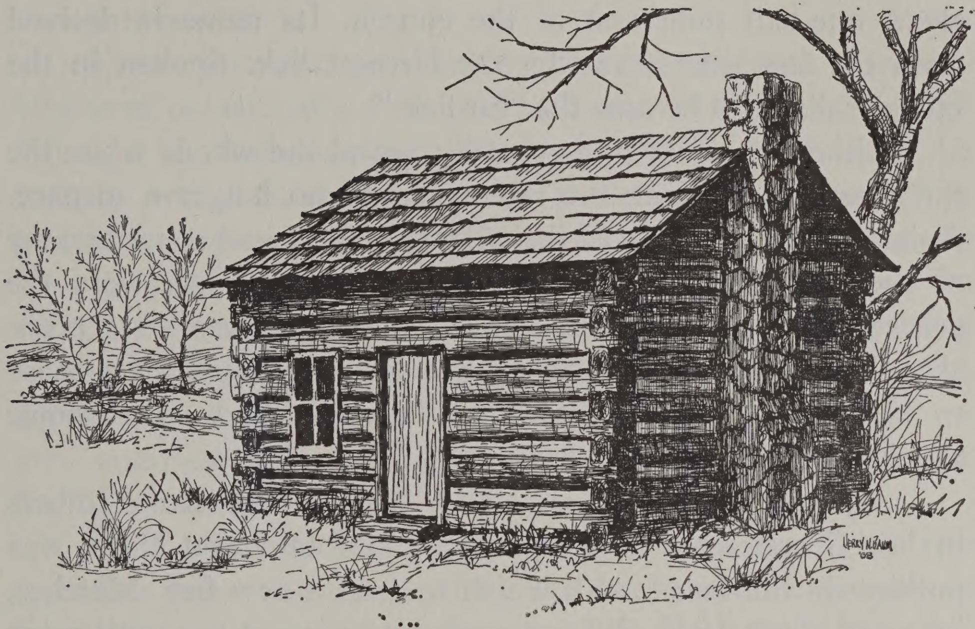
> My dear Mr. and Mrs. D——, There will be some difficulty to convey to you the rudeness of our log cabins, which is almost the only habitation yet erected in the woods. It's straight trees of about 10 to 14 inches diameter and different lengths as you intend the size of your house. The one in which I am now writing is about 18 feet by 20. This is called rather a large size. We have four of these in which our family lives with a kitchen for dressing our meat, etc. Rude as they are and which we should have thought horrid huts, with you, we feel very comfortable in and much better satisfied than could be expected from having had such pleasant and agreeable houses in England. But I have built one of mud and cobb walls on our farm distant about one-half mile from this. It is 80 [?] feet long having no upstairs, and 20 wide in the clear, and ten feet high with cellars under. It is a most delightful spot being on the summit of a hill and facing nearly southeast. Our cornfields and meadows in front but which will, as we clear the ground of timber and small wood, be all around us, the land being gently sloping.

The Hornbrooks did not live at McCutchanville, but in their own settlement, Saundersville, about three or four miles to the northwest, which I shall discuss presently. However, I think this description may be assumed to be typical of all the pioneer homes in this general vicinity.

---

[2] The original Hornbrook letters are still in private hands. Copies are in the Willard Library in Evansville.

Of course, as settlers became more numerous in the area there were neighborly hands to assist in the house raisings, and more sturdy and elaborate cabins were built. The style of architecture was not changed, however, until the double cabin with two large rooms separated by an open passage came into fashion among some of the more prosperous settlers.



TYPICAL LOG HOUSE OF THE 1820S

After a cabin was raised and a small patch of corn put in, the family had little to fear from want. Game was abundant in our hills and the nearby streams abounded in fish. Many engaged in trapping, and the skins of the fur-bearing animals were excellent barter material. Money was extremely scarce and little used. Hornbrook, in another of his letters to friends in England, made this comment:

> There is great difficulty in doing business here from scarcity of specie and most of the local bank and other notes being at a discount of about 25%. Therefore much is obliged to be done in barter with the farmers, hunters, etc. We have frequently traded, as they call it, a half thousand of pins for a fine large turkey. The regular price is 13½¢, and a quarter of venison the same price. Indian corn is 13½¢ per bushel.

Extensive trapping was carried on in the Furlick Creek valley. The area was heavily wooded except for several small salt licks nearby which attracted the animals for salt as well as for water from the stream. Those who may not be familiar with the name Furlick Creek (called South Fork on some of the early maps) will find it running through the valley just east of the McCutchanville hills, crossing the Kansas Road about one-half mile east of the church. Its name is derived from the fact that it ran by the farthest lick. Spoken in the Hoosier dialect it became the "fur lick."

Although a few Indians still roamed the woods when the early families arrived, the red man was no longer a menace. Animals, some because of their fierce natures and some because of their destructive foraging upon growing crops, were the source of the greatest annoyance. At first wolves were probably the most troublesome, for they were continually a menace to the settlers' domestic animals as well as to the people themselves.

My great-grandmother, Nancy McCutchan, let the embers in her fireplace die out one day and found that there was nothing in the house with which to start a new fire. Matches, invented about 1830, did not come into general use until more than a decade later. The only way of lighting a fire in the early days was to strike flint against tinder. The flint and tinder box was always kept handy, but if it became depleted, one would have to go a-borrowing for some coals. Nancy McCutchan knew that the men folk were burning a log pile in a new clearing a half mile away, so she set out to get a fresh fire in order to start supper. Returning, she was set upon by wolves. She ran as fast as she could and managed to keep off the hungry beasts by waving a firebrand at them. They were so close that when she finally dashed into the safety of her cabin and slammed the door behind her, they bounded against it.

The same lady also had a narrow escape from the wild turkey gobblers. This time she made the mistake of going to the spring to fill her pails wearing a red shawl. The bright color angered the wild gobblers in the trees and they swooped down upon her and probably would have beaten her to death with their great wings if her screams had not brought help.

A similar story of an encounter with the wild turkeys has been handed down in the Headen family. Just how much these episodes have been colored by their repeated tellings down through the generations we do not know; but the fact remains that wild animals were a constant source of danger to our ancestors here.

Even bears and panthers, while not numerous, were encountered occasionally. Deer and squirrels did the most damage to crops, but both supplied meat for the family table. Also the country was inhabited by great flocks of the now-extinct passenger pigeon. These birds sought food in the forests by day and returned at night to roost in the trees at the corner of Browning and Petersburg roads. It is said that they roosted in such great numbers that sometimes the branches were broken off the trees by their weight. Pigeon pie was a very common dish. Wild bees in the forest supplied a treat for the sweet tooth.

Food generally was not too hard to come by. What few essentials were not produced by the land could be bought or bartered for at Saundersville, sometimes called the English settlement, which was much nearer than Evansville.

Saundersville vanished so long ago that most people today have never heard of its existence, but in its day it was probably larger and more prosperous than Evansville, boasting more than a hundred families. It was laid out in 1819 by Mr. Ingle (who later founded Inglefield), the plat covering 160 acres of land with a public square 266 feet each way. It was part of a 960-acre tract acquired by Mr. Ingle from the government. The Hornbrooks and Ingles settled in this area, the former arriving in 1817 and the latter in 1818, and these two families, both from England, soon attracted other English folk: the Barkers, Brownings, Pecks, Powells, Ritchies, Rustons, Bowers, Scotts, and others—who joined them to make a sizable settlement that boasted a general store, a blacksmith shop, a cotton gin, carding machines, and other facilities.

William Faux, whom we have already quoted, spent seven weeks with the John Ingle family during the months of November and December 1819. After he returned to England he published a book of his experiences in the wild frontier country, and here may be found some observations on the life in this early community. Under dates of November 8 and 18, 1819, he commented on the game afforded by the neighborhood:[1]

> I accompanied J. Ingle, and water-cart, to the spring, half a mile off, on the farm of Major Hooker, a hunter, who sold us half a fat buck at three cents a pound; thus killing and selling from four to six per week, besides turkeys, pheasants, rabbits, raccoons, squirrels, and bears.
>
> Major Hooker frequently shoots, and then cooks and eats the huge wild cats, while Mr. Birkbeck and his family eat the rattlesnake, the flesh of which, says Mr. Ingle, is fine, sweet and white as an eel. . . . Armstrong, a hunting farmer, this day shot four deer, while he is too idle to inclose his corn-field, which is devoured by cattle and horses, save when a boy watches it to keep them off.

Saunders Hornbrook reported in the letter quoted above that "the climate is very favorable for most fruit. Grapes and strawberries are natural here, peaches most abundant which make a good brandy when age is given it. Apples are yet scarce."

Here are some further random excerpts from Faux:

> My friend's log-house, as a first, is one of the best I have seen, having one large room and a chamber over it, to which you climb by a ladder. It has, at present, no windows, but when the doors are shut the crevices between the rough logs admit light and air enough, above and below. It is five yards square and twenty feet high. At a little distance stand a stable for two horses, a corn crib, a pig-stye, and a store; for store-keeping is his intention, and it is a good one. Two beds in the room below, and one above, lodge us in the following manner: myself and Mr. Ingle in one bed, in the second, by our side, sleep six fine but dirty children; and in the chamber sleep Mrs. Ingle and a valuable English maid.

---

[1] See Faux, *Memorable Days,* pp. 235, 237, 238, 248-49, 249-50, 259-60, for the following quotations.

. . .

More than half last night, Mr. and Mrs. Ingle, and maid, were out in the woods extinguishing the wide spreading fires, which threatened to consume their fences, houses and corn-fields. These fires, if not arrested, or watched, sweep away houses, stocks of corn and hay, and everything within reach.

. . .

. . . [Pigeons] roost on high forest trees, which they cover in the same manner as bees in swarms cover a bush, being piled one on the other, from the lowest to the topmost boughs, which so laden, are seen continually bending and falling with their crashing weight, and presenting a scene of confusion and destruction too strange to describe, and too dangerous to be approached by either man or beast. While the living birds are gone to their distant dinner, it is common for man and animals to gather up or devour the dead, then found in cartloads.

. . .

. . . this little settlement of Sandersville has no school for children, who remain at home pestering their parents, and retrograding into barbarism.

. . .

I went to turn the grindstone for J. Ingle's carpenter, at Mr. Maidlow's, one mile and a half off. Went over his fine farm, that is to be. On it I saw a lick of singular size, extending over nearly half an acre of land, all excavated three feet, that is to say, licked away and eaten by buffaloes, deer and other wild animals. It has the appearance of a large pond dried. The earth is soft, salt and sulphurous, and they still resort to it. . . . Out of 900 acres . . . he means to cultivate and graze only about 100 acres. . . . He means to build a mill, and plant a large orchard; is digging a well, and finds some good burning coal in it, and a vast mine of rich blue marl.

On the problems of traveling and overnight lodging Saunders Hornbrook wrote an old friend, a Mr. Glodlipp:

Travelling in this country might be a surprise to some of your fine gentry, as after travelling all day it is not uncommon to go several miles in search of accommodations for yourself and your horse, and when this is obtained it is useless to urge your supper. The lady of the house must first finish smoking her pipe. Then she boils you some coffee in an iron pot, dips it out with a tin cup and having neither corn meal or bread in the house you are glad to have some potatoes and pork dressed in another iron pot. You are glad to go then to a room and lie down on the rudest kind of a bedstead . . . but the bed is good . . . all goose feathers, far better than we get in England, and you are thankful that you have done so well . . . tho your poor horse has plenty of corn but no shelter from the snow and cold. I really experienced all this a short time since and am ready to laugh at the occurrence and say you English people have much more than is necessary for happiness. But we do so lack for news of the world and of our old friends.

The one thing that Saundersville did not have was a road. The Boonville–New Harmony road was then only a wilderness trail. There was considerable bickering over a route for the proposed state road which was laid out to bypass the town. When the route was not changed, citizens of Saundersville (104 of them) signed a petition to have a road built to them from Mechanicsville (Stringtown). Among the signers was the stagecoach operator, Alanson Warner. When this proposal failed, Saundersville began to die. In 1827 the street and alley easements in the original plat were canceled. The settlers began to leave. Some went to Evansville and others followed John Ingle a short distance west to establish the little town which now bears his name, Inglefield.

It is interesting to note in passing that the village is usually called Saundersville in old county records, supposedly named for Saunders Hornbrook. However, Mr. Faux, in his journal, called it Sandersville. A post office called Sandersville was established here on April 3, 1822, with Samuel Scott as postmaster. The following year apparently this office was reestablished as Sandersville or Saundersville (the records are confusing), with John Ingle as postmaster. Charles R. Hopkins was appointed postmaster September 21, 1868, John Ingle reappointed October 15, 1868, and Charles Y. Morris appointed postmaster August 9, 1869. The name was changed to Inglefield, November 17, 1869. This marked the complete disappearance of any evidence of this once-promising settlement, whatever its name was. Inglefield remains today a post office and station on the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad.[1]

Pioneer dress was simple. Old and young, male and female, went barefoot in summer. My grandfather told that when he was a youngster, he and his brothers and sisters would carry their shoes to church and sit on the rail fence across the road and put them on before they went in to services. The blue linsey shirt and jeans were perhaps universally worn by the men and boys. Women's dresses were simple and substantial, and the poke sunbonnet was very much in vogue.

Every farmer had a flax patch. When it ripened, it had to be pulled, cured, seeded, rotted, broken, swingled, hackled, spun, and woven, all by hand. Cotton goods were a luxury in the earliest days. Later they replace tow linen or linsey to a great extent.

The above-mentioned Mr. Hornbrook built and operated at Saundersville the first cotton gin in this part of the country, as well as a satisfactory carding machine. He had been a woolen manufacturer in Devonshire. Settlers came to his gin house from all directions within a radius of ten to fifteen miles. These enterprises, however, were abandoned soon after his death in 1839.

An accomplished young lady of that day was a good weaver. The whir of the spinning wheel filled many a cabin with a song of industry on what might otherwise have been a silent afternoon.

Grandfather left me this word picture of family life in the 1840s. At the close of the day the whole family gathered about the fireplace to await supper. Besides the parents, there were in his family five sisters and six brothers. The evening meal usually consisted principally of a huge kettle of cornmeal mush from which each filled his individual bowl. Over the mush they would pour generous quantities of fresh milk from the evening's milking. After the meal had been eaten, there was time for story telling, reading aloud, playing games, whittling, or other simple diversions; but soon it was bedtime. In the winter the boys would nearly scorch themselves standing before the fire to absorb as much heat as possible, and then make a dash outdoors and scamper up the peg ladder on the outside of the cabin into the loft where they slept between feather ticks. If there was snow during the night, they would awaken in the morning to find their quilts sifted over with white flakes that had drifted in between the clapboard shingles.

---

[1] Post Office Index, Indiana Division, Indiana State Library and information supplied the author by the National Archives and Records Service, Washington, D.C.

Pioneer social gatherings usually had two objects in view, work and fun. No man undertook alone to roll his logs. All joined together and went from place to place to the rollings. All houses were raised by neighborly hands. When the crops were gathered, the corn was put in long piles and neighbors were invited in to help with husking. The log rollings, the house raisings, and the husking bees were a lot of hard work, but there was also fun. They afforded a chance for the people to be together, and the women of the families usually prepared a spread of delicious foods for the occasion. Games were played and sometimes there was dancing.

This spirit of working and playing together persisted among the people throughout the century. The following story appeared in the Evansville *Morning Journal* in the 1880s under the headline, "An Old Custom":

> There was an old time 'jollification party' given at the home of Vic McCutchan and family in Center Township last night. The occasion was the successful close of the harvest season without any material loss.
>
> The frequent rains have interfered materially with the work of cutting and threshing wheat and the farmers in this section experienced a great deal of difficulty in saving their grain, and of course, at the close of wheat threshing, they had to celebrate the event.
>
> It has, from the days of the first settlement of this country, been the custom for farmers to club together and assist each other in threshing wheat, but until this season they had been doing this indiscriminately and without system, and it threw many of them behind. In fact the old promiscuous way proved unsatisfactory as there was always a question as to how the order of threshing should

be arranged, and it was often quite difficult to decide how they should come in succession. At the beginning of this season's harvesting in Center Township, a club of six farmers was formed, and they were to confine their mutual assistance to each other within their club.

This club constituted the following: Charles McCutchan, Fletcher Moffett, Willis Moffett, Alex Coots, Vic McCutchan and Joe Walz.

It was arranged that the close of the season should be celebrated as above stated at Vic McCutchan's, and the wives and fair daughters of the families mentioned made great preparations for the occasion. The evening was spent in social chit-chat and other forms of amusement, and a splendid supper was spread by the ladies. The great extension table was fairly loaded down with all the good things of Mother Earth. It was an event that will long be remembered.

Life in McCutchanville in the nineteenth century was very plain. The people lived simply and dressed simply and there were no exacting demands made by social forms. It was a community of people welded together by a common purpose—to turn the wilderness into a home for themselves and their children and their children's children to come.

III

POST OFFICES

IT IS NOT KNOWN when the community was first called McCutchanville, but the name became legal and official when a post office was established April 26, 1850. Samuel McCutchan was appointed the first postmaster. It is believed that he had, in an unofficial capacity, operated some sort of mail distribution center for the community for a number of years before.

There was no great quantity of mail in those days, and it was brought from Evansville in a saddlebag about once each week. The bags were emptied on Squire Mac's living room floor where the contents were sorted. Since there was no house-to-house delivery, folks came at their convenience to pick up whatever mail there might be for them. As we have pointed out, this house stood on the southeast corner of Kansas-Petersburg roads, where the Methodist parsonage stands today.

Nor is it known, of course, how many people this crude post office served, but perhaps the number was not large. According to the 1850 census the population of Evansville was only 5,105.

The bulk of the mail was probably newspapers, the only source of information from the outside world. In Evansville there was being published weekly the Evansville *Journal.* No doubt most of the settlers were subscribers. Then, too, there were messages from friends in the city as well as the occasional but ever-welcome letters from relatives left behind in the "old country."

The following is one of the early letters that made its way to McCutchanville. Written during the great potato famine in Ireland which lasted five years and took an estimated toll of a million and a half persons, it tells of the bad conditions back home.

GALWAY November 7th/1846

DEAR HUGH, I received your Letter of the 14th of September when you acused me of bad treatment to my father and mother but thank God there was no truth in that. I can tell you my father never rote you one letter since you left Galway. I am very happy to hear from you that you are dooing well for your family in that Country. You mentioned to me if W. L. would go to New York that he would do well and I mentioned so to him. The answer he made me if he was sure of two hundred pounds he would go there. You also mentioned to give Ellen two pounds. She will go to you the next opportunity as there is no good dooing in Galway this long-time past. Your sister Mary and her five children are in a very bad way since the death of Micke Moher. He has not left her one pound nor no fund to look after them but me and having a large family my self. I am sorry to tell you that Ireland is in a bad way in consequence of the faleur of the potatoes. We have not had one to eate those three months past and we neade very bad at present here. You must consider how other provisions may rate.

I remain yours truly

MICKE HORAN

This letter, now in the possession of Ellen McCutchan, a great-granddaughter, came to Hugh Horan in McCutchanville from his brother in Ireland. It is a great wonder the letter ever arrived at all. It was not enclosed in an envelope. The sheet was merely folded so that the ends of the folds tucked into one another, and addressed on the outside to: "Mr. Hugh Horan, No. 292 Grand St. New York." It bears no postage stamps but shows a cancelation mark from Galway, another that is illegible, a stamp that reads "Paid At Galway" and another that says "Private Ship." It happened that while the letter was en route from Ireland the Horans moved from New York to Indiana; when the letter finally arrived in New York it was forwarded to them by way of New Orleans, and thence up the river, arriving finally after a very long and circuitous journey by boat.

The following information concerning the McCutchanville Post Office has been supplied by the National Archives and Records Service:

April 26, 1850—Post Office established; Samuel McCutchan appointed Postmaster.

December 4, 1876—Charles Smith appointed Postmaster.

August 25, 1879—Post Office discontinued.

November 28, 1879—Post Office re-established; Mrs. Harriet Brown appointed Postmistress.

January 24, 1884—Isaac N. Cavins appointed Postmaster.

May 15, 1906—Post Office discontinued.

I have found no record of who Charles Smith was, but he kept his post office in a house that once stood directly across the road from the present fire station. All that is known about him is that he was the second husband of Elizabeth Moll Inwood, the widow of William C. Inwood, who had been killed by a falling tree in 1874. Neither is there an explanation of why the post office was discontinued for a period of three months in 1879. It may have been that Smith died at that time and it was three months before the vacancy was filled. There is a record that Elizabeth married a third husband, James Clark, in the early 1880s.

Mrs. Harriet Brown kept her office from 1879 until 1884 in her home, located south of the school, at what is now 9000 Petersburg Road.

The postmaster apparently received little or no compensation from the government for handling the mails in those days. Alexander Perry's diary has this entry:[1]

Post Office Meeting at the Hall—November 24, 1879. [this was four days before Mrs. Brown officially received her appointment].

We the undersigned agree to pay the sum opposite our names to the postmistress of this place for the purpose of justly compensating her for the trouble of keeping the office at this place:

Fletcher Moffett	$1.00	W.H. Benjamin	.25
John L. McCutchan	1.00	W.H. McJohnston	.50
Alex Coots	1.00	Solan Rubles	.50
Andrew Brodie	1.00	Chas. McJohnston	1.00
J.C. Inwood	1.00	Levi Hooker	.25
R.A. Armistead	1.00	Robt. Moffett	.50
T.C. Danks	1.00	Wilson Moffett	.50
John Whitehead	1.00	Mrs. Wilhelmena Moffett	.25
H.S. Headen	1.00	Miss Mary E. Moffett	.25
C.J. Moffett	.25	O.C. Charlton	1.00
S.V. McCutchan	.50	Mrs. Mary Fellows	1.00
Alex Perry	1.00	Wm. J. Erskine	1.00
H. Moll	.25	John M. Brown	.50
J.H. Moll	.25	Mrs. Horan	
J.R. Copeland	.25	Charles R. McCutchan	
Philip Wiltz	.15	Charles Weber	

The above list gives us a fairly good idea of who were being served by the village post office.

The appointment of Isaac Cavins in 1884 brought a new era in mail service to the community. The Straight Line Railroad had just been opened, and consequently mail could be brought from Evansville daily instead of weekly. The Whetstone Road crossing was officially named McCutchan Station, but it was colloquially called Cavins Station because Mr. Cavins occupied the little log house which stood until February 1953, on the high bank at that point where the Whetstone Road then crossed the railroad tracks.

---

[1] Alexander Perry (1829-1909) owned and operated a forty-acre farm. His daughter Mary Perry Johns was widowed early and taught school and made her home with her father. Both of their lives were centered in the community and both of them kept journals that record their daily activities and the happenings in McCutchanville. The last survivor of the family was Mary's bachelor brother Milton, who died in 1949 in the family home at the end of Moffett Lane. When the next of kin cleaned out the house, they had a big bonfire. These journals and several ledgers were only saved by the curiosity of a neighbor woman who snatched them from the blaze. They are now in the author's possession.

Mr. Perry made this entry in his journal less than a month after Cavins' appointment: "The two disputed letters was said to have come down the road 14 Feb. and back up 15th in the morning, down at night friday 15 one from Cairo for H. Headen the other for Umsted Indianapolis." What the dispute was about we have no idea today.

At first the folks would go to Cavins to pick up their letters as they had always done. I remember hearing my father say that when he was a little boy, he would ride his pet oxen calf to get the mail. Later a delivery service, of sorts, was carried on by the then elderly Charles Moffett. This he did on his own initiative in an unofficial capacity. He established a route which he covered on foot, and the families to whom he delivered paid him a small fee for the service. I have heard them tell of seeing "Old Charlie" Moffett sitting beneath the shade of a roadside tree on a hot summer day, spreading his mail about him on the grass to sort it.

On May 15, 1906, the McCutchanville Post Office ceased forever to exist. Residents of the area were then placed on R.F.D. routes out of Evansville, except for those in the Browning Road district which for many years was serviced by carriers from Inglefield.

Although the village of Earle was only about two miles north of McCutchanville, it was apparently thought necessary in those days to establish a post office there as well. This office was opened on February 27, 1871, with the appointment of John Ruston, Sr., as postmaster. Succeeding appointments were:

Charles F. Gould	August 28, 1877
John W. Schwoerdtfeger	March 25, 1878
William Earl	June 24, 1878

John Schiff	May 27, 1885
Fred Bohn	October 22, 1886
Philip Hoffman	November 6, 1893
Moses Smith	November 20, 1900

The office was discontinued June 15, 1901.

Those who today are not familiar with the name Earle, are more likely to know the village by its colloquial name, Gabtown. It was named for the Earl family, English immigrants who lived just to the west, but Gabtown has been in more general use for many years. It is said that a certain old lady who lived near the village watched the road in front of her house and would come out to talk with every passerby, whether he was on foot, on horse, or driving a buggy or wagon. She knew and exchanged all the gossip. There is no doubt that plenty of gossip (or gab) also went on over the drinks at the local saloons. Hence the name "Gabtown."

One other post office in the area came on the scene much later and was short-lived—Daylight. In 1899 Mr. Will M. Erwin applied to the Federal government for the right to open mail service at his rail-crossing village that was just beginning to thrive. He first applied for the name "Grimwood," in honor of the Grimwood family who owned considerable property in the area. The nearby school was already called the Grimwood School. However the Post Office Department in Washington would not approve the name, because it was felt that it was too much like Greenwood, an already-established post office in Indiana. So they asked Mr. Erwin to submit another name. He replied with a list of about twenty-five names—among them, Daylight. The post office officially opened on April 4, 1900, and operated until May 15, 1903. Mr. Erwin was the first and only postmaster.

I shall relate in another chapter the interesting little story of how the name, Daylight, originated. (See Chapter 8.)

IV

McCUTCHANVILLE SCHOOL

By 1833 there were enough families with children within a radius of five or six miles to make it necessary to build a schoolhouse. The best description we have of that first educational center is found in a paper written by Mrs. Mary Perry Johns and read by her at "the home-coming of old schoolmates" held at the McCutchanville School on the Fourth of July, 1917. Mrs. Johns's description is perhaps fairly accurate, because she had gathered her information from several persons still living then who had attended that first school.

> . . . It was built in the woods opposite the house where R. R. Henry now lives, which is on the main north and south highway [property now owned by Don Timma at 9402 Petersburg Road]. It comprised one room 18 x 20 feet, nestling against big trees in the background, while in front of it a clearing was made for a playground. This school had one six-paned window set high from the ground in the end; in the side was a great wooden door hung on wooden pegs for hinges. It was fastened with a good stout wooden latch, which was raised and lowered with a rawhide string. The floor was made of rude puncheons fitted roughly together. The desks were fastened to the walls on three sides of the room. In front of these desks was a row of rough puncheons. Two holes were bored in either end and split sticks were inserted for legs. These legs served a double purpose, first as a support for the bench and second, as a hammer for the boys. The boys with pockets full of hickory nuts pulled out a leg and proceeded to

while away the time and appease their appetites at the same time.

In one end of this building a round log was fastened to the sides extending across the room about three feet from the floor and the same distance from the end wall. On the middle of this was built the stick chimney. A space of dirt floor had been left, and on this floor directly under the chimney the fire was built. When conditions were favorable, the smoke went up the chimney; otherwise it circulated freely through the room.

Upon entering the room, many a morning it was not unusual to find great heaps of dirt thrown upon the floor from some burrowing animal. However, that was a small matter, for regular sweeping of the school room was an unheard-of performance. When it was swept a broom of 'buck-brush' was used. That is, a stout stick, one end of which was securely tied with very fine twigs. With this broom the floor was scratched over occasionally.

After the school room was completed they looked about for someone as a teacher, and in 1834 Alexander McCutchan, second son of the pioneers, William and Mary McCutchan, became the first teacher in the community. It was a subscription school, and as a salary he received thirty cents a month from each pupil. As he was married, he lived in the neighborhood, therefore did not board around as most early pioneer teachers did. Occasionally, a donation of meat or vegetables was given him to enlarge his salary.

Instead of grading papers after school, as do teachers of today, this teacher's nightly task was to make enough quill pens to supply the needs of the next day's pupils. As each family kept flocks of geese, the children gathered quills for use at school.

The inkwell of that day was a small glass bottle, but the main supply of ink was kept in a cowhorn bottle that hung on the wall near the teacher's desk. This ink was no 'boughten stuff' either, but good homemade pokeberry juice.

The games played by the children were the usual running games, but they had a little equipment in the way of a substantially built flying dutchman, which nearly caused the death of one of these children.

The attendance at this school for that winter was between twenty and twenty-five pupils, ranging from four to twenty years of age. They came four and five miles to this school.

It is indeed fortunate that Mrs. Johns had the foresight to gather and write down this information while some of the first pupils were still living or we should not know today what that first school was like, or even where it was located. Of the twenty or twenty-five pupils mentioned, there is a record of the names of only six: Isabell Whitehead (Ruston), Susan Ingle (Igleheart), William Ingle, John and Charles Whitehead, and James Erskine.

Classes were held in this building only one year. The next year there was no school in the McCutchanville area. Alexander McCutchan taught at Mechanicsville (now Stringtown), and a few of the pupils continued their studies with him there. One of them was James Erskine who rode each day behind his teacher's saddle.

In 1837 a second school building was erected in McCutchanville, the new one located a quarter of a mile south of the first. The site was probably on the knoll across the road to the west of the present one, at what is now 9130 Petersburg Road. The 1837 structure was larger and superior in every way to the old log cabin. A Mr. Ring was hired to build it. John Erskine, Sr., superintended the cutting of the logs from the nearby forests and all the neighbors helped to haul them to the site. Mrs. Johns also left us this description:

> This building was a great improvement over the old one for it had five windows. The fireplace was more modern, the desks were made of pine but they were placed around against the walls in the same old manner as the first building; some of the benches had backs which had not been thought necessary in the first building. At one side of the chimney was a closet fitted with wooden pegs on which caps, coats, dinner buckets and the girls' nubias were hung. At the other side of the chimney the great sticks of wood for the fireplace were stored. This wood was supplied by the patrons of the school and not by the township funds.
>
> The winter term began in November and usually ran three months, closing early enough to allow the big boys to begin their spring work and to permit the big girls to get the ash-hoppers in order preparatory to making soft soap. At the close of the winter term a spring term was taught by a woman. This was for the little children who, because of the cold weather and bad roads, were unable to attend the winter term.
>
> In those days little attention was paid to the health of the children, or the spread of contagious disease. A story is handed down that a severe attack of itch spread through the school, and

seemingly no attempt was made to check it. They probably thought as King James of England once thought, that "the itch is a disease well worth having for the satisfaction afforded by scratching."

It is not known exactly when the change was made from the subscription-type to a free school kept by public funds —definitely not until after 1843. It is interesting to note in passing, however, that old records mention this as one of the first free schools in Vanderburgh County. The City of Evansville did not have free schools until 1853.

The names of the teachers who held classes in this old log building were: Mr. Kern, William Atcheson, George Kinney, Joel Maltby, James Runcie, James Vickery, Mr. Snively, William Iglehart, Mr. Commington, Samuel Gibson, Mary Whittlesea, Sallie Skeels, Mary Benjamin, and Anna Yerkes.

In 1852 the log building was replaced by a "modern" frame schoolhouse erected on the same site. Joel Mills was the builder. The new structure, though it contained only one room, was a great improvement over the old one. No longer was it heated by an old-fashioned fireplace. The new schoolhouse had a stove which burned long sticks of wood. There were three rows of seats and two blackboards, one across each end of the room.

Enrollment increased rapidly, and very soon a need was felt for a separate room for the small children. Instead of building an annex, one end was partitioned off to make a space for the beginning grades. It was, in fact, a very small area and was therefore always referred to as the "little room." That is perhaps when and why the term "little room" became synonymous with the primary department—a term which has persisted down through the years to our own time. Since this "little room" had no outside door, all the youngsters had to troop through the big room to enter and leave, or else the teacher would lift them one by one through the window.

Those who taught in this building were: James Johnson, Mr. Hennesy, William Atcheson, James Inwood, Robert P.

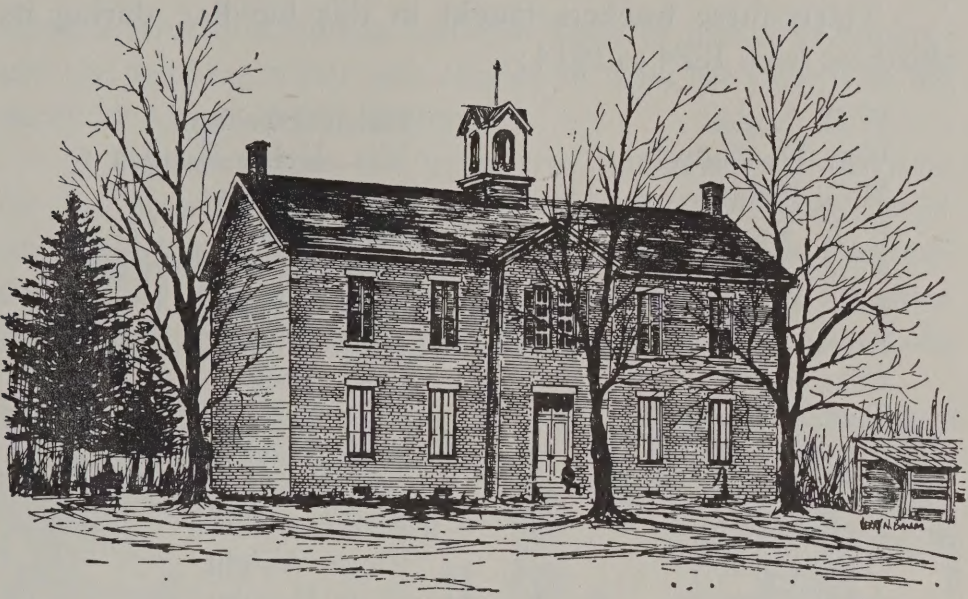
Hooker, James B. Perry, Ann Erskine (Bradley), Anna Headen (Erskine), William Gudgel, Mrs. Mary Fellows, Maria Atcheson (Inwood), Eliza Atcheson (Webb), Charlotte Erskine (Hargrave), Ella Deising, Julia Rucker (Keene), Mary Jane Keegan, and Fannie Keegan (Hamilton).

We find evidence of the length of the term in a letter written by William H. Erskine in 1854. He wrote: "Last Friday was the last day of Mr. Achison's school. I happened by at noon and had a fine game of ball which was quite a treet to me." He speaks of the last day of school, yet the letter is dated March 6.

This building was used for some twenty years. It is interesting to note that during its first decade all the teachers were men. Then when the Civil War came, the men went into service and the Hoosier schoolmaster, for the first time, was replaced by the Hoosier schoolmistress.

In 1873 work was begun on a new, two-story brick building located in "the point" at the junction of the Petersburg and Whetstone roads. L. S. Clarke drew up the plans and was paid ten dollars for this service. On the ground floor were two schoolrooms with an entrance hall and stairway between. The second floor was one large room, or auditorium (referred to as "the hall"), which became the meeting place of the community for socials, plays, singing bees, etc., for nearly forty years. (See Chapter 16.)

One record says the building was completed and first classes were held in it in January 1874. Alexander Perry's diary says the first day in the new school was February 1, 1875. There is mention in the township records of a law suit between the township and the contractor following the completion of the building, but neither the cause nor the result is given. Notes and bonds were held by banks and a number of local residents. Another entry from the Perry diary under the date of January 25, 1875, reads: "Issued two Township Bonds of one hundred each dollars in favor of John Whitehead, John Brown, James Inwood, and James Erskine for services rendered in superintending the erection of School House No. 3.



McCUTCHANVILLE SCHOOL, 1874–1913

From a photograph made ca. 1890

Also a bond of ninety-eight dollars in favor of James Erskine for material and labor furnished for School House No. 3."

By this time the Center Township school system had been organized to the extent that the township was divided into numbered districts. McCutchanville became District No. 3. Some entries taken from the old school registers are as follows:

1884-85—"New pump and coal shed. Bad out buildings."
1885-86—Anna Headen (teacher) wrote—"The schoolroom needs white-washing badly; outhouses need repairing."
1896-97—Graduates: Frank Knight
Frank Stafford
Maude Minton
Mary Lant
Chester Moffett
Hattie Henry
Arthur Goodge
Tom Jarvis
1897-98—Graduates: William K. Erskine
Fred Uzell
Thomas Perry

Thirty-three teachers taught in this building during its existence from 1874 to 1914:

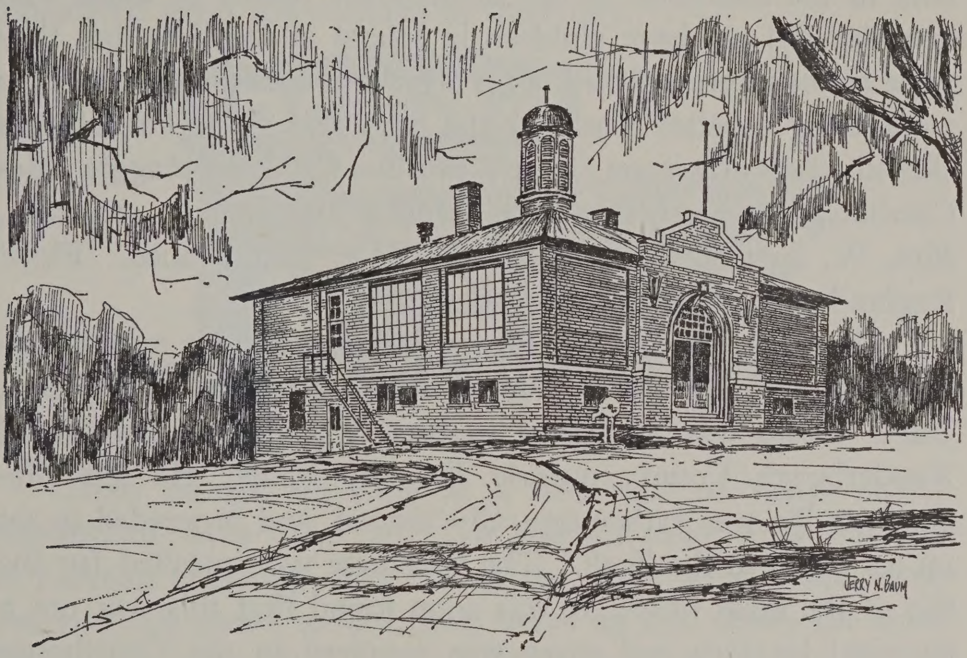
W.R. Locke
Wm. H. Gudgel
M.C. Fellows
S. E. Youngblood
Annie Fellows
S.W. Gudgel
Sarah (Sallie) McCutchan
Eliza Scott
T.M. Williams
Ella McCutchan
Mary Brown
Henry H. Moll
Eula Tansey
Anna Headen
Louis P. Doerr
Annie Perry
Elizabeth Lant
Helen Davidson
Mrs. Heber Headen
Ida Summers
Mary Henry
James L. Whittinghill
Annie Minton
James F. Ensle
D.M. Deeg
Belle Patterson
Sallie Hayhurst
Wilbur Rough
Florence Ensle
Eloise Wright
Clara Hornby
Lenora Peva
Margaret McCutchan

Only one relic of the old building remains today. It is the cornerstone, which was removed and set in the wall of the basement of the present building.

The year 1913 saw construction begun on what is now the old section of the present McCutchanville School. This new structure was located about one hundred feet behind the old building, which was demolished. The new one, constructed at an approximate cost of $18,000 was, of course, the last word in modern schoolhouses in that era. For safety reasons it was constructed all on one floor. There was the central hall with roll-up doors on each side to enclose the cloak and lunch-bucket lockers. There were still only two classrooms, but the "hall," or auditorium, was on the same floor and extended the full width of the building on the south side.

The stage, with a roll-up curtain painted with a woodland scene by the late Nelson Wilson, was in the east end of the room. There was a full basement with two furnace rooms, one directly beneath each of the classrooms. This was the first time central heating had been used. However, two small gray wooden structures outside took the place of indoor plumbing; and the drinking water was carried in from the cistern at the northeast corner of the building.

It happened that the work was not completed in time for the opening of school in the fall of 1914, and classes were held that term in the church. The upper grades occupied the balcony, and without the aid of blackboards or adequate seating they managed until the Christmas holidays. Miss Lida Henry was teacher. On bitter cold days the children went downstairs and huddled around the two old stoves that then stood in the corner alcoves on either side of the pulpit platform. The smaller children fared better. They with their teacher, Miss Margaret McCutchan, occupied the small room beneath the balcony and kept fairly comfortable around their big Round Oak heating stove. Miss Lida said that recess was also a problem. There was no space around the church for a playground. Although the children thought that the cemetery with all its gravestones was a wonderful place to play hide-and-go-seek, that was strictly forbidden.



McCUTCHANVILLE SCHOOL, 1914–1967

From a photograph made ca. 1930

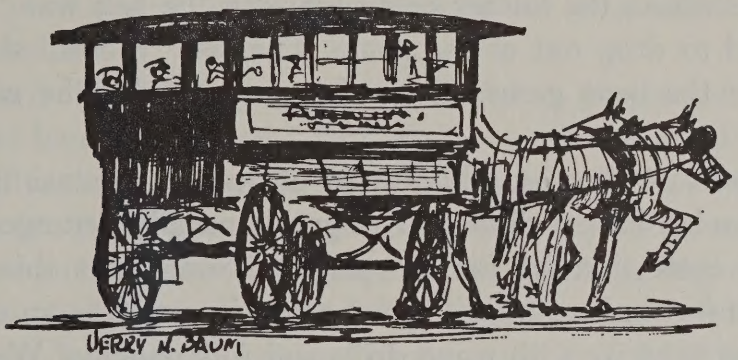
During the Christmas holidays the teachers went to the township trustee and urged that he let them move into the new schoolhouse—finished or not. This was arranged and classes opened there at the beginning of 1915. Miss Henry and Miss McCutchan were the first teachers in the new building and forty-five pupils were enrolled.

That same year, on October 21, the Parent-Teachers Association was organized. It was a meeting of local women held in the afternoon at the schoolhouse. Many of those who attended did not have children in school at the time, but they were ladies interested in improving the school and making the community a better place for the boys and girls. The officers elected that afternoon were: president, Mrs. Maggie McCutchan; vice-president, Mrs. Lenora McCutchan; secretary, Mrs. W. F. Clippinger; treasurer, Mrs. Ella France. Floyd Ragland was county superintendent at the time.

How the schoolhouse got its first telephone is an interesting little story. When the United States entered World War I, James Ensle was appointed to head the draft board for all Vanderburgh County outside the city limits. He felt McCutchanville was rather centrally located, and proceeded to set up his office in the "hall." The telephone was installed for the use of the draft office. It was soon found that this was not a practical location and space was acquired in the Courthouse in Evansville for the draft board, but the telephone remained.

In 1918 Center Township schools were consolidated. Number 8 (Kansas School) and Number 7 (Hooker School) were closed and their pupils were transferred to McCutchanville. Number 9 (Hornby School) had already been closed for some time.

The first year only makeshift transportation was available because the wartime shortage held up delivery of the new "buses," but by 1919 two new shiny green wagons went on the road to haul the children. These wagons, driven for many years by Charlie Haas and Alto McCutchan, were the forerunners of the present-day school buses. They were each drawn by a team of horses. In the winter they were heated by a tiny stove suspended beneath the wagon floor, with a stovepipe chimney running up the outside. The seats were merely benches on each side of the narrow center aisle. There were windows the full length of the wagon on each side and a door in the back. Since the bed of the wagon was high off the ground, the back door was reached by several wooden steps suspended in the rear with an iron handrail. Although, by modern standards, it was slow transportation, these school wagons were considered great innovations in their day.



School Wagon, 1919–1928

Even though traveling at a slow rate of speed, safety precautions were observed. The wagons came to a full halt at railroad crossings, and one of the older boys would jump out and run ahead to look both ways up and down the track before they proceeded. This job of "watchman" was a coveted one. Delbert Deisinger was the watchman in our wagon for several years, and when he graduated the job fell to me, and it was a proud day to have attained the status of "one of the bigger boys."

With the consolidation of the schools, a third room was added at McCutchanville. The hall, or auditorium, became the third classroom. The seats were fastened to runners so they could be moved out quickly and easily when the room was needed for a community gathering. Under this new arrangement the first and second grades occupied the east room; the third, fourth, and fifth the auditorium; and the sixth, seventh, and eighth the west room.

Miss Lida Henry taught in this building from the "first-day" classes until 1935—a period of twenty years. She served longer than any other teacher in the McCutchanville schools.

Baseball was a favorite recess game during that period. There were two diamonds on the playground. The upper grades played in "the point," while the middle room had a diamond laid off east and west just in front of the building. The smaller children played in the hollow and their favorite game was "rabbit." This was played by having a hunter with a ball who chased the "rabbits" as they ran over the playground. Anyone whom the hunter could hit with the ball was "killed" and had to drop out of the game. The last "rabbit" shot was "it" for the next game. Home base was under the east fire escape.

The last day of school was always the occasion for a picnic and a basket dinner. The pupils usually arranged some sort of entertainment for the parents. Sometimes this would take the form of a play, and then again it would be an outdoor field day exercise with wand drills and folk dancing. We would go through our paces to the musical accompaniment of the old golden-oak Victrola with a big lily-shaped horn. These exercises were under the direction of Miss Florence Ensle who for many years was the itinerant music teacher.

In my memory is one special Christmas caroling experience that must have occurred about 1922 or 1923. I was in the middle room. There was deep snow on the ground, and on the afternoon of the last day before the Christmas holiday began, we went caroling in a sleigh. Ernie Hornby put a farm wagon box on runners and hitched a team of horses to it. The wagon bed was half filled with straw and we all piled in. It was a clear, cold afternoon and the horses would kick hoof fulls of snow back into our faces. We went down Kansas Road to sing for Grandma Henry who lived in the house at the north end of Headen Road, then south on Headen Road, over to Oakhill Road and to the Ensle house to sing for Miss Jennie Hooker, then back to the schoolhouse along the Whetstone Road. I shall never forget it.

The year 1948 brought, once again, consolidation. This time McCutchanville and Lynch schools became one, after considerable controversy. (Lynch was located about half way between McCutchanville and Evansville on the Oakhill Road.) The McCutchanville building was remodeled and enlarged to make five classrooms instead of three, and all pupils from both districts in the third through the eighth grades were enrolled there. The Lynch building then became a primary school for all the first and second grades. During the 1949-50 school year a new gymnasium-auditorium was added at McCutchanville.

Early in 1954 a group of citizens purchased twenty acres of land from Mrs. Clara Webb at the corner of Oakhill and Millersburgh roads to be held as a site for a future new school, for there was no room for further expansion at the old McCutchanville site. Three years later, in the spring of 1957, the first phase of the new Oak Hill School was erected on that property. It contained eleven classrooms, cost $265,000, and was ready for occupancy by November of the same year. The first five grades were moved into the new building. McCutchanville kept 6th, 7th, and 8th grades, and Lynch became a school for handicapped children.

The next drastic change came about on January 1, 1958, when the old township systems were abandoned and all schools in both the city and the county came under the jurisdiction of the Evansville-Vanderburgh School Corporation. Under the new management further remodeling was done on the McCutchanville building, including the removal of the belfry and bell. Unfortunately, it was not until about a year later, at a meeting at the church, that the question came up, "Whatever happened to the old school bell?" It had been used in both brick buildings since 1874 and reportedly had been acquired from an old river boat. What a fine souvenir of the past it would be, the people thought. Some suggested that it might possibly be used in the new church that was being planned.

The next day I telephoned the business manager of the Evansville-Vanderburgh School Corporation to try to find out what had happened to the old bell. He said it had been removed and put in storage at Bosse Field, and if the people of McCutchanville would like to have it back, the school corporation would gladly return it to the community. Two days later he called me and said he had just learned that when the storage rooms at Bosse Field had been broken into several months before, the McCutchanville School Bell was among the things stolen—so the old bell has apparently disappeared forever.

In 1965 a new addition was begun at the Oak Hill School, including seventeen new classrooms, a library, gymnasium, and auditorium, at a cost of $712,785. This was completed and dedicated in October 1966. All grades were then moved into the Oak Hill building, and for the first time in 129 years there was no McCutchanville School. In the spring of 1968 the building was reopened as a center for the government-sponsored Work-Training in Industry program. Classes were initiated in clerical and stenographic work, mechanical drafting, and industrial skills.

V

THE LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSES

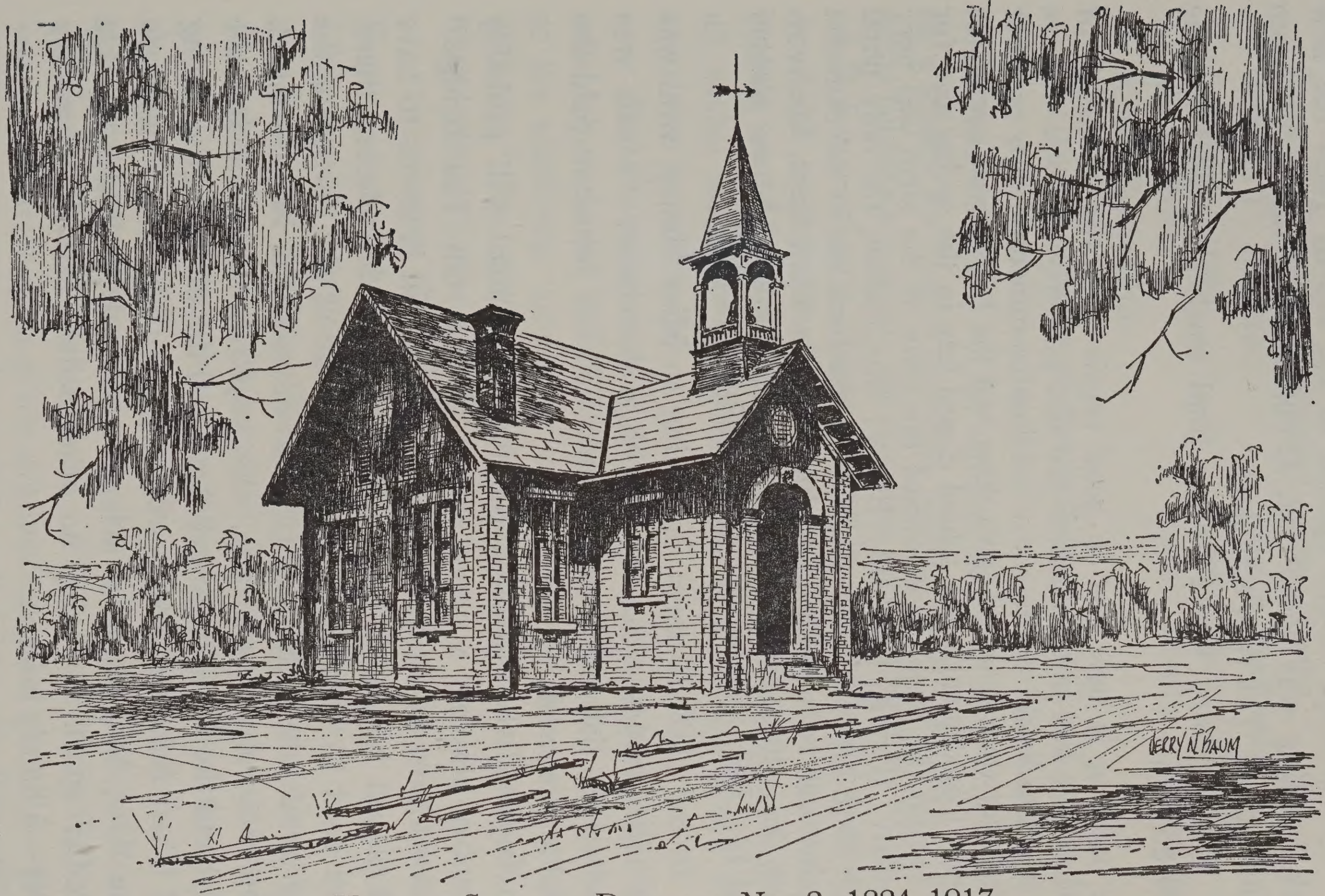
OF THE THREE schools closed in the era of World War I—Kansas, Hookerville, and Hornby—more is known about Kansas than the other two. I found no records to tell us exactly when this school was established, but it was probably soon after the Civil War. The first frame building was erected on one-half acre of land donated by Kinlock McJohnston at the corner of Kansas and Green River roads. We assume there was no school at that location before the Civil War, because then the Blue Grass Creek valley, more often referred to as the Kansas Flats, was a mosquito-infested swamp heavily overgrown with trees and vines. Few settlers had had the courage to try to live in the area because of the fevers. After the war the forests were cleared and the land drained, and settlement from then on was rapid.

The earliest mention of District No. 8 (Kansas School) in the Center Township records is the assignment of Anna Headen as teacher for the term 1874-75, but certainly there was a school there before that. Mrs. Hattie Webb Riggs said that her mother, Laura Bohannan Grimwood, went to Kansas School and had Miss Anna Headen for her teacher. Since Mrs. Grimwood was married in 1872, she would have attended the school before 1874.

Rebecca Skeels wrote in her final teacher's report for the 1881-82 term: "Building tumbled down frame. Furniture and building in critical condition. Ground low, marshy. Need fences and trees. McGuffey Readers used. Twenty-five enrolled." The term that year was seven months. Miss Skeels's salary was $2.05 per day and she either paid the janitor's fee or did the custodial work herself. "Building tumbled down" would indicate that the school was old at that time (1882).

Indeed, the furniture must have been in a bad condition. Miss Maragret Henry told of a most embarrassing thing that happened to her when she was a little girl. In those days there were held what were called "Teachers' Institutes." The township trustee and the teachers from all the schools would gather at a selected building for a meeting. The pupils of the host school were of course carefully instructed in proper deportment beforehand so that they would make a good showing. At this particular institute at Kansas School, Miss Margaret was conducting herself very properly before the guests, but unfortunately she was seated on a bench from which one of the legs had been broken. Rocks had been brought in and piled up under the bench to take the place of the missing leg. Suddenly, in the midst of the ceremonies and before the august assembly, out slipped the rocks, down went the bench, and a very red-faced little girl found herself sprawled on the floor. It was the formidable personage of the township trustee, himself, who came to her rescue. (Records show that the gentleman must have been George Hornby.) It was about this time that Charles "Karl" Weber (grandfather of Herbert Ahles) deeded additional land to the township to enlarge the school ground to one square acre. This was no doubt in anticipation of a new building.

Classes in the school year 1883-84 were still held in the old building, but that was the last. Anna Headen, who was again teacher, wrote in her final report: "Building unfit to be used another term, positively." This term was eight months in length and Miss Headen's salary was $2.00 per day. There were twenty-seven pupils enrolled.


JERRY N. BAUM

KANSAS SCHOOL, DISTRICT NO. 8, 1884–1917
From a photograph made ca. 1905

with a small entrance hall on the south. Above the entrance hall was a rather impressive belfrey and a very pleasant-

By the time school opened in the fall of 1884 the new brick building was completed. It consisted of one large room sounding bell. The roof was slate.

Mary Henry wrote in her final teacher's report for the 1884-85 term:

> The building is new and in good repair with the exception of the chimney and cistern which are not properly finished. Stove too small to warm room . . . . school commenced two or three weeks later than it would have done had the house been completed sooner. Consequently the school closed late in the spring and for that reason the attendance toward the close of the term was very irregular. Elmore [probably Elmer] McCutchan, the only pupil in the sixth grade, passed a creditable examination in the common branches and received a Township Diploma from Supt. McAvoy. Arbor Day—literary exercises and tree planting. 13 trees planted April 14, 1885. School closed May 29 with a picnic.

In the 1909-10 term, according to Miss Henry, who was back after several years of teaching elsewhere: "Music was added to the list of subjects. Annie Fellows Johnston paid the school a short visit."

Anyone who attended the Kansas School will probably remember playing a game called "Indian On The Bridge." No one knows when the game originated, but it seems to have been played by every generation that attended classes there. There used to be a small wooden bridge at the corner of the playground where the county ditch crossed the Kansas Road. When the recess bell rang, the pupils would race for the bridge and the first one to get there had the distinction of being "it." Then followed a sort of tag game. The exact rules are vague now, but no other school apparently indulged in this particular sport. Probably no other school had the necessary facility—a handy bridge.

The following is a list of the teachers who taught there from 1874 to 1917:

Anna Headen
Belle Knight
Annie M. Doyle
Lura C. Fellows (Heilman)
Charles F. Jameson
Rebecca Skeels
Mary Henry
Katie Goldsmith
Annie Perry (Erskine)
Ella McCutchan
Charles Clippinger
Lida Henry
Frank Stafford
Lula Henry (Ruston)
Isabel Henry (Whitehead)

At the beginning of the fall term, 1917, all pupils from Kansas were transferred to McCutchanville. The building was closed and remained so for several years until it was reopened as a school for Negro children. Later, when the Negro enrollment became too small, the building was abandoned. From then on it was used as a Negro church, a dwelling, and a granary, or stood empty. Finally around 1940 the property was purchased by Kay Work. He demolished the building, salvaged all usable material, and constructed with it the house which stands on the site today.

The exact location of the old school can be easily determined by a brass U.S. Geological Survey marker that was set at the southwest corner. It reads: "Elevation above sea level 390 feet." The marker may be found today near the back door of the present house.

On August 25, 1963, a reunion of pupils who attended Kansas School was held at Clutter's woods on Indiana Highway 57 near Elberfeld. The old school bell, now in the possession of William Hartig, was rung to announce lunch (a basket dinner). One hundred fourteen people attended, of whom fifty-two were former pupils. Arthur Huebner of Hutchinson, Kansas, had traveled the greatest distance to be present. Two former teachers were present, Lula Henry (Ruston) and Isabel Henry (Whitehead). Along with Mrs. Whitehead was her entire eighth-grade graduating class of 1916—Emma Deisinger (Johann), Clara Wiggers (Fisher), Ellen Hartig (Nicholson), Clarence Hartig, and Ed Letterman. They all posed together for a picture. The oldest alumnus present that day was Miss Margaret Henry, who enrolled in the old frame building in 1878.

I have found no record of the earliest days of Hooker School, which stood at the point where Whetstone Road branches off from Oak Hill. Although Center Township school records go back as far as 1871, there is no mention of Hooker (or No. 7) until 1874. I believe we may assume that this was the year that the brick building was erected and designated as the No. 7 District. We know there was a frame school there before the brick was built, but nothing is known of its history.

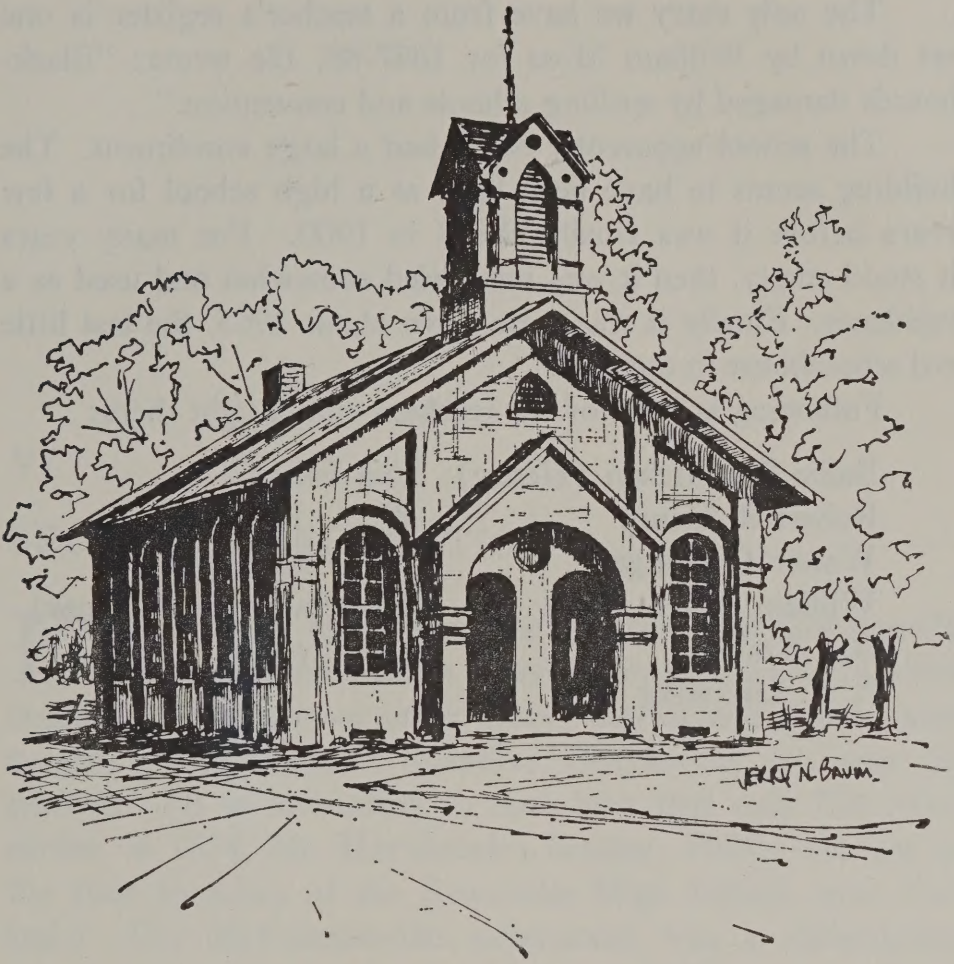
Levi Hooker was a teacher in the pioneer days, and he first held classes in his home, the house now owned and occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Neil Pierce. It was probably he who was most influential in establishing the public school which took his name.

Very little has been left to tell us what happened at the school. We know that because many of the settlers in the immediate vicinity were of German or Austrian descent, the German language was taught as late as the turn of the century. Miss Jennie Hooker made the following entry in her register for the 1884-85 term: "Seats not fit to use. Five lamps."

So far as I have been able to determine here is a complete list of teachers who taught in the brick building from the time it was completed until it was finally closed in 1919:

Eliza Scott
Marcus McCutchan
Heber S. Headen
Jennie Hooker
J. A. Clippinger
W. C. Clippinger
Laura Young
Walter Goldsmith
Ella Clippinger (Ensle)
Charles Clippinger
Caroline Storck
Florence Ensle
Emelia Eissler
Ella McCutchan
Olive McJohnston (Lawrence)
Grace Huebner (Whitehead)
Lenora Peva (McCutchan)
Anna Euler
Mary Swope (Henry)
Edna McCutchan

After 1919 all pupils from the district were transferred to McCutchanville. The old building was used as a community



HOOKER SCHOOL DISTRICT NO. 7, CA. 1875–1919
BUILDING RAZED 1938

From a photograph made ca. 1900

hall for several years. In 1938 it was torn down and the following year the land was purchased by Victor Ashworth for a residential site.

Even less is know about the Hornby School (No. 9), near what is now the junction of U.S. Highway 41 and Indiana Highway 57, although the building survived long after the other one-room schools were torn down.

It is first mentioned in the Center Township records for the 1883-84 school year as Number 9. We may assume again that this was the time the building was built. There is no record or indication that any frame or log school superceded it.

The only entry we have from a teacher’s register is one set down by William Moss for 1887-88. He wrote: “Blackboards damaged by spelling schools and convention.”

The school apparently never had a large enrollment. The building seems to have been used as a high school for a few years before it was finally closed in 1900. For many years it stood empty, then it was remodeled somewhat and used as a residence. Finally it was torn down about 1965, the last little red schoolhouse in the area.

Following is a list of the teachers who taught there:

Sallie McCutchan (Henry)
Robert R. Henry
Walter Clippinger
William Moss
Asa Erskine
E. E. Linxwiler
Eva Ensle
W. A. Hanning
Annie M. Inwood
Belle Patterson (Bruner)
Levi Erskine

VI

SECONDARY EDUCATION

EVEN IN THE early days the people in McCutchanville showed marked interest in secondary education. In 1859, because of the lack of other space, high-school classes were taught in the church. Saunders Hornbrook, Jr., was the teacher. (It is interesting to note here that only five years earlier, in 1854, Mr. Hornbrook's brother, Philip, was one of the four founders of the Evansville High School, now Central.) The McCutchanville experiment was a subscription school, and a scholarship or tuition was $8.00 a term. These scholarships were transferable, and if a student was unable to attend full time, he could let someone else have the benefit of the time he did not use. This school continued through 1861 and had an average enrollment of about twenty. Although it was a modest beginning, this early high school exerted a marked influence on the education of the entire county. Probably it would have continued to grow and prosper had Mr. Hornbrook not entered the military service. He joined the Sixty-fifth Regiment, Indiana Volunteer Infantry, and by the end of the war had attained the rank of colonel in that regiment.

It is not known exactly how soon after the Civil War high-school classes were resumed. The next record available is for 1874-75 when the McCutchanville Graded High School was being held in "the hall." S. W. Gudgel was the teacher, and his curriculum included Latin and geometry. There is no complete list of the teachers that followed Mr. Gudgel, but among them were James L. Whittinghill, James F. Ensle, and D. M. Deeg.

Records show us that "Professor" Deeg, as he was called, taught classes in Latin, geometry, ancient history, German, and algebra.

The following was taken from the Evansville *Journal* of April 13, 1892:

FUN IN THE COUNTRY

BIG TIME AT M'CUTCHANVILLE ON TUESDAY

Picnic and Flag Raising—Closing Exercises of the High School—Grand Time For All Present

No event has taken place in our village for many a day that was more enjoyable or pleasing than was the closing exercises of the High School that took place here on Tuesday. The day was a perfect one for the occasion, and no less than 350 to 400 people gathered at the hall to enjoy and participate in the exercises of the day.

In the morning the exercises consisted in the raising of an elegant and handsome new flag. The flag is a very large one, being 10 x 18 feet, and having also the full number of stars—forty-four.

The exercises were opened by a devotional song, followed by prayer offered by Rev. N. C. Boring, after which Walter W. Clippinger made the presentation speech and presented to the school the new flag, which was accepted in behalf of the high school by Miss Ella Copeland, and in behalf of the primary school by Master Arthur Goodge. Both the speeches of acceptance were spoken in a style both pleasing and instructive.

Then followed the salute to the flag, and song, "Cheer, Cheer the Flag," by the entire school.

Next came "The School House Flag," a recitation by Willie Bauman, which was well spoken.

This was followed by a duet, "Star-Spangled Banner," which was rendered in a most pleasing manner by Misses Ella Copeland and Clara Hornby.

"Origin of Our Flag," a dialogue, by Masters Harry McCutchan, Willie Copeland, and Warren Clippinger, made a decided hit.

This was followed by a dialogue, "The States," rendered by the charming young Misses Anna Swope, Clara and Minnie Hornby, Fannie and Maude Perry, Laura Lant, Anna Moffett, Anna Inwood, Belle Patterson, Olive and Clara McJohnston. Sarah Copeland as Columbia was charming and beautiful. Masters Herbert Cavins and Cicero Hornby, as Columbia's sons, were a success.

Prof. John Davidson, county superintendent, then favored the large and interested company with a very pleasing and instructive address on "Patriotism in the Public Schools," which was appreciated by all present.

This ended the indoor exercises of the day. The large company then marched out of the hall, keeping step to the time of fife and drum, played by Masters Tommie McCutchan and Johnnie Voight, and proceeded to the raising of the stars and stripes. The school was assisted in this part of the programme by the popular veterans, Charles McCutchan, Fletcher Moffett and Andrew Perry. It is needless to say that it was a success. The entire school, eighty in number, assisted in hoisting the flag to its place, and as the banner, caught by the morning breeze, flung over its beautiful folds of stars and stripes, the familiar lines, from Scott, came to our minds.

> Breathes there the man, with soul so dead—
> Who never to himself, hath said:
> "This is my own, my native land," etc.

The flag having reached its place, the school turned, marched back, and saluted their flag. This was followed by three rousing cheers given by the entire crowd. After which Miss Anna Perry's school gave an exhibition of military movements, and the little ones did splendidly, showing careful and thorough training, on the part of their teacher.

This ended the programme, and it being the noon hour, the good mothers soon had a feast spread which required no urging on their part to have eaten by the large crowd present, and ample justice was done to the abundance of good things.

After dinner the crowd indulged in games of all kind until a late hour in the day, all well pleased with the day's programme. Misses Anna Headen and Perry deserve much praise for the manner in which they presented the programme. Dame Rumor has it that these two popular teachers will teach no more, or at least a school of not more than one S——. We'll say no more, but listen and you may hear ere long some bells that won't sound exactly like school bells—and—and—may they live long, prosperous and happy lives, whatever they do, say we all.

The Misses Headen and Perry were both married that summer, as the reporter hints. Florence Ensle gave accounts of both weddings in her diary. (See Chapter 20).

About the turn of the century, when the Hornby School (No. 9 near Erskine Station) was closed for lack of pupils, that building became the high school. Levi Erskine, Jr., was the teacher for two years. The building was then permanently abandoned.

Whether or not high school was immediately resumed at McCutchanville, we do not know. However, advanced classes were held there in the school hall from the fall of 1906 until the close of the spring term in 1909. Mary Perry Johns was the teacher. She taught the ninth and tenth grades, and in her personal journals for 1907 we find her teaching schedule:

Forenoon	*Afternoon*
Algebra	Study Period
English A	English B
Recess	Physical Geography
Study Period	Recess
German	Study Period
Composition	History

The enrollment in the last classes at the McCutchanville High School, 1908-09, included:

Grade 9

Mary Cooksey
Clara Harrison
Della Henry
Arthur Huebner
Walter Kreger
Herbert McCutchan
Lucy Wilson
Margaret Whitehead
Harry Whitehead

Grade 10

Jessie Huebner
Sadie Huebner
Ora France
Emily McCutchan
Edna McCutchan
Elnora Swope
Ralph Swope
Ada Weber
Clara Young

Mrs. Johns's final report read, in part:

> The first year class in English studied the following: Marmion, Lady of The Lake, Hamlet, Idylls of The King and Snowbound. In History they finished Morey's Outlines of Ancient History. In Algebra—about halfway thro Wells Essentials. Upstairs there are four window panes broken. One broken by a foul ball, the others broken by slamming shutters outside of school hours. One set of maps for the middle ages in good condition. A new dictionary perfectly good. There should be a good map of Greece and Rome for the Greek and Roman History classes.

After 1909 all young people who attended high school enrolled at Central in Evansville. For many years the students sought their own means of transportation to and from the city. Many of them rode on the Princeton Traction, while others went on the train each day. The first township bus to operate into the city came into existence during the mid-1920s.

By the autumn of 1928 Central High School was overcrowded. The Francis Joseph Reitz building was new and without many students, and all freshmen in this area were transferred to Reitz. The last McCutchanville students to graduate from Central were in the class of 1931. A local resident, Neil Pierce, has been principal at Reitz for many years. Upon completion of North High School, students from Center Township were transferred there. Then a few years later they were again transferred to the still newer Harrison High on the east side of Evansville. Students from Scott Township remained at Reitz.

In addition to the regular schools there have been numerous classes taught in the community that have had a marked influence on its people. As early as 1852 Mrs. Ring, "a most excellent needlewoman," taught sewing to a class of twelve girls two days every week. That same year a Dr. Dean held French classes, but there is no record of how many pupils attended or how proficient they became in the language.

On other occasions there have been classes in writing—both in penmanship and in literary composition. At least four persons have become distinguished as authors. Annie Fellows

Johnston, who spent her childhood in a white frame house in Erskine Lane, became internationally famous for many books, especially for her Little Colonel Series which has delighted little girls for several generations. Her sister, Albion Fellows Bacon, was also nationally known as an author and social reformer. She wrote a book of short stories for children, *The Charm String,* and one book of poems, *Songs Ysame,* and the autobiographical *Beauty for Ashes.* She was also a widely recognized lecturer on tenement reform and in 1931 was made a member of President Hoover's conference on Home Building and Home Ownership. Anna Headen, also a versatile writer, had a number of poems published under the name "Cricket." The fourth to receive national recognition was Jennie E. Hooker, whose essay entitled "Farm Life" won first prize of $200 in a national competition sponsored by *Cosmopolitan Magazine.* It appeared as a feature article in the magazine's April 1891 edition. A short time later another of her essays appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly,* and a third article on the subject of "Farmers' Wives and Daughters" appeared in *What America Owes to Women* (1893), a collection of essays by American women published as a Souvenir of the Columbian Exposition.

During the 1880s the Eclectic Literary Society was organized. An old printed program dated Friday, February 27, 1885, gives us information on an entertainment presented by this group in the school hall. It was an evening of readings, music, and tableaux. John Erskine gave the welcoming address. Henry Graf recited a poem in German entitled "The Pilgrim." Other recitations were given by Mary Henry, May McJohnston, Jennie Hooker, Allie Fellows, and Eula Tansey. Wilbur Clippinger recited "The Black Horse and His Rider." A Mrs. Schmidt sang several solos and a Mr. Campbell played selections on the flute and the violin. The finale was a patriotic tableau in which Mary Helen Erskine (Clippinger) took the role of Columbia and Brainard Hooker was Uncle Sam. Twenty-five girls represented the states in the Union and nine boys represented the territories. The concluding number was a trio sung by Mr. and Mrs. William J. Erskine and Allie Fellows.

During that same period there were also classes in oil painting, wood carving, and china painting.

About 1890 singing classes were held in the school hall. The singing master, Professor Milton Zachariah Tinker, came from Evansville to conduct his "Tinker School Of Music." A few years later a group of young ladies organized a Mandolin Club which played for numerous entertainments here and in the surrounding communities.

Sometime after 1900 another group of young women was organized into the "T.C." (Treble Clef) Club. This organization had about fifteen or twenty members and was social as well as musical in nature. Mrs. Hugh Henry was the singing director and Mrs. James F. Ensle was the accompanist. This group, like the Mandolin Club, appeared at various entertainments and also gave several full evening recitals.

About 1924 the first orchestra was organized in the school under the sponsorship of the PTA. About twenty of the boys and girls took up various instruments, and group instruction was given one afternoon each week by Harry Bell and Frank Adams of Evansville. There are no recordings extant of this ensemble, but to the boys and girls and their proud parents the orchestra developed into nothing short of a little symphony. One or two who started their musical education with this group have entered the field professionally.

And so from the earliest days the quest of knowledge and culture has been an important motivating force in the lives of McCutchanvilleans.

VII

EARLY DISEASES AND CURES — LOCAL PHYSICIANS

THE EARLIEST SETTLERS in the community were obliged to rely at first upon roots and herbs for the cure of most common diseases; but very soon after their arrival the McCutchanville folk had the good fortune to have settled near them the first medical practitioner that came within the present limits of Vanderburgh County. He was Dr. William Hornby, Jr., an Englishman, who arrived in 1819 and entered a tract of wild land to the north in what is now Scott Township.

Records are contradictory concerning Dr. Hornby's medical education. One account states that he had acquired his only medical knowledge while working in an apothecary's shop. Another account gives him credit for having received a degree in medicine at St. George's Hospital in London. Since the same record further states, however, that for nineteen years prior to his immigration to the United States he had been a farmer at Dorsetshire in the south of England, it is doubtful if he really had very much medical training. It is certain that his knowledge of surgery was limited to a few minor operations such as bloodletting, extracting teeth, and lancing superficial abscesses.

Probably referring to Dr. Hornby, William Faux wrote in his journal in 1819:[1]

> The woods abounds in medical herbs, the Ching Sang and Ipecacuanha are found for emetics . . . the trees are full of gum. The Dogwood Bark is also found as efficient as the Peruvian, and sassafras tea is in general use for two or three months. . . .
>
> A doctor, of little or no skill, lives twelve miles distant.

However, Dr. Hornby answered the calls of the afflicted and gave them the benefit of such medical knowledge as he had and was most certainly of great service to the community. He died on April 26, 1847, at the age of seventy, leaving three sons, William, Charles, and Henry, who were the forerunners of a large family. He is buried in a small family cemetery located one-fourth mile east of Daylight in Scott Township.

The physician's life was not an easy one in the early days. Roads, such as existed, were very poor and bridges were almost unknown in most localities. During high water the creeks had to be crossed in dugouts. Sometimes the doctor even lost his way in the forest and had to spend the night in the open. Once, while making a call, Dr. Hornby encountered a large brown bear standing up on its haunches in the middle of the trail which is now the Browning Road.

The nearest drug store until 1836 was in Louisville, Kentucky. The physician carried in his satchel such remedies as experience had taught him would work cures. Of course, the doctor was called only in the most extreme cases.

William Faux wrote in his diary on November 12, 1819, "Many are now dying in Evansville of a bilious disorder." He also noted that the mosquitoes were "in their attacks almost sufficient to drive English settlers out." Their stings blinded several people. A disease much worse than the itch caused human bodies to be covered with scabs.[2]

The most common forms of disease were "remitting and intermitting fevers" (perhaps malaria), erysipelas, pneumonia, and bowel complaints. Cholera visited the area in the summer of 1832 but left in the fall of the same year. It seemed to yield in its first stages to simple remedies such as calomel, opium, paregoric, and red pepper, and it was not at this time as fatal as it was usually considered. People thought the sickness was caused by drinking water that had been stored in old whiskey barrels, but more likely it had spread up the river from New Orleans on the river boats.

---

[1] Faux, *Memorable Days in America*, p. 239.

[2] *Ibid.*, pp. 247-48, 256-57, 262.

According to old records, the year 1836 was "very sickly." "Intermittent and remittent" fevers prevailed that year in epidemic form and pneumonia during the winter of 1837-38 took many lives. That was a particularly hard winter with a great deal of cold rain and snow that lay on the ground more than a foot deep for nearly a month.

The year 1842 brought erysipelas. This attacked suddenly and ran its course rapidly, often proving fatal. The people called the disease "black tongue."

Remedies used locally for rattlesnake bite are recorded by Alexander Perry:

> For rattlesnake bite: A poultice of equal parts of salt and indigo. A cow Mr. Gear had was bitten he fed her the leaves of the common blue violet. The remedy was learned from a half-breed Indian by the name of Johnson who would let a rattlesnake bite him for a pint of whiskey. He always had the remedy with him.

Perry also gives a receipt for "Rarry's Volatile Liniment": Equal parts of spirits of turpentine, spirits of camphor, spirits of hartshorn, and sweet oil. The entry does not say what the "liniment" was good for.

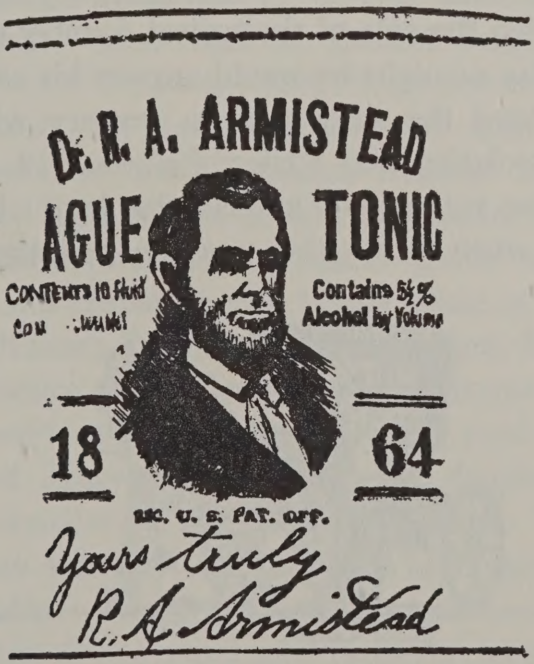
From about 1840 until 1860, Dr. Thomas H. Rucker practiced medicine from his home located near what is now the junction of highways U.S. 41 and Indiana 57. He was active in the McCutchanville Methodist Church and was at one time the superintendent of the Sunday School. The Rucker Road, now abandoned to the airport, was named for him.

During this same period Hugh Horan also practiced medicine to some extent. The Horans were Irish and came to

Indiana by boat from New York by way of New Orleans. They settled on the Boonville-New Harmony Road a short distance west of Gabtown. Mr. Horan probably had little or no formal medical education. It is believed that he was an homeopathist, but there is no evidence that he had ever practiced medicine prior to his arrival in the United States, for he had been referred to before as a "merchant tailor."

In a letter written by Andrew Erskine to his niece Mary, in March 1854, he states, "I take a towel bath daily, and have got at last, entirely converted to the 'Water Cure' and take their monthly periodical." In the same letter: "There has been a great prevalence of Typhoid this season and several deaths. Edward Burtis had four daughters and one son that had the fever, one daughter died."

In the post-Civil War years Dr. Richard A. Armistead was the most prominent physician in the community. He probably never owned property in the neighborhood, but rented quarters and office space in several locations—for a time in a house located on the west side of Petersburg Road where Whetstone joins it, also on the north side of Kansas Road



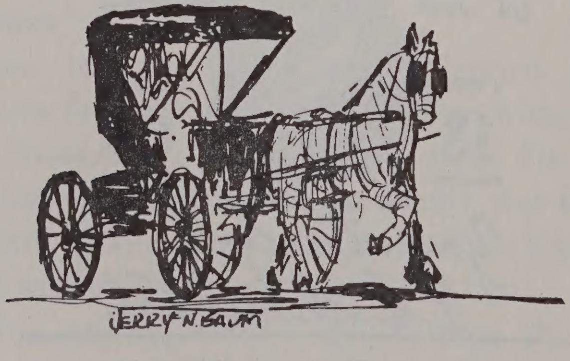
Sketched from a Bottle Label

where it joins Petersburg, and later in a house on the east side of Petersburg Road about one-fourth mile south of the schoolhouse. Dr. Armistead became famous for his patent of a tonic remedy for ague which is still used today. Among its ingredients were quinine, spices, alcohol, simple syrup, and coal tar.

Just before the turn of the century a young homeopathic physician from Warrick County, James L. Whittinghill, came to the community and resided in the house one-half mile south of the school on Petersburg Road. A Dr. Johnson was his associate for a short time. Besides practicing medicine, Dr. Whittinghill taught Latin in the McCutchanville High School. In 1898 he married Nellie McCutchan and nine years later moved his practice to Evansville.

About 1900 Dr. Minton practiced in the community. He was married to Anna McJohnston and lived in a frame house which he built at the corner of the Browning and Petersburg roads. After a short time he retired because of ill health and a Dr. Walters took over his practice as well as his house.

However, the man who served the community longest and most faithfully was Dr. Wilbur F. Clippinger. For nearly half a century he filled the role of the typical country doctor. At any hour of the day or night he would answer his calls, deliver the new babies, tend the sick, perform surgery when necessary, and offer consolation and advice. Before 1914, when he purchased his first automobile, he made his long trips in a buggy. In the winter when the weather was very bad, the storm curtain



The Doctor's Buggy

was hung up in front—an oil cloth curtain with an izinglass peephole and a slit for the lines to pass through. The old black horse always seemed to know the road. A lighted lantern tucked in among the lap robes drove away some of the chill. These long trips would sometimes take him as far as the St. John's neighborhood in Warrick County, a journey of several hours by horse and buggy. There is no telling how many lives he brought into the world and how many lives he saved during the forty-five years of his practice. One time he performed an emergency gall-bladder operation on Mrs. H. H. Letterman, using the kitchen of her farm home as an operating room. She recovered and lived to old age. Another time he amputated a man's leg in similar surroundings.

It is hard to believe that such methods could have been successful when we compare them with our modern sterile hospital surgeries, but they were. Hundreds of persons were saved because the village doctor had the knowledge and courage to carry on. This, of course, was true not only in McCutchanville but in thousands of other more or less isolated rural communities a half century or more ago.

Dr. Clippinger was one of several children of a poor Methodist preacher who lived on Oakhill Road a short distance north of what is now the Neil Pierce home. He was born in 1863, attended the Hooker School and later received his medical education at the Cincinnati Medical School, where he graduated in 1888. When he returned home, his father had died, and he and his mother and sisters moved from the Oakhill Road site and rented a small frame house at the southeast corner of the Kansas-Petersburg road junction. Here he began his medical practice. His office was a small frame building that was erected beside a huge elm tree in the yard. In 1896 the doctor married Mary Helen Erskine, a daughter of James Erskine, who lived at the end of Erskine Lane. They had one son, Wilbur, an attorney and banker, who is now retired and lives in Evansville.

In 1909 the doctor purchased property from the heirs of John W. Pearce and erected the large two-story frame dwelling across Petersburg Road west of the schoolhouse. The old Pearce house became his office. In the late 1920s he was appointed Vanderburgh County Physician and cared for the two hundred or more patients of the County Poor Farm in addition to his regular practice. He kept up with the current medical journals, always searching for new methods and remedies, and was able to effect a number of remarkable cures.

My personal memories of Dr. Clippinger are mainly three. He enjoyed his large lawn and keeping it trimmed was a hobby and relaxation. I remember seeing him often during our recess time at school, pushing his hand-powered lawnmower. My second memory is that he frequently came to the school and talked to the pupils—sometimes on health and sanitation and sometimes on the history of the community. And my third memory is that he seldom failed to be in his pew in church—a pew well near the front on the left side. Mrs. Clippinger was always with him—a tall, slender woman with a high lace collar held in place by bone stays.

When Dr. Clippinger died suddenly on his way to church on the Sunday morning of December 10, 1933, McCutchanville lost its last resident doctor. Several physicians have lived in the community but have not maintained offices here. Perhaps the most prominent of these is Dr. Herman M. Baker, often referred to as Evansville's Dean of Medicine. Dr. Baker has lived in McCutchanville for more than a quarter century. At this writing he is in his fifty-eighth year of practice and still very active. Although he is seventy-nine years old, he still begins his rounds of the hospitals at 5:30 every morning.

One family who were long-time residents of McCutchanville have distinguished themselves nationally in the field of hospital administration. Dr. and Mrs. Albert G. Hahn have been cited for their work in building the Protestant Deaconess Hosptial in Evansville from fifty beds in 1923 to a capacity of more than five hundred beds in 1964. Although stricken with total blindness, Dr. Hahn, with the aid of his wife, Grace, gained national recognition in his field. He has been both secretary and president of the National Hospital Association and served under five Governors on the Indiana State Hospital Licensing Council. Upon the Hahns retirement in 1964, after forty-two years in the service of the hospital, the north wing of Deaconess was named the Hahn Building in their honor. Soon after retirement they sold their home, The Locusts, on Erskine Lane and moved into an apartment in Evansville.

The Hahns' only son, Jack, who grew up in this community, has followed in his parents' footsteps and is at this time the executive director of the Methodist Hospital in Indianapolis.

VIII

TRANSPORTATION AND COMMUNICATION

That the railroad did not pass through McCutchanville is one of the most important factors in shaping the village's destiny as the quiet, exclusively residential district that it is today. Perhaps it was with considerable disappointment that the early residents learned that the proposed new railroads would pass them by and follow the valleys on the west and the east—but how fortunate that they did. Had either track come through the village we would find today an entirely different McCutchanville, a small, dying industrial town too near the city of Evansville to have ever gained any importance. There would have been clustered around a small station house the inevitable grain elevator, the lumberyard, the warehouses, and the small stores and taverns of the average midwestern whistle stop. As it was, the railroads came near enough to be a boon to transportation, yet far enough away to leave the physical character of the neighborhood unchanged.

Although the internal improvement act of 1835 provided for the survey for a railroad running north from Evansville to Vincennes, the great financial panic of 1837 put a stop to the plans. It was not until 1853 that the first track was actually completed. It ran from Evansville to Vincennes where it was to connect with another road being built to Terre Haute. Since the plans called for extending the tracks to Crawfordsville, it was named the Evansville & Crawfordsville. However, the tracks were never completed, and the name was changed to E. & T.H. (Evansville & Terre Haute). In this area the tracks followed the right of way now used by the C. & E.I. (Chicago and Eastern Illinois).

The first run between Terre Haute and Evansville was made on November 27, 1854. The wood-burning locomotive made the trip of 110 miles in ten hours, cutting in half the time required by stagecoach, and a new era was born.

On March 13, 1853, Andrew Erskine (the younger) wrote to his cousin, Levi Erskine, a student at De Pauw:

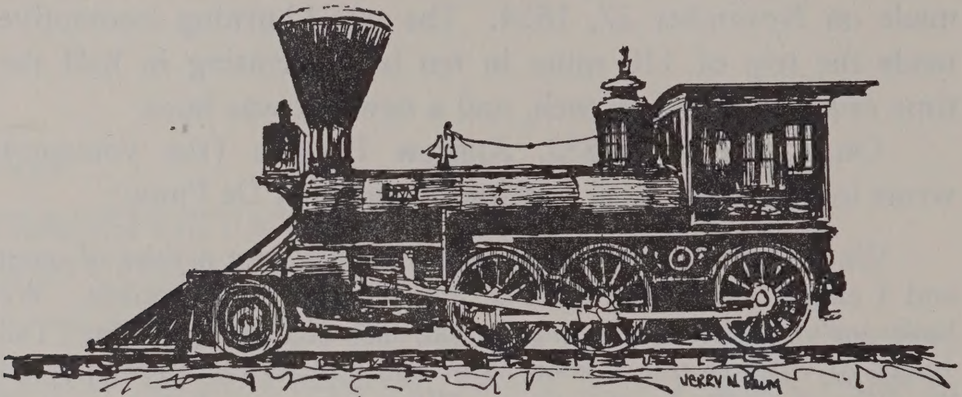
> We are getting along very well. We have got a yoke of oxen and I expect that I will have to be ox driver this summer. We have got very bad roads and a good deal of hauling to do. Tell James to write to me as soon as he can and let me know how he likes Green Castle by this time. When you come home you will hardly know Evansville if it keeps on improving. They are building in every direction and they are trying to get another railroad from Evansville to Indianapolis direct.

A year later, March 6, 1854, William H. Erskine wrote, probably to the same cousin:

> I am very busy at present with my work having a good deal of clearing on hand and having Father's place to tend and have got into rail rode business again I have undertook one Thousand cross ties to be delivered by the first of June next for which I get Two Hundred and Twenty Dolars when delivered. Produce as I told you in my other letter is still very high with us. Our new rail rode is under construction up to Davis County. It is let to good contractors who are bound to have it finished by 1 of April 1855.

In these letters the Erskines are apparently referring to a project which was started by Willard Carpenter in 1854. Abstracts for the author's farm, the old Bohannon farm, and others in the neighborhood show that on January 30, 1854, landowners deeded to Willard Carpenter a right of way for the Evansville, Indianapolis & Cleveland Straight Line Railroad. Apparently plans did not work out, because five months later this right of way was deeded back to the original landowners.

Just when the project was revived is not clear. Apparently some grading of the right of way (a new one, which today runs parallel with State Highway 57) was undertaken and then abandoned in 1878. While the projected line from Evansville to Indianapolis was never built, track was laid between Evansville and Washington in Daviess County in 1883.



POSSIBLY THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE ON THE E. & T.H.

From a very old photograph

It was during the building of this track that the little town of Daylight came into existence. Before that time there was nothing there. For some reason unknown today the construction crews chose that site for their camps. The story is that at the end of the day the dummy engine, as it returned from the work site uptrack, would drop off the men at their camp. The engineer, as he headed for Evansville, would leave them saying, "I'll pick you men up at daylight." Gradually Daylight became a place rather than just the time of day, and the enterprising Erwin brothers established it as a business center by erecting their grain elevator, grocery store, and blacksmith shop.

Service between Evansville and Washington was established for both passengers and freight on a strictly local schedule—one round trip each day. The McCutchanville residents were serviced by either of two stations. The Whetstone Road Crossing was called McCutchan Station. This was where the mail was dropped off for Mr. Cavins' post office. Also passengers could board there if they wished. The other station was at the Kansas Road crossing which was called Igleheart. This was because the Igleheart Milling Company established a buying office there for the purchase of grain from the surrounding farms. They built a sidetrack where freight cars could be left until filled, and a purchasing agent occupied the weighing station every day during the harvest season. Igleheart, like McCutchan, was also a passenger stop.

Because of its "every-crossing-stop" schedule the train was almost always late—sometimes several hours; but even so it was a convenience when compared with the long horse-and-buggy trip to town and the bother of having to put up the horse at a livery stable. Most of the people used the train for shopping excursions. The Evansville terminal station was at 8th and Main streets.

If any settlement suffered because of the railroad it was Earle (Gabtown). In the early days Earle showed definite signs of growth. At one time it boasted an inn, post office, wagon shop, general store, blacksmith shop, and two saloons; but when the railroads missed it by several miles on either side, the town began to die. Here, I think, is a good example of the influence of the church and the school. Earle was built around only business and enterprise and it has now all but disappeared. McCutchanville had none of these. Instead, its focal points were the church and the school which have served throughout the years to cement a relationship among the people and to keep the community and its identity alive.

The advent of the automobile was a serious threat to the railroad. However, in the early years of the automobile the roads were so bad, especially in the winter and the spring, that many people continued to find it convenient to take the train. Nevertheless, the steady decline in passenger load prompted the railroad to do something to combat this competition. In a final bid for favor it instituted the gasoline-powered train to replace the old steam engine. This was in the 1920s and it was quite a fast train in its day with an ominous foghorn whistle. However, by this time highways were being rapidly improved, and the life of the gasoline train was short. With its passing came the cessation of all passenger service on the line. Today this railroad is of no importance to the community. It is being used only for the transportation of freight with but one or two trains daily on the tracks.

Anoher modern-for-its-day means of public transportation came into existence in 1903 when the electric interurban, or Princeton Traction, was put into operation. This track was taken up a long time ago, but at one time it ran a few yards west of, and parallel with, the C. & E.I. Railroad. Service consisted of one round trip between Evansville and Princeton every two hours. McCutchanville folk boarded the car at Erskine Station (the Petersburg Road crossing). The fare was fifteen cents one-way to Evansville, or twenty-four cents for a round trip. Most of the boys and girls who attended high school in Evansville before the advent of the township school bus rode to the city daily on the traction.

I think it might be interesting to describe here briefly the appearance of Erskine Station, because the scene today is so entirely different. When I was a little boy, my mother sometimes took me to the city with her on an all-day shopping excursion. Sometimes we would ride on the train, which was much nearer to our house, but because its schedule was so unpredictable we more often drove the horse and buggy to the Cicero Hornby farm where we tied up and then rode to town on the traction.

Erskine Station was a desolate place in those days, and my mother was always frightened at having to wait there very long. The little, olive-green-painted, foul-smelling shelter-house was heavily carved with initials and written over with charcoal. We always suspected that tramps slept there at night, and there were sometimes evidences of their still-smoldering cooking fires on the outside.

The surrounding land was low and swampy and full of willow sprouts and cattails. The Petersburg Road was then gravel, and neither U.S. Highway 41 nor State Highway 57 had been dreamed of—nor was there an airport, or the busily pumping oil wells in the vicinity; no streams of traffic or flashing red traffic signals. It was just a lonely, lost place in the country.

Rucker Road then intersected the Petersburg Road near the spot where the Windmill Cabins stand today, but it was just a single-lane dirt trail. Another lane turned north and passed through rows of tall catalpa trees. There was little or no traffic on these roads.

I can see the traction yet. It always came lurching down the track at a terrific speed, as if it were just ready to jump off the rails. If you wished it to stop, you would stand in the track and wave a handkerchief when it hove into sight.

In its day the interurban was a marvelous convenience, but like the local steam train it served its purpose, lived its short day, and died when the automobile came into general use. The Princeton Line was discontinued after its final run on August 15, 1935, and the tracks were removed several years later.

Nobody seems to know for sure who owned the first automobile here. Different people have different memories. Some think it was Ed Aleon, some think it was Dr. Clippinger, and others think it may have been Wilbur Erskine. Anyway, the horseless carriage made a noisy and dusty entrance onto the McCutchanville scene.

Mrs. Edna Copeland Scheller remembers that the first automobile she ever saw came sputtering down the hill on Petersburg Road from the direction of the telephone exchange. She said her folks all ran out to see it. At that moment a woman driving a horse and buggy was coming up the road from the direction of Gabtown. The horse, upon seeing this frightening contraption, broke into a run, turned into Copeland's lane (now Beaty Lane), and galloped all the way up to the barn before the driver could bring the poor beast under control.

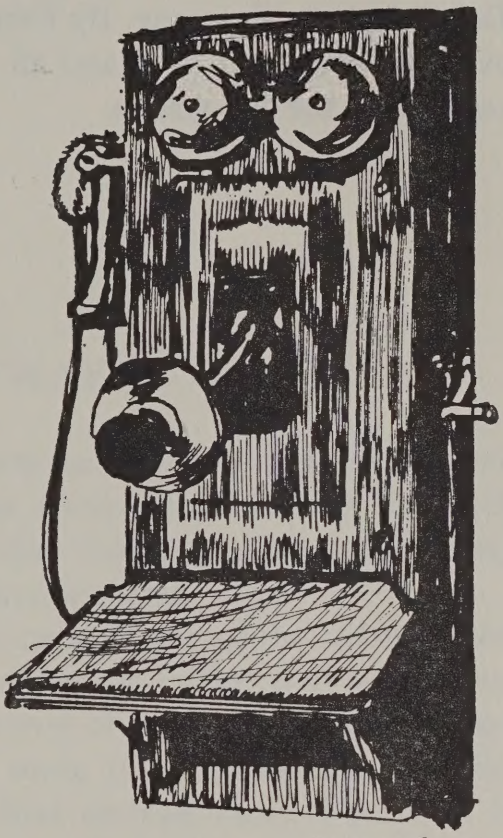
Miss Florence Ensle recalled how Ed Aleon would streak by their place at the terrific speed of thirty miles an hour. She said that they used to warn her niece Jane Ensle, presently Mrs. Neil Pierce, to stay off the road when they sent her to the mailbox.

Indeed, it may have been Aleon who owned the first car. He grew up on his family's farm at the corner of Green River and Heckel roads, and in his youth was considered the "wild one" of the neighborhood. He roared up and down the roads throwing up clouds of dust with his motorcycles and cars. His passion for motors and speed followed him throughout his life and paid off handsomely in 1916, when, under the alias "Wilbur D'Alene," he drove in the Indianapolis 500 and placed second with a speed averaging over eighty miles an hour.

One of the greatest inventions actually to link people together was the telephone. We do not know exactly when the first telephone was installed in the community, but I know from the story of my grandfather's britches that my family had a telephone as early as 1900. That was the year the house burned. When the neighbors rushed in to help save the contents of the burning building, some of them went upstairs and started flinging clothes and bedding out the windows. One of the items, grandfather's Sunday britches, caught on the telephone wire and hung there until they burned as the house went down. The britches themselves were no great loss, but it happened, as they discovered later, that grandpa had just sold a crop and had a considerable amount of money in the pocket.

The first telephone lines were privately built, usually linking the homes of related families or close friends. On the 6th of March, 1905, members of the various lines met at the McCutchanville Hall for the purpose of organizing a telephone company for their mutual benefit. Charles R. McCutchan was elected chairman and Albert Swope, secretary. The committee appointed to draft the articles of incorporation and the bylaws was composed of Philip Klippel, Levi McJohnston, Henry Schuler, and Dr. James L. Whittinghill. Three weeks later, on March 27, the articles of the association were presented. The amount of capital stock was set at $10,000 to be divided into one thousand shares at $10.00 each, and the corporation was named the Southern Indiana Telephone Company.

A central exchange was set up in a little house on Browning Road that stood until 1960. Mr. Rough was hired as the first operator. Subscribers paid the exchange $1.00 a year for service, which began late in 1905. The first switchboard was not purchased until 1914. For the first nine years the service was rather primitive, each line running into the exchange being connected to a bell. When a party wanted to make a call, he rang the bell by turning the crank on his phone at home. The operator then had to determine which bell was ringing. He would plug in to find out who was to be rung, and then connect the two lines with a patch plug. There were not too many lines in those days, but they were crowded. Some had as many as twenty-five parties. Each residence had its own signal—a combination of long and short rings. Ours, I remember, was two longs, a short, and a long. Four long rings was an emergency alarm. Everybody answered that one, which was usually a signal that somebody's house or barn was on fire. Since all rings on the line rang at every house, the whole neighborhood knew who was getting a call and everybody on the line could listen in. Sometimes, if too many listened in at once, the current was cut so much that the two parties trying to converse could hardly hear each other. Arthur Huebner relates a story about trying to make a phone call. When Mr. Rough, who was a very gruff old man, finally answered and took the number, he said, "That line's busy. I told you yesterday that line is busy."



Service was considerably improved when a switchboard was purchased in 1914 from the Kellogg Switchboard Company for the sum of $300. This system continued to operate until 1953 when the company was purchased by the Indiana Bell Telephone Company. By February 1954 the new automatic exchange was completed and all the old battery phones were replaced by the dial system.

IX

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS

EVEN THE ROADS in this area have interesting stories. Some have taken their names from the settlements to which they led, some from the families that settled along them, and others from more curious circumstances.

The Petersburg Road is perhaps one of the oldest in the county. We know that it follows an Indian trail which was established long before the arrival of the white man, and I am certain that it was by this route the McJohnstons and the Erskines and others of the first arrivals came. For years it was little more than a path through the forest, very muddy in the winter and spring. Finally, a covering of gravel and rock made a definite improvement. This material, it is said, was dug out of the hillside along the Heinlein Road.

When the concrete pavement was laid in the 1920s many of the curves were cut from the original road, but even so it still follows much of the same old winding path, staying always on the ridge of the hills. Several years after the concrete paving was completed, it became Indiana State Highway 57. Then in 1941, when Highway 57 was rerouted and the new road cut through the flat land toward the east, the hilltop road reverted to county maintenance and has since been known by its original name.

The Browning Road was probably an Indian trail also. Its name comes from the Richard Browning family which built and operated the first gristmill in the vicinity. Prior to the opening of the Browning Mill meal was ground at home with a pestle and mortar, or taken for a long journey to the Negley water mill on the banks of Pigeon Creek near Evansville. Old account books of the Negley Mill dated prior to 1832 list such familiar names as Atcheson, Erskine, Hooker, Hornby, McJohnston, and Moffett. The new, nearer Browning Mill was therefore warmly welcomed by McCutchanville settlers. Its location was on the east side of the road about one-half mile south of the junction with Old State Road.

John Sansom has left us this amusing tale of the first day's operation of the Browning Mill in 1832.[1]

> I assisted in getting out the timbers for Browning's Mill—a tread-mill at first. I remember very well the day we first attempted to run that mill. All things being ready we thought we would grind our grist. The grain was put in the hopper, the team started, the mill went round, but not the smallest particle of meal made its appearance. We were puzzled. After trying in vain to discover the reason why, we acknowledged ourselves beat, and Mr. Browning concluded to send for George Linxweiler, who was then, or had been, in charge of Negley's water mill, and let him, if possible, unravel the mystery. In a few hours Linxweiler put in an appearance. Imagine our amazement when he looked at the arrangement and quietly informed us, in his German idiom, that we had been trying to grind flour by running the mill backward.

Because of the popularity of the mill the Browning Road became a much traveled thoroughfare, but it was not until sometime during the first decade of this century that it was surfaced with rock and gravel. Before then, in rainy seasons certain spots were practically impassable. Buggies and wagons would sometimes sink hub-deep in the quagmire.

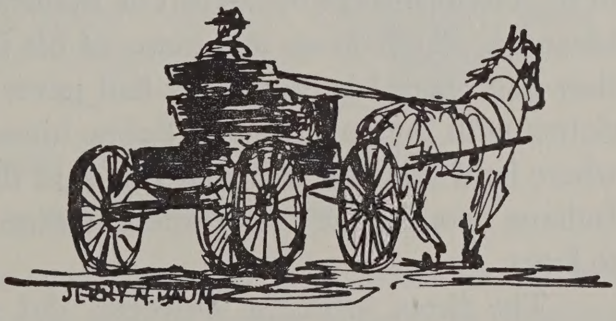
Today Browning Road is a quiet, picturesque drive through a very lovely residential area. In the spring the profusion of dogwood and redbud in bloom attracts many Sunday afternoon motorists. In autumn it is equally beautiful with the brilliant colorings of the sassafras and the sumac.

---

[1] *History of Vanderburgh County Indiana* (Brant & Fuller, 1889), pp. 581-82.

When I was a child, I heard some of the old folks, now long since dead, refer to the Boonville-New Harmony Road as the "old buffalo trail." I have searched many records and history books, but I have found nothing that either establishes or discredits this theory. It is definite that such a buffalo trail, or "trace" as it was sometimes called, did cross Vanderburgh County. The last herds of buffalo, or more properly bison, probably passed this way around 1808.

Buffalo are instinctively inhabitants of the open plains, but in certain seasons of the year they migrated—presumably in the hottest months—to seek the shade of the forests and salt licks. They came in great numbers across Indiana to the Falls of the Ohio (near Louisville) and on as far as the salt licks in Kentucky and then returned west in season by the same route. A buffalo trail was not a wide, beaten path as some might think. Rather, it was made up of many tiny diverging and converging paths such as ordinary cattle will make across a pasture. Along the length of the trail were mud holes, or wallows, where the big shaggy animals would loll to cool themselves and fight off the flies.



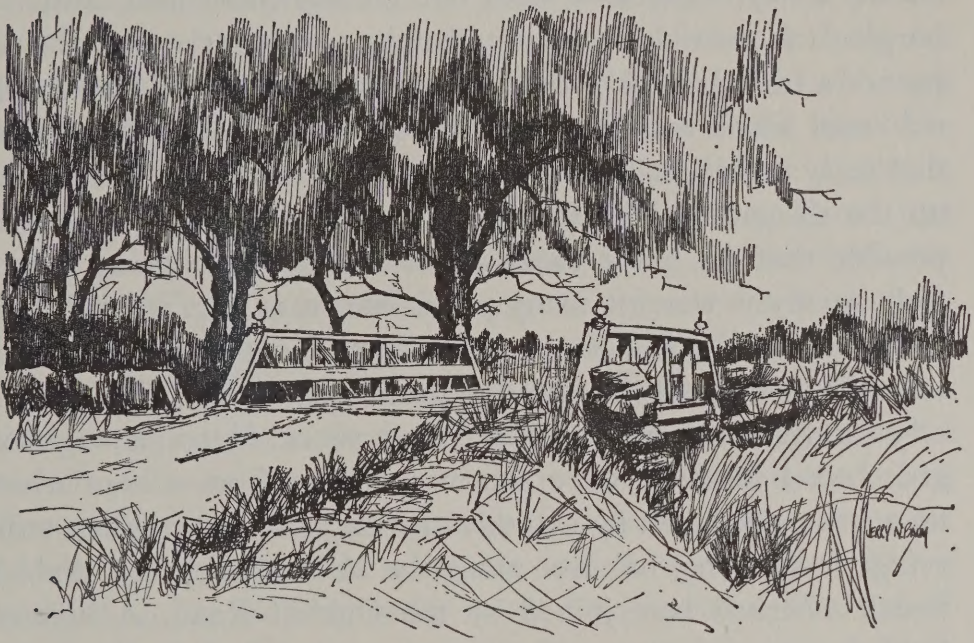
One time I asked the late Miss Sallie Whitehead, who had a vast collection of historical information, if she knew about the origin of the road. Her ancestral home was located near it. She was not able to confirm the trail theory, but she said she did remember hearing her grandfather speak of the buffalo wallows on their farm. If there were wallows, I think we may then rightly assume that there was a trail.

It was only natural that the early settlers would follow this already-established path through the forest as they traveled on their trading journeys between Boonville and New Harmony. The latter was then an extremely advanced community. It had the best, if not the only, forge in the area. There is a story that young Abe Lincoln came to New Harmony from his Spencer County farm one time to have his father's plowshares sharpened or repaired. If this is true, we should like to think that he passed this way as did many other settlers traveling from the east at that time.

The route of the Boonville-New Harmony Road, however, has been somewhat altered in recent years, especially east of Gabtown and in the vicinity of Daylight.

The winding nature of the Whetstone Road indicates that it, too, follows an early trail. The name is in honor of a man named Robert Whetstone, although little is known about him today. There were among the very early settlers in Vanderburgh County three Whetstone brothers who came from Kentucky soon after 1800, Matthias, David, and Henry. They were said to be friends of Daniel Boone and had figured in the establishment of the fort at Boonesboro. When Kentucky became a state, Boone and many of his followers lost the lands they had opened because they had never registered any formal claims with the government. Boone himself moved to Missouri where land was still free, and it is said the Whetstones came to Indiana upon Boone's suggestion because they sought good land to farm.

The three brothers, however, did not come to the McCutchanville area, but settled along the old Vincennes Trail just north of what is now Stringtown. The Matthias Whetstone residence was for many years renowned as a "public house" or tavern, and it gave shelter and refreshment to many weary travelers. Peter, the son of David Whetstone, fell into disgrace when he stole a horse. He was apprehended, examined, and released on bail supplied by his father. When court met, Peter did not appear. It is said the forfeiture of the bond completely ruined David Whetstone. Another of his sons, Robert (for whom the road was named), came into the McCutchanville area in the 1830s and purchased large tracts of land from the government, much of it lying along the south end of the road. Nobody today knows where he lived, or if he actually had a permanent residence in the neighborhood. Because he continually sold pieces of his land it seems that he may have been one of the land speculators that moved into the backwoods after the land improvement act of 1835 and bought huge tracts of land for resale at a substantial profit when the settlers moved in. The last story we have of Robert Whetstone concerns the sale of one of his last pieces of property to the John L. Hoffman family about 1850. He was then living alone in a log cabin on Millersburgh Road, a quarter mile west of Green River Road. When the Hoffmans arrived to take possession, Mr. Whetstone set out a large bag of hickory nuts for their children, exchanged a few words with the new owners, took down his gun from over the fireplace, called his dog, and departed. Moving for him was as easy as that. We have no further record of Robert Whetstone or his activities.



FURLICK CREEK BRIDGE ON KANSAS ROAD

From a photograph made in 1965

The airport expansion program of the mid-1960s eliminated most of Whetstone Road. Many homes along it were razed or moved to other locations to make way for the extension of the northeast runway. Today only about one mile of the original road remains on the north end and less than one-fourth mile on the south end.

One road that has been called after a town is the Millersburgh Road. Why this road should bear that name is not known today, because it does not go anywhere near Millersburgh. It is possible, however, that in a very early time it was part of a trail that led to that settlement. Since it did lead to the old canal which went through Millersburgh, it may have been that early settlers followed this road to the canal and then went up the towpath to the town. We do not know. It is also possible that the name came about through a mapping error. Colloquially it was for many years known as the Webb Road, after Homer Webb who owned a large farm at the west end where it intersected Whetstone Road. One day in 1923 Webb's only child, Ruth, who was then fifteen years old, and a neighbor girl, Isabel Moffett, were returning home from school when they were overtaken by a sudden spring downpour. They took refuge under a big oak tree along the Millersburgh (or Webb) Road, where it was joined by the Oakhill Road. A bolt of lightning ripped through the tree and killed Ruth Webb instantly. Isabel Moffett was stunned, but survived.

Then there are the other roads that have been named for the prominent families who owned property and lived along them. One example is Heckel Road, although the name should rightly be Hackel. It was named for Gottlieb Hackel, one-time Vanderburgh County Road Superintendent. Hackel married the widow of John Ahles, Sr., who owned a farm at the intersection of Green River and Heckel roads. The change in the name is most certainly due to a misspelling on a county map or by the painters of the road signs.

A similar misspelling is that of Headen Road. For many years it has been known as Hedden, and the most recent set of road signs spell it Heddon. It was named for the Headen family (pronounced Hayden) who owned a large farm near the spot where the road crosses Furlick Creek. The creek bottom was at one time called Nugent Hollow, after Mrs. Headen's family, but that name has not been used in many, many years.

Baumgart Road did not come into existence until sometime after 1880. A township map of that year shows only a private lane running from the Browning Road west for about a half mile to the Charles McJohnston homestead.

Rucker Road, which is no more, was named for a prominent doctor who once owned a home near what is now the junction of Highway 57 and U.S. Highway 41, although neither highway existed in that day. Rucker Road ran from this point, which was then on Petersburg Road, southeast across the present airport to join the Whetstone Road just north of its intersection with Oakhill Road. The northwest part of the road was closed when the airport was first built, and the rest absorbed by the airport expansion in 1965.

The New Green River Road takes its name from the fact that it originated on the banks of the Ohio River opposite the mouth of Green River. From there it moves north in an almost direct route, following section lines laid out by early surveyors. It was extended as the land was settled. As late as 1880 it reached northward only as far as the Kansas Road. From there on it was only a private lane leading to the home of Peter Huebner. When the railroad was laid, the Green River Road was extended as a public thoroughfare as far as the crossing where the little town of Daylight sprang up.

One of the drollest stories of all is in connection with the naming of Kansas Road. Many years ago a family whose name is now forgotten felt that the area around McCutchanville was getting too thickly settled, so they decided to move on westward to the newly opened territory of Kansas. Thereupon they sold their land and held a public auction of all their goods except the things they intended to transport by wagon to the new land. Bidding their old neighbors farewell they set out. After a few weeks the word got around that they had settled once again—not in Kansas at all, but in the Blue Grass Creek valley not many miles east of their old location. From then on it was a great joke among the people of the community. "Have you heard? The ——s are now living in Kansas." And so the area of the Blue Grass Creek valley became generally know as Kansas, or the Kansas Flats. The road leading to the area then became the Kansas Road.

According to Alexander Perry's journal: "Kansas Road [was] rocked in the fall of 1890—first rock hauled Nov. 5th, 6½ yards." Blacktop was not applied until 1954.

X

THE METHODIST CHURCH

ALMOST AS SOON as the first settlers had arrived there came also the pioneer preachers, working their way into the new west. Sometimes on foot and sometimes on horseback, they came dressed in the plain garments of the huntsman, rifle on shoulder, to find an hospitable roof and an audience to listen to their message. The homes in the McCutchanville area most frequently visited in the early days were those of Charles McJohnston, Levi Iglehart, and John Erskine. When the circuit rider arrived, the word was sent out that there was to be a "meeting," and the people came from as far as eight or ten miles to hear the word of God, traveling the way on horseback or on foot and bringing with them a lunch for the noon hour.

The cabin of the entertaining family was cleared of furniture as much as possible, and slabs from the clearing were brought in and set on end to make seats. Those assembled sang the old familiar hymns that they had learned in their homelands and listened to the rustic preacher as he shouted out his thrilling descriptions of the ineffable joys that awaited the saved, as well as vivid word pictures of the never-ending torments of a literal infernal hell prepared for the damned. Usually two services were held on meeting days—one in the morning and another in the afternoon.

The name of one of these traveling preachers who came to the home of Charles McJohnston in the early 1820s was Joseph Tarkington, who once preached on the text, "They shall go in and find pasture."

All denominations sought supremacy, and everyone came to all the meetings. The people were mainly of the Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist, and Episcopal persuasions. However, as time passed, Methodism became more firmly rooted than any of the other denominations, mainly because the preachers who came around were more frequently of the Methodist faith.

As early as 1819 Hugh McGary, the founder of Evansville, had opened his warehouse in the town for the use of visiting ministers on a Methodist circuit that was being organized to extend from Patoka south to the Ohio River and thence east to the Falls of the Ohio, a distance of about two hundred and fifty miles. The permanent quarters supplied by Mr. McGary were an incentive for the riders to visit this area as frequently as possible. In the years that followed they perhaps came through McCutchanville about once every six weeks.

Methodism was also advanced by Charles McJohnston who had been of that faith in the old country, and who had as a youth met John Wesley and heard him preach. The McJohnston home was always open to the wandering clergymen. Mr. McJohnston, however, was not narrow in his beliefs. When he died on May 3, 1828, he made a bequest of $300 in his will "to help build a house to worship God in," further stating that such a house when built was "to be free to all Christian denominations."

Eventually most of the Protestants in the immediate vicinity came within the folds of Methodism regardless of what their affiliations had been before, but often not without stern criticism of the ways of these Wesleyans. Agnes Henry, a staunch Scottish Presbyterian, is said to have remarked in horrified amazement, "They do na carry their Bibles wi' them when they gae to the kirk." But, nevertheless, the Henrys became pillars of the Methodist Church as the years went by.

After 1833 when the first log schoolhouse was built, the circuit riders often held their meetings there instead of in the homes of the villagers.

The first church society in the neighborhood was formed in 1840 and became a part of the Cynthiana Methodist Episcopal Circuit. The first regular preacher was the Reverend Thomas G. Beharrell, a "cultured, scholarly man of pleasing personality." Since the circuit's parsonage was located in Cynthiana, Mr. Beharrell had to make the long journey by carriage or on horseback. However, he managed to come fairly regularly every other Sunday. On intervening Sabbaths one of the local lay preachers took charge of services, some of whom were William Atcheson, Joseph Wheeler, and William Ingle.

About 1845 the community began to feel keenly the need of a permanent church building. The $300 left for that purpose by Charles McJohnston, Sr., seventeen years before was still untouched. There was apparently considerable discussion on the subject and perhaps some disagreement, for nothing actually materialized for more than a year when Charles McJohnston, Jr., was finally appointed to select a site.

In 1846 Samuel and Nancy McCutchan deeded to the heirs of Charles McJohnston "one-half acre more or less to erect a house upon to worship God in and forever for the uses and purposes before mentioned." The deed was recorded February 11, 1847. This is the property upon which the McCutchanville Methodist Church stands today.

During the year the men of the community set to work to build. Timber for the framework was cut from the surrounding forests. It is said that not one dollar was spent for labor. The $300 allocated for a church in the McJohnston will was used to buy white pine weatherboarding, seats, and other interior furnishings. The building faced west, with double doors in front and four windows of twenty panes each on each side of the room. The seating capacity was probably about 125. When it was completed, it must have been, for those days, an imposing structure.

Dedication services were held on March 2, 1848. Robert Parrett, founder of Trinity Methodist Church in Evansville, was the dedicating minister. In compliance with the clause in Mr. McJohnston's will, "to be free to all Christian denominations," the house was dedicated as a union church.

Nancy McCutchan, who with her husband had given the land for the building site, also presented the new church with a large Bible inscribed, "Presented by Nancy McCutchan to be dedicated with this house, March 2, 1848." Today that Bible is a church relic and lies open at the foot of the cross on the altar of the present sanctuary.

In the autumn of 1850 the Blue Grass Circuit was formed and McCutchanville separated from the Cynthiana Circuit. The new organization included Locust Creek, Cypress, Barker's, Blue Grass, and McCutchanville. This was a group of widely scattered communities, and the poor pastor had to travel many miles to fill the pulpits of his charge.

The first pastor was a Reverend Mr. Myers, but since there was no parsonage to accommodate his family he did not remain long. William Atcheson, Henry Wheeler, Sr., and Edwin McJohnston, all local preachers, carried on the regular services until the conference met and assigned a new pastor. He was the Reverend William Hensley. It is believed that he and his family made their home with the McJohnstons during his term here. Mr. Hensley was followed by the Reverend Mr. Curran, who lived at the home of Andrew Brodie. Back in those days when the weather was rainy it became necessary to hitch four horses to the wagon to pull the Brodie family and the preacher to Sunday services; and then sometimes the men had to get out and push to get the wagon up the hill on Kansas Road.

In 1852 a three-room parsonage was built on land donated by John Whitehead. Seven years later, in 1859, three more rooms were added because the large family of the Reverend Levi Johnson could not be accommodated in such a small house. The parsonage then remained in that form until 1906 when it was demolished to make way for the house which today stands at 8909 Petersburg Road. This house served as the parsonage until March 1957, when it was sold and the present one at 9401 Petersburg Road was purchased from Louise (Mrs. Clarence) Coots.

In 1865 Locust Creek and Cypress were dropped from the Circuit, and shortly after that Barker's withdrew. Noble's Chapel and Centenary were added to form the group of four that remained together for the next eighty-eight years as the Blue Grass Charge.

In June 1953, the charge was divided again. The Reverend Glenn Kaetzel, who had been preaching at all four churches for the preceding two years, remained at McCutchanville to conduct regular every-week services at McCutchanville and Centenary. Blue Grass Church and Noble's Chapel became a separate unit with Mr. Kaetzel's brother, the Reverend Fred Kaetzel, taking over that pastorate. Finally at the beginning of the new conference year in June 1959, McCutchanville and Centenary each became a separate station, and the Reverend Clifford Miller was assigned as the first full-time pastor at McCutchanville.

The services in the early days must have been rather bleak. The Methodists, in order to get as far away from Roman Catholicism as possible, went to extremes. The service was completely without adornment, as was the church building itself. Emphasis was placed on the sermon, which was generally very long and loud. Hymnbooks were scarce. A leader would read one line of a hymn and the congregation would sing it after him — using, of course, a tune that was old and familiar. Then a second line was read and then sung, and so on. In case the leader was not a singer, somebody from the congregation was called upon to "pitch the tune." Quite frequently it was pitched out of tune.

As the years went by the younger more progressive members wanted a surer guide, and after much scheming a new reed organ was introduced on January 19, 1868. This "heathen" instrument brought forth a storm of opposition from the older folks, with grave predictions that the younger generation was straight on the road to perdition.

One of the best word pictures of the old frame church was left us in a poem written by Albion Fellows Bacon, which was included in *Songs Ysame*. The minister to whom she refers was the Reverend William Ingle.

THE OLD CHURCH

Close to the road it stood, among the trees,
The old, bare church, with windows small and high,
And open doors that gave, on meeting day,
A welcome to the careless passer by.

Its straight, uncushioned seats, how hard they seemed,
What penance-doing form they always wore
To little heads that could not read the text,
And little feet that could not reach the floor!

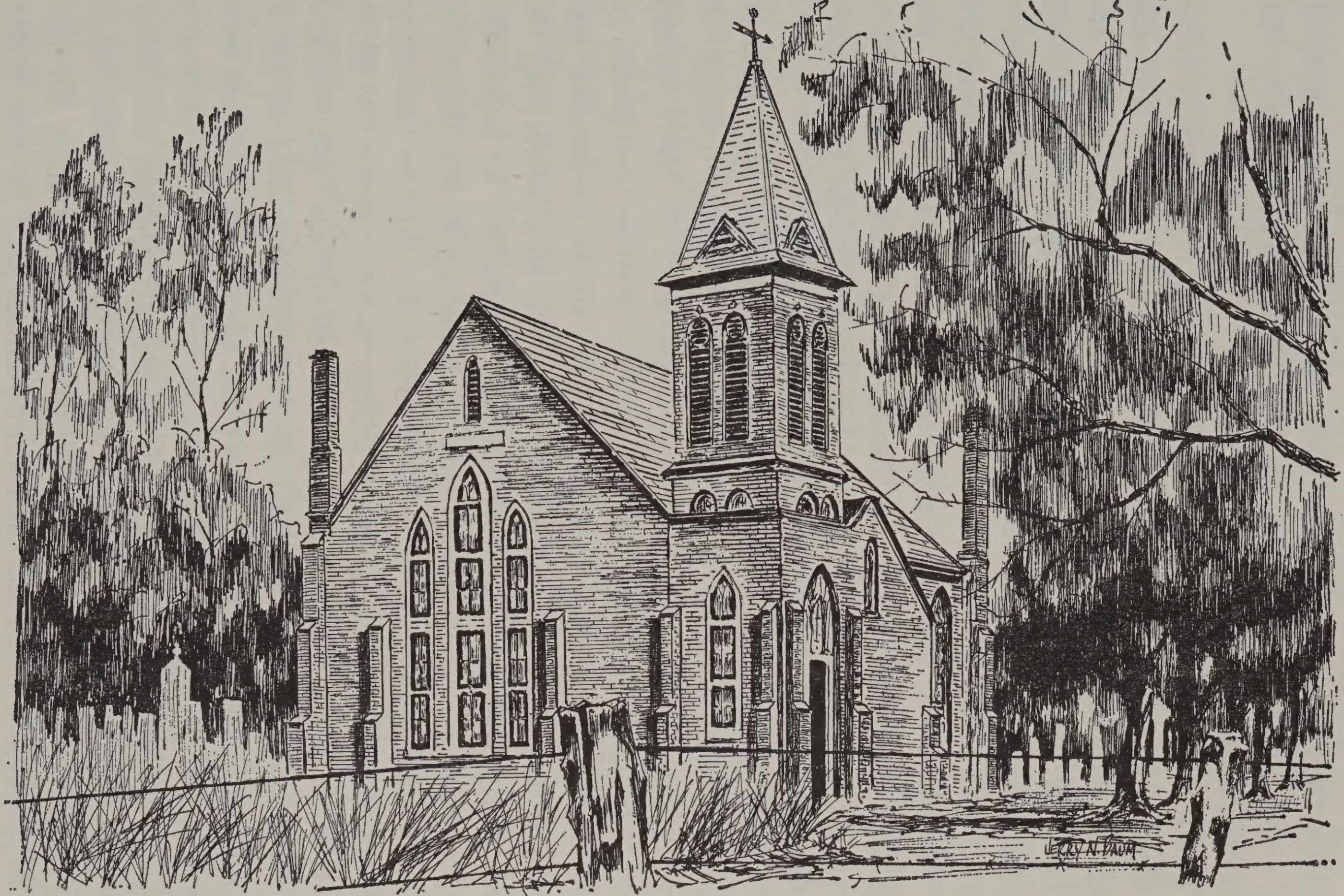
What wonder that we hailed with strong delight
The buzzing wasp, slow sailing down the aisle,
Or, sunk in sin, beguiled the constant fly
From weary heads, to make our neighbors smile.

How softly from the churchyard came the breeze
That stirred the cedar boughs with scented wings,
And gently fanned the sleeper's heated brow,
Or fluttered Grandma Barlow's bonnet strings!

With half-shut eyes, across the pulpit bent,
The preacher droned in soothing tones about
Some theme, that like the narrow windows high,
Took in the sky, but left terrestrials out.

Good, worthy man, his work on earth is done.
His place is lost, the old church passed away;
And with them, when they went, there must have gone
That sweet, bright calm, my childhood's Sabbath day.

The Reverend William Ingle was a local preacher who, for many years, appeared not only in the pulpit of this church, but in the neighboring churches as well, whenever they needed


JERRY N. DAUM

McCutchanville Methodist Church, Erected 1880
From a photograph made ca. 1900

a substitute minister. He was a sincere, pious man who preached hell fire and damnation. His main fault was that when he really got carried away he would stutter. Several amusing tales have been told. Once he is said to have prayed, "O —h, God! G-grab 'em by the heels, and sh-shake 'em over hell, b-but d-don't let 'em fall in."

On July 5, 1878, Amelia McJohnston Atcheson (widow of the Reverend William Atcheson) died. When her will was read, it was learned that she had left $500 to be used for building a new church. Her sister, Wilhelmina McJohnston Moffett (Mrs. James Moffett), immediately matched that sum with a gift of $500. This cash in hand started the movement for the present building, and through solicitation by the minister, the Reverend T. C. Danks, along with Mr. and Mrs. James Inwood and Miss Annie Headen, sufficient funds were guaranteed to warrant the beginning of the work.

The two living McJohnston heirs, Charles McJohnston, Jr., and Mrs. Moffett, then deeded the property (which all these years since 1847 had been registered in their family name) to a newly appointed board of trustees composed of Andrew Brodie, James Erskine, Sr., William Bohannon, and James Inwood. Mr. McJohnston, however, in transferring the deed, stipulated that the new building thereafter be called the McJohnston M. E. Church; and that he, upon his death, be granted the distinction of being buried, not in the cemetery, but on the church lawn. Both wishes were granted. A stone tablet high in the west gable bears the inscription "McJohnston M. E. Church, 1880." When Mr. McJohnston died in 1892, he was buried on the lawn. However, soon after that the new cemetery fence was built. Instead of following the cemetery property line, the fence was made to jog around the McJohnston grave so that, after all, he was fenced into the cemetery. His heirs, I think, never quite forgave the community for this bit of disrespect. The tall white monument may be seen today at the southeast corner of the church just to the right of the cemetery gate.

Much of the labor of building the new church was donated by the men of the community. A brick kiln was set up on the Erskine farm just to the rear of a house occupied then by the Samuel and Isabella McCutchan family, located on Kansas Road at the foot of the hill.

Cornelius "Bud" Jones (see Chapter 21), who all his life worked and lived on farms of the McCutchan family, was the only person who had worked at the kiln or in any part of the construction who was still living when the author was gathering material for this book. He said that after enough bricks were made for the church, the kiln was kept running for a time to make bricks to construct two houses for the McJohnston family. One, no longer in existence, was located on what is now the Baumgart Road. The other, on the Browning Road, is presently owned and occupied by the Arthur Hill family. Sand for the mortar was obtained from a sand deposit in the side of the hill on the Levi Erskine farm at the intersection of Southeast Browning and Kansas roads, immediately west of the cemetery.

The first brick was laid on Monday, April 12, 1880. Approximately seven and a half months elapsed before the building was completed. However, on August 23, one of the persons who had worked hardest on the fund-raising drive died without seeing her dream fully realized, Mrs. James (Maria Atcheson) Inwood. Since the structure was under roof at the time, work was laid aside and the scaffolding removed so that the funeral services could be held inside. The text of the Reverend Mr. Danks's sermon that day was "She hath done what she could."

Work progressed steadily during the early fall, and the board of trustees set November 28 as the day for dedication. A Reverend Joseph Wood was engaged to make the dedicatory address. But as the weeks passed the work went more slowly and it soon became evident that all would not be completed by the date set. Mr. Wood was unable to change his schedule, and the dedication services were held November 28, 1880, as planned, even though the building was not entirely finished.

Assisting in the service were the Reverend William F. Harned, John Webb, and the resident pastor, T. C. Danks. The entire debt was pledged on that day. The probable cost in aggregate was about $10,000.

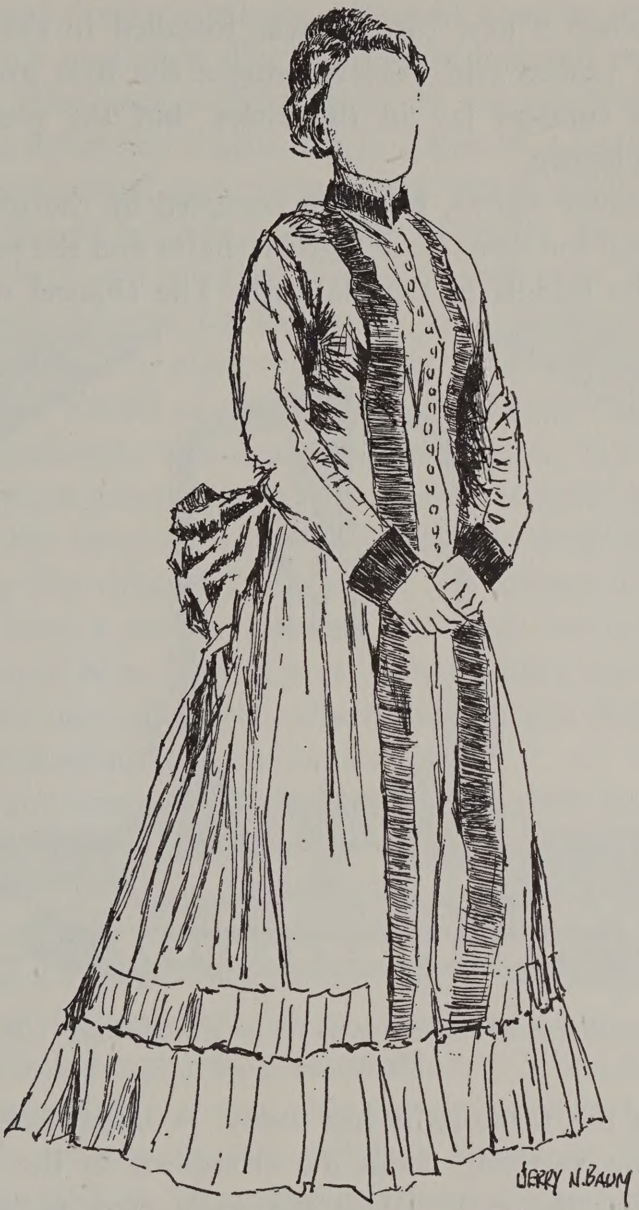
On Friday, November 26, Squire Samuel McCutchan died. His funeral was held in the church the day after dedication, on Monday morning, November 29, at eleven o'clock.

Several weeks later, in December, the first marriage was solemnized in the new building. Frances Gabatus McJohnston became the bride of William J. Erskine, uniting descendants of the first two pioneer families.

In the week following the wedding the classroom doors were hung, and all the work was finally completed in time for the Christmas celebration.

The next date of importance was June 1883. That was the time of the wonderful revival. The Reverend John Tansey was pastor. It was through his influence, along with the official board, that a young Reverend Thomas Harrison of Boston was brought to McCutchanville to conduct a series of services that lasted for five weeks. He was entertained during his stay at the home of James Erskine, and was paid $100 a week for his services, a tremendous amount of money in those days. Although it was harvest time, the interest in the revival became so great that every night Mr. Harrison preached to a capacity crowd. People came from neighboring communities to hear him. At the close of the five weeks there had been between 250 and 300 converts. Indeed, this man must have left his mark on the community. Twenty years later, when Asa Erskine died in November 1903, an eulogy read at his funeral contained the line, "his deeper Christian experiences began with the memorable Harrison meetings."

A brief description of how the interior of the church looked during the first part of this century may be of interest in years to come. In the early 1920s the old oil-lamp chandeliers that hung over the center aisle were replaced by some very plain electric fixtures set in the same position as the lighting of today. The old pot-bellied stoves in the front alcoves dis-

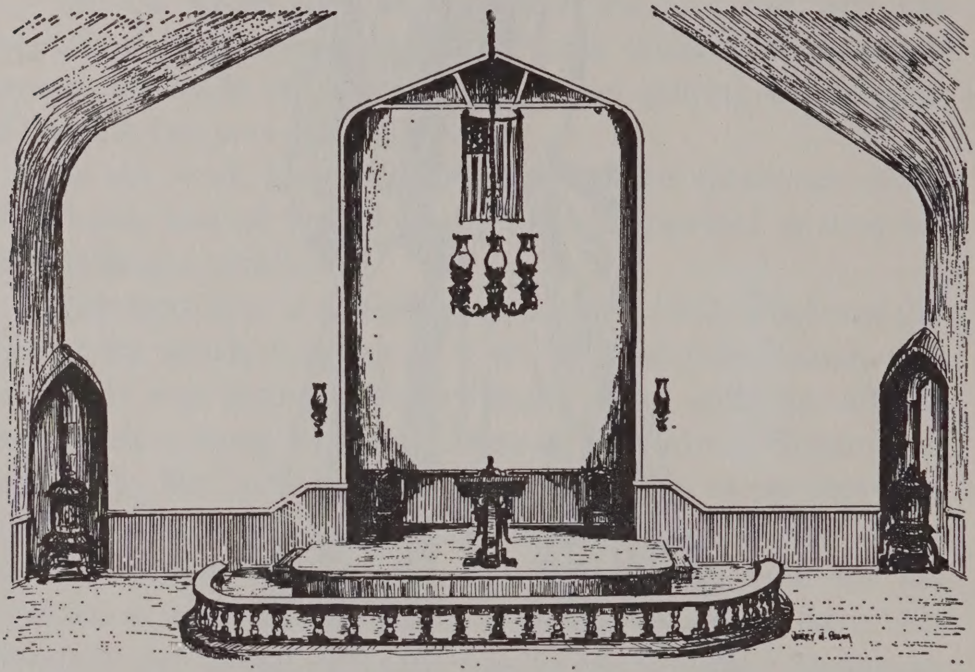


GOWN WORN BY FRANCES G. MCJOHNSTON AT HER WEDDING TO WILLIAM J. ERSKINE, DECEMBER 1880

Made of chocolate-brown taffeta with deeper brown velvet trim, the dress reflected the trend toward somber fashion set by Queen Victoria following Prince Albert's death. Other McCutchanville brides who wore brown in this period were Mrs. John F. (Janet Brodie) Moffett, Mrs. James (Fannie Maynard) Bowyer, and Mrs. Jacob (Nettie Inwood) Patterson.

appeared when a new furnace was installed in the basement. Before the Ladies Aid Society bought the first green carpet, straw mat runners lay in the aisles, but the platform was carpeted in brown.

The center alcove, not then occupied by the organ, stood empty except for three black leather chairs and the pulpit which stood in the middle of the platform. The chancel rail had no opening in the front as it has today. A large American flag always hung vertically from the crosspiece in the top of the arch. During the early 1930s the walls were painted by the then popular process called "stippling." A plain tan color was brushed on first, and over this dark red and blue and brown splotches were applied with a sponge to give a mottled effect. All the woodwork, including the benches, was given a coat of very dark walnut-colored enamel, which, incidentally, never did properly dry on the benches. For years, on warm Sundays, the congregation would be stuck at the end of a long sermon.



INTERIOR OF McCUTCHANVILLE METHODIST CHURCH
PRIOR TO 1920

An important date in the church's history was September 7, 1941. The preceding autumn the official board met at the parsonage and decided that something be done to renovate the interior of the sanctuary. The building had needed redecoration for a long time, and a great many of the congregation had expressed a desire for a pipe organ. Signs of a Second World War were appearing, and it was agreed that if anything was to be done, it should be done soon. The following list of "wants" was drawn up: new art-glass windows, new pews downstairs, complete redecoration of the walls and woodwork, a new furnace and flue, a pipe organ, new light fixtures, a new pulpit, new or rebuilt doors for the front entrance, paint on all exterior woodwork, and more parking space. The total cost of the proposed program was estimated at between $4,500 and $5,000. In the treasury was already the sum of $800 that had been left by the wills of Jacob Blasie (a recluse of sort, who had never been a member or even attended the church) and a late member, Mrs. Dora Tyzer. A fund drive was begun on Sunday, February 23, 1941, which ran for one month. More than the required amount was subscribed.

All improvements that had been listed were accomplished except new windows. After an investigation revealed that the old ones were of a rare etched glass imported from France which cannot now be duplicated, they seemed much prettier, and the board decided they should remain unchanged and the new interior decoration keyed to blend with them. The walls were then painted cool gray-green with ivory on the wainscoting and other woodwork. A new altar was installed in front of the organ grill, and the chancel rail was opened in the middle, allowing the altar to be approached from the center aisle. All this made a tremendous improvement in the appearance of the sanctuary.

To celebrate the completion of the project a service of rededication was held on September 7, 1941. Bishop Titus Lowe was present to give the sermon of the morning and to officiate at the baptism of infants. Following a basket dinner at the schoolhouse, Mrs. Armand Haeussler of Evansville gave a recital on the new pipe organ.

The next large project was the building of the Parish House.

For a number of years before the beginning of the Second World War there was talk of the great need for more space for recreation and education. In early times the church and the school had been so closely associated that the school building was used for all church functions except worship services and Sunday School; but as the school community expanded and patrons of many denominations moved into the area, it seemed no longer proper for the Methodists to have unlimited use of the school property. The church needed facilities of its own. However, a building program seemed far beyond the congregation's financial means, and the project was always looked upon as a dream that might materialize in the far distant future.

In 1942, when I was serving with the armed forces in North Africa, I received requests from various organizations back home for contributions in the form of United States War Bonds. The idea came to me that since everyone was very war-bond conscious, it would be a good time to begin a fund for the church's future building program. Thereupon I sent home a money order for $18.75 with instructions to purchase one $25.00 War Bond (to mature in ten years) which was to be put aside as a start on the building fund. It was not much; it was all I could afford at the time on a corporal's pay. But it happened to be a seed sown at the proper moment, for the idea caught on in the community and by April 1944 a total of $3,425 was on hand. By 1949 the amount had increased to $16,000, all unsolicited. It was at this point that the church's board of directors felt the time had come to build. A systematic solicitation was arranged to secure additional contributions.

On Good Friday, April 15, 1949, the excavation was begun for the basement of the new Parish House.

The response from the community was excellent. Nonmembers as well as members contributed generously. As important as the money donated was the great amount of labor given by the men of the neighborhood—more than 2,300 manhours. When the structure was completed, the total cost in cash had been only $38,250. A contractor's estimate had been $75,000.

Dedication services were held on April 8, 1951, with Bishop Richard C. Raines as principal speaker. The Reverend Lewis H. Ice, a former pastor, read the morning scripture from the same Bible that had been used 103 years before at the dedication of the first church in 1848. Dr. Clarence A. Shake, District Superintendent, also a former pastor of McCutchanville, assisted in the service.

At noon there was a basket dinner in the new dining room, followed by a short afternoon service in the Parish Hall. It was at this time that I spoke on the church's history and conceived the idea of writing a history of the community.

A. C. Voelkel was then chairman of the official board. Members of the building committee were Joseph Sansom, chairman; Allen Patterson, treasurer; and W. C. McCutchan, Alfred Grote, and Jason McCutchan. Copeland Anfield was the architectural consultant and Robert Henry the construction superintendent.

Joseph Sansom died the following year and his widow, Mrs. Edna Sansom, had the chimes installed in his memory. These were dedicated on November 29, 1953.

Near the end of 1964, under the leadership of the Reverend Ronald Mercer, a movement was started to plan for a new church. A fund drive was organized for early 1965 and the firm of Hironimus, Knapp and Given Associates was selected to draw up a preliminary plan for new buildings.

An important motion was made and carried at an official board meeting that under no circumstances should the old church be destroyed. Even though a new sanctuary may be built at some future time, the old church is to be preserved as a monument to the past, kept in repair, and used as a chapel for special occasions.

The building committee appointed by the board included Marlin Rudolph, chairman; Raymond Barton, Bernice Bruner, Thomas Herron, Gene McConnell, Kenneth McCutchan, Elvin Reed, Charles Walker, and John Weaver.

The first set of plans consisted of a quadrangle of four buildings designed to sit at the southeast corner of the intersection of the Kansas and Petersburg roads on the parsonage property. It was found, however, that the site would be crowded and little space would be left for parking lots. At this point Dr. & Mrs. Albert G. Hahn offered the gift of approximately three acres of land north of Kansas Road between Petersburg and Southeast Browning roads, with a stipulation that construction be begun within three years.

The architectural firm thereupon started all over again to produce a set of plans suitable for the sloping terrain of the Hahn plot. The design finally selected was conceived and drawn by Suzy Howell, Evansville’s first woman architect. It consisted of a bi-level educational building and a very modern sanctuary, joined by a wing to form a courtyard.

At this time construction is being begun on the educational building which is to cost an estimated $200,000. Construction of the new sanctuary will be deferred for the time being until more funds are available. One sad note is that Miss Howell, the architect, did not live to see the building erected. She was stricken by a heart attack and died suddenly on May 24, 1967, age 26.

MINISTERS WHO HAVE SERVED THE McCUTCHANVILLE COMMUNITY

The Circuit Riders

William H. Smith	1824	John Ritchey	1830-31
Joseph Tarkington	1825	Enoch G. Wood	1832-33
Asa D. West	1826	Cornelius Swank	1833
Charles Slocum	1827	Isaac Owen	1835
Samuel Cooper	1828	Isaac McElroy	1836
John Fox	1829	William Beharrell	1836

Regular Ministers

Thomas G. Beharrell (Helped organize the first church society here in 1840 and became the first regular minister)	
William Atcheson	
Joseph Wheeler	
Nathaniel Tower	
Richard Wheeler	
William Ingle	
H. O. Chapman	
William F. Harned	
Thomas W. Jones	
N. M. Patterson	
Edwin McJohnston	
——— Myers	1850
William Hensley	1850-51
——— Curran	1851-52
Henry W. Wheeler	
William Ravenscroft	
J. F. McCan	
R. L. Cushman	
Levi Johnson	1859
George W. Bower	
Simon Herr	
John H. Clippinger	-1875
William McGinnis	1875-77
Thomas Danks	1877-82
John Tansey	1882-85

Robert Baldwin	1885-87
Samuel W. McNaughton	1887-89
Nicholas E. Boring	1889-92
A. A. Godby	1892-96
S. S. Penrod	1896-98
J. E. Fisher	1898-1901
H. N. King	1901-02
Grant Ferguson	1902-04
E. A. Robertson	1904-07
M. E. Baker	1907-09
Jesse O. Powell	1909-11
Lewis H. Ice	1911-15
W. W. Simmons	1915-17
O. E. Killion	1917-19
Clarence A. Shake	1919-28
William Hartsaw	1928-31
William Thompson	1931-34
Russell Parsley	1934-38
Howard M. Pattison (died soon after arrival)	1938
Harry Thompson	1939-40
W. R. Lynch	1940-45
Barthol Rogers	1945-51
Glenn Kaetzel	1951-57
Clifford Miller	1957-62
Ronald Mercer	1962-67
Max Nicoson	1967-

James Heady and Gene Matthews were nonresident pastors who preached on alternate Sundays during the 1950s.

These men went from membership in this church into the ministry:

Arthur Riggs—now superintendent of a Methodist District in Wisconsin
Shirley Morgan—now minister in the Indiana Conference
Kenneth Reed—now Head Chaplain at the Methodist Hospital in Indianapolis

XI

ORGANIZATIONS OF THE METHODIST CHURCH

William Atcheson was the founder of the McCutchanville Sunday School. On a Friday afternoon in 1842, at the close of the school, Mr. Atcheson, who was then teaching in the old log schoolhouse, invited his pupils to return on Sunday to form a Sabbath School. There is no record of how many accepted the invitation, but apparently there were enough to effect an organization and Mr. Atcheson was elected to serve as superintendent.

Old secretary books of the Sunday School are available for over a century, but unfortunately in the early days records were very poorly kept and little information can be gained from them except the number in attendance each Sunday and the weather.

The following have been selected at random from the old records:

March 14, 1867—School opened with singing and prayer by Fred Iglehart. Pleasant weather. Superintendent absent. Mr. Moffett sick. Mr. Brodie came late. Scholars present: 20 males, 20 females.

February 18, 1872—School opened with singing and prayer by Wm. J. Erskine. Pleasant day. Roads very muddy. Rearranged classes and made three extra classes with Mrs. Fellows, James Erskine, and J. C. Inwood as teachers. Scholars present: 30 males, 20 females.

September 23, 1900—School began at 9:45 by singing Nos. 265 and 92, after which the Lord's Prayer was repeated in concert. The lesson was read by entire school and 15 minutes were devoted to the study of the lesson. Singing No. 80 was followed by review of the lesson conducted by Supt. Number of scholars present 44; Teachers and officers, 13; Total 57. Collection $ .96.

So far as we know the Sunday School went on year after year, regularly Sunday after Sunday, with little change. One innovation occurred about 1918 when my mother, Lenora McCutchan, was appointed the superintendent of the Primary Department. It was she who introduced a system of graded study for children with promotions as each grade of study was completed. This divided the children into a number of classes according to age. The Primary Department was then located in the room below the balcony at the rear of the sanctuary. Classes were separated during the study period by portable screens.

When the church, many years before, replaced the old reed organ in the sanctuary with a piano (amid a storm of protest from the older members), the primary department inherited the organ. I can remember that when I was a very small boy, we would sit in a circle on the little red chairs and sing "Jesus Wants Me For A Sunbeam" while one of the teachers pumped out the accompaniment.

The two highlights of the year, as I remember them, were Christmas and Easter, when we would present entertainments. One of the most popular Christmas plays, one that has been repeated many times through the years, was "Why The Chimes Rang." However, I think I used to like Easter best. On Saturdays for several weeks before the holiday, my mother would have our old horse, Ben, hitched to the buggy and drive me to church to "practicing." After our program had been sufficiently rehearsed, we would have a play period, and there were always the banks along Erskine Lane blue with violets just waiting to be picked. On the Saturday before Easter there was usually an egg hunt, and that was something to be looked forward to with mounting anticipation as the time drew nearer.

Many teachers have served in the Primary Department through the years, but it was perhaps Mrs. Belle Bruner who served longest in her work with the little ones in the Cradle Roll.

From time to time through the years the Sunday School held various contests to spur the interest and the attendance. One memorable occasion was the Roman banquet given in 1947 by the two Women's Bible Classes for the Men's Bible Class when the latter were the "conquerors" in a contest between the two groups.

In 1955 when the author was gathering material on the history of McCutchanville, the oldest living member of the Sunday School was Mrs. Nettie Inwood Patterson. She served as secretary for many years and taught a class for many more. She also set an amazing attendance record of not missing a Sunday for almost fifty years. She died at the age of ninety-one in 1965, and her record has not been equaled.

The first Sunday School Superintendent, Mr. Atcheson, was followed by Thomas Headen, Sr., Dr. Rucker, Levi Erskine, Sr., R. F. Hooker, and Andrew Brodie who served twenty-three years in the frame church and ten years in the brick church. Mr. Brodie was succeeded by R. R. Henry who served thirteen years. Other superintendents have been Asa Erskine, Mrs. A. A. Godby, D. M. Deeg, Mrs. Henry Harrison, W. W. Clippinger, Mrs. Asa Erskine, Clara Hornby (Whiting), Elnora Swope (France), Isabel Henry (Whitehead), Albert George, Jason McCutchan, Shirley Morgan, Edna McCutchan, Mrs. Robert D. Henry, Mary Lou Clark, Geneva Sansom (Hadley), William Felker, W. R. McAllister, Vernon Reed, Raymond Barton, Harold Kingon, John Weaver, Donald Mills, and Fred Newman. Mrs. Natalie Hartig Foster has served as Educational Assistant for the past twenty-three years.

Average Sunday School attendance in the period from 1865 to 1870 was 49. From 1882 to 1900 the number increased to 61. In 1948-49 the average was 100. Following the erection of the new parish house in 1951 the number increased to 150. At the present time it has fallen back to around 115.

In 1891 the first young people's group was formed under the leadership of the pastor, the Reverend N. E. Boring, with assistance from the Reverend C. E. Bacon of the Trinity Methodist Church in Evansville.

This interesting entry was found in Miss Florence Ensle's diary: "Sunday, July 26, 1891—We went to church at night, and while in church there was an earthquake. They also formed an Epworth League and we all joined of course." It would have been interesting if Miss Ensle had given more details of what happened during the earthquake. The shock, which occurred at 8:30 P.M., registered 6 on the Richter scale, just slightly stronger than the quake of recent memory, November 9, 1968. The Evansville *Journal* reported that the 1891 quake disrupted many church services as women screamed and fainted and men leaped over the backs of pews to get outside. A frightened horse ran away and turned over its buggy, throwing two women passengers onto the street.

The EPWORTH LEAGUE which was organized on this historic night had as its main purpose the advancement of social and religious life in the community. The work was divided into six departments: (1) Christian Work, (2) Mercy and Help, (3) Literary Work, (4) Entertainment, (5) Correspondence, and (6) Finance. Since there was no real poverty in the McCutchanville area the Mercy and Help department was not as active as corresponding departments of other chapters.

The Epworth League existed for about fifty years. Soon after the beginning of World War II in the early 1940s attendance at meetings dropped so drastically, when most of the young men went into military service, that the organization was temporarily discontinued. However, what was intended as a temporary discontinuance turned into final dissolution, for at the close of the war the Epworth League was never revived. Instead, a new young people's association was formed called the MYF (Methodist Youth Fellowship) which is active at the present time.

An organziation which, through the years, has contributed heavily to meet the financial obligations of the church was the

Ladies Aid Society. On a day in January 1901 a group of ladies met with the preacher, the Reverend J. E. Fisher, at the home of Mrs. Andrew Perry to form a church service club. The Perry home, destroyed by fire many years ago, was a large frame house that stood at the southwest corner of Browning and Petersburg roads. Twelve women were present that day, and the following were elected to be the first officers: Mrs. J. E. Fisher, president; Mrs. Andrew Perry, vice-president; Mrs. Annie Erskine, secretary; Mrs. Fletcher Moffett, treasurer. Also present were Mrs. Charles McCutchan, Mrs. Wilson Moffett, Mrs. Robert Henry, Sr., Mrs. Susan Peva, Mrs. Fannie Campbell, Mrs. James Sansom, Mrs. W. F. Clippinger, and Mrs. Homer Webb.

The constitution of the club set forth a two-fold purpose: to cultivate sociability in the neighborhood and to aid the church financially with whatever money the group would be able to make through its various projects. Meetings were held monthly, usually in the homes of the members. The first project undertaken was the making of carpet rags. This was continued for several years until rag carpets went out of style and there was no longer a demand for the rags. Then they took up the piecing and quilting of quilts. About the earliest memory I have of my grandmother is seeing her sewing together bright scraps of cloth into quilt blocks. Meetings were still held in the homes unless the quilting frames were too large to fit in the hostess's living room. Then they would move into the schoolhouse basement. Records show that more than two hundred quilts were completed and sold by this group. One was even made to order for a customer in England.

During World War I the ladies busied themselves in knitting for the soldiers, "snipping" rags for pillow stuffings, rolling bandages, etc. By the middle 1920s quilts were beginning to go out of fashion. As the demand for this work decreased, the ladies began to look for other money-making projects. It was decided then to concentrate efforts upon a large annual event, and the idea of serving a public Thanksgiving dinner was accepted.

The first dinner was served in the schoolhouse basement in 1924. Each year thereafter the McCutchanville Thanksgiving dinner became more and more of a tradition, and the community gained wide reputation for the abundance of delicious foods served. Hundreds of people came each year from the city to eat their Thanksgiving dinners before attending the high-school football games. These dinners were repeated annually until 1946 when the remodeling of the school building made it impossible for the ladies to serve in the basement. Since the church Parish House had not yet been built, there was no space available for serving such a large group. The dinners were discontinued. However, during these years the Ladies Aid contributed approximately $10,000 to mercy and help, repairing and improving the church and parsonage, and meeting other pecuniary demands upon the church.

In 1946, under the leadership of the Reverend Barthol Rogers, the Ladies Aid organization was terminated in favor of the new METHODIST WOMEN'S SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN SERVICE. The final meeting of the Ladies Aid was held on March 6, 1946, at the home of Mrs. Ella Ensle on Oakhill Road. The final treasurer's report showed a balance of $819.85 on hand. It was moved and carried that $800 be donated to the church building fund, marked especially for the purchase of fixtures for the kitchen.

The last officers of the organization were Mrs. Lenora McCutchan, president; Mrs. William Felker, vice-president; Mrs. Wesley Steller, secretary; and Mrs. Belle Bruner, treasurer.

The following month, April 1946, the first meeting of the new Women's Society of Christian Service was held at the home of Mrs. Albert George on Whetstone Road. The first officers elected in the new club were Mrs. William Felker, president; Mrs. Ray Nicholson, vice-president; Mrs. Carson Peva, treasurer; and Mrs. Wesley Steller, recording secretary.

The METHODIST MEN was organized at a charter dinner meeting held at the church on September 27, 1954. Thirty-four men were present. The first officers elected were Otto Smith, president; Sam Orr, vice-president; Robert Storey, secretary; and William Heinlein, treasurer. The group has been active from its start. Some of its projects have been to help organize the Methodist Men at Centenary Church, semiannual chicken dinners to raise money for church projects, a community auction sale to raise money for the new church building fund, and frequent "work nights" to clean or repair church property. This group was voted the outstanding Methodist Men's organization in the Evansville District in 1963. Present membership is about forty.

XII

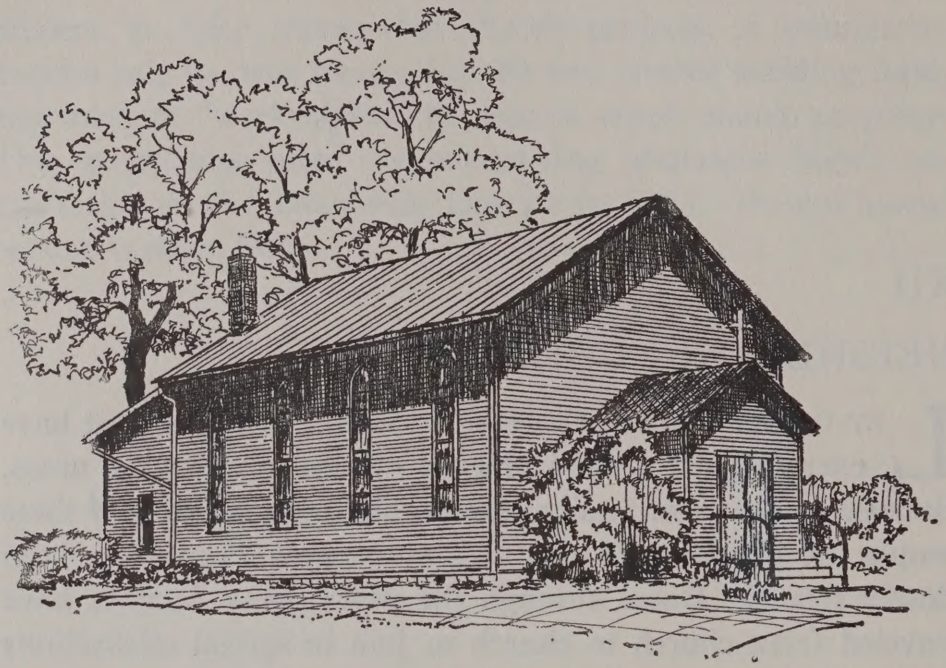
NEIGHBORING CHURCHES

LET US NOW turn our attention to other churches that have exerted such great influence on the neighboring areas. Because of the close family relationships among many of these people the activities of the various congregations have been closely related. Down through the years many families have traveled from church to church to join in special celebrations and services such as Christmas and Memorial Day.

CENTENARY METHODIST CHURCH

Pioneer John Ingle, who laid out Saundersville in 1819 and who later established Inglefield, was the founder of the Centenary Methodist Church. The Ingle family came to Evansville in 1818 and a year later moved into Scott Township. It is said that the latchstring was out at the Ingle's log cabin and travelers were always welcome. It became a stopping place for the itinerant preachers who traveled on foot or on horseback through the area. Perhaps the first of these was a Reverend John Schrader, a Methodist, who from as early as 1812 had traveled the area then known as the Patoka Circuit. His territory was the Wabash Valley south from Vincennes and east as far as New Albany. Whenever the Reverend Mr. Schrader arrived at the Ingle house, the settlers would come miles to hear him preach the gospel. Once, it is reported, Mr.

Ingle became rather aggravated because many of the tobacco chewers spit on the floor during the preaching. When he later discussed this with his wife, she is said to have replied, “Never mind, father. Don’t say anything to the men, we want them to come. I can scrub the floor after the service.”



Centenary Methodist Church, 1867–1963

From a photograph made in 1963

When a circuit rider was not in the neighborhood, Mr. Ingle held services himself. William Faux wrote of attending a Sunday service in the Ingle home where sixteen persons had gathered—“Mr. Ingle read a sermon and prayed for all persons present.”[1]

About 1854 the group organized into a church society and soon after began to hold services in a log schoolhouse that stood near the old Ingle cemetery, located in what is now the residential subdivision called Ridge View Heights. This congregation was known as the Methodist Episcopal Church of Saundersville.

---

[1] Faux, *Memorable Days in America,* p. 252.

In 1867 John Ingle and his wife deeded to the trustees one acre of land on the Old State Road and on this plot a new frame church was built at a cost of about $1,800. It had four clear glass windows on each side, two front doors, and two wood stoves. Those who took a prominent part in erecting the new building were John Ingle, his brother William, Joseph Shaw, George Browning, and John G. Potts. Some of the other families that made up the original group were the Maidlows, the Pecks, the Ritcheys, and the Rustons. This new building was under construction at the time the Methodist Church was celebrating its one hundreth anniversary in America, and in honor of that occasion the name "Centenary" was chosen.

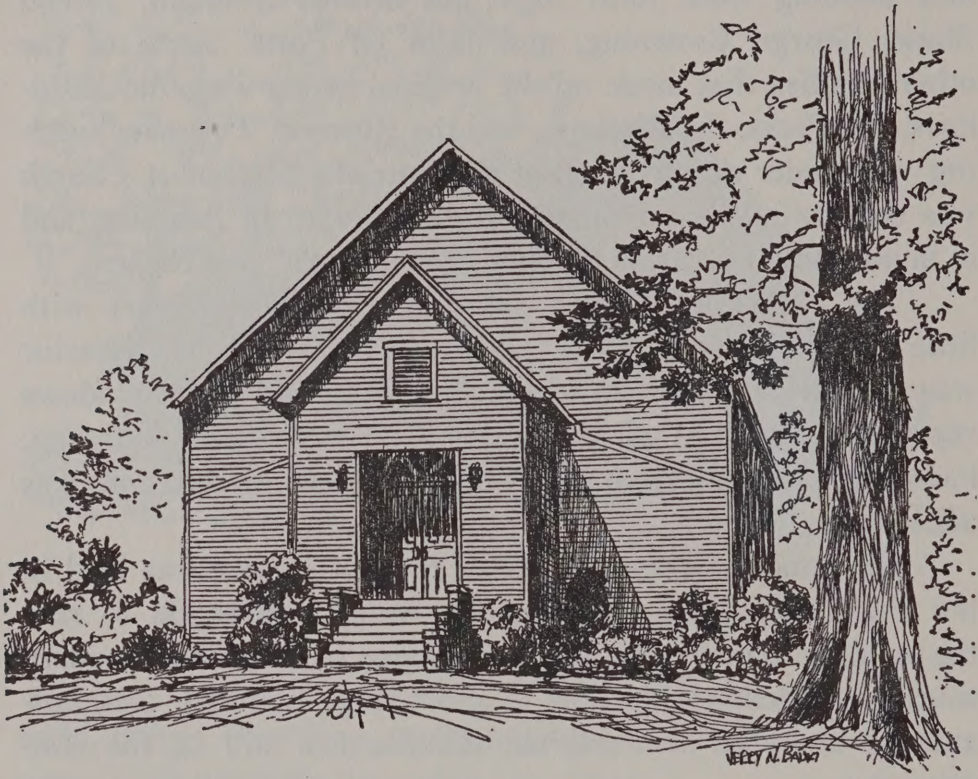
The old frame church stood for ninety-six years with little change in its exterior appearance. However, the interior was remodeled, an organ installed, and the old plain windows replaced by stained glass. In 1955 an educational building, including an auditorium and Sunday School classrooms, was added.

On Sunday, August 4, 1963, the last service was held in the old church. The following day work was begun to raze the building to make way for construction of the present modern sanctuary. Membership now is about three hundred. Descendants of many of the original families are still in the congregation.

BLUE GRASS METHODIST CHURCH

The people of the Blue Grass community, like those of McCutchanville and Centenary, held their very early religious services in the homes of settlers. In 1824 eighteen persons attending a meeting held in the home of Mark Wheeler formed the first church society of that community under the name of the Blue Grass Society of the Methodist Church. The society was joined to the Patoka Circuit, Wabash District, Illinois Conference. Since this circuit included thirty-two preaching places and was serviced by only two pastors, meetings were not held very often. For the next ten years, until the first church was erected in 1834, what services there were, were held in the homes.

The first church was a hewn-log building measuring 20 by 24 feet located on the hill near the present Blue Grass Cemetery. At first seats were round poles, but within a few years these were replaced by benches made of split logs with peg legs inserted in the round side. The building had five windows, two on each side and one high in the end behind the pulpit. In this log building the first Sunday School was organized by Alexander Hillyard in 1838. The Hillyard family was one of the earliest to come to that area and remained so prominent in its development that for many years the community was referred to as the Hillyard neighborhood.



Blue Grass Methodist Church, 1851–1964

From a photograph made in 1963

By 1851 the congregation had outgrown the little log church. A new frame building was erected a half mile south on the Petersburg Road on a tract of land donated by James

Hillyard. Other prominent pioneer families who were active in the development of the church were the Crisps, Elliotts, Grimwoods, McCutchans, Riggs, and the first arrivals in that part of the country, the Wheeler brothers. The frame church remained much the same in exterior appearance throughout the century, but the interior underwent extensive remodeling.

In 1920 a Community House was erected on the grounds just east of the sanctuary, and a new parsonage was completed and dedicated on February 14, 1954.

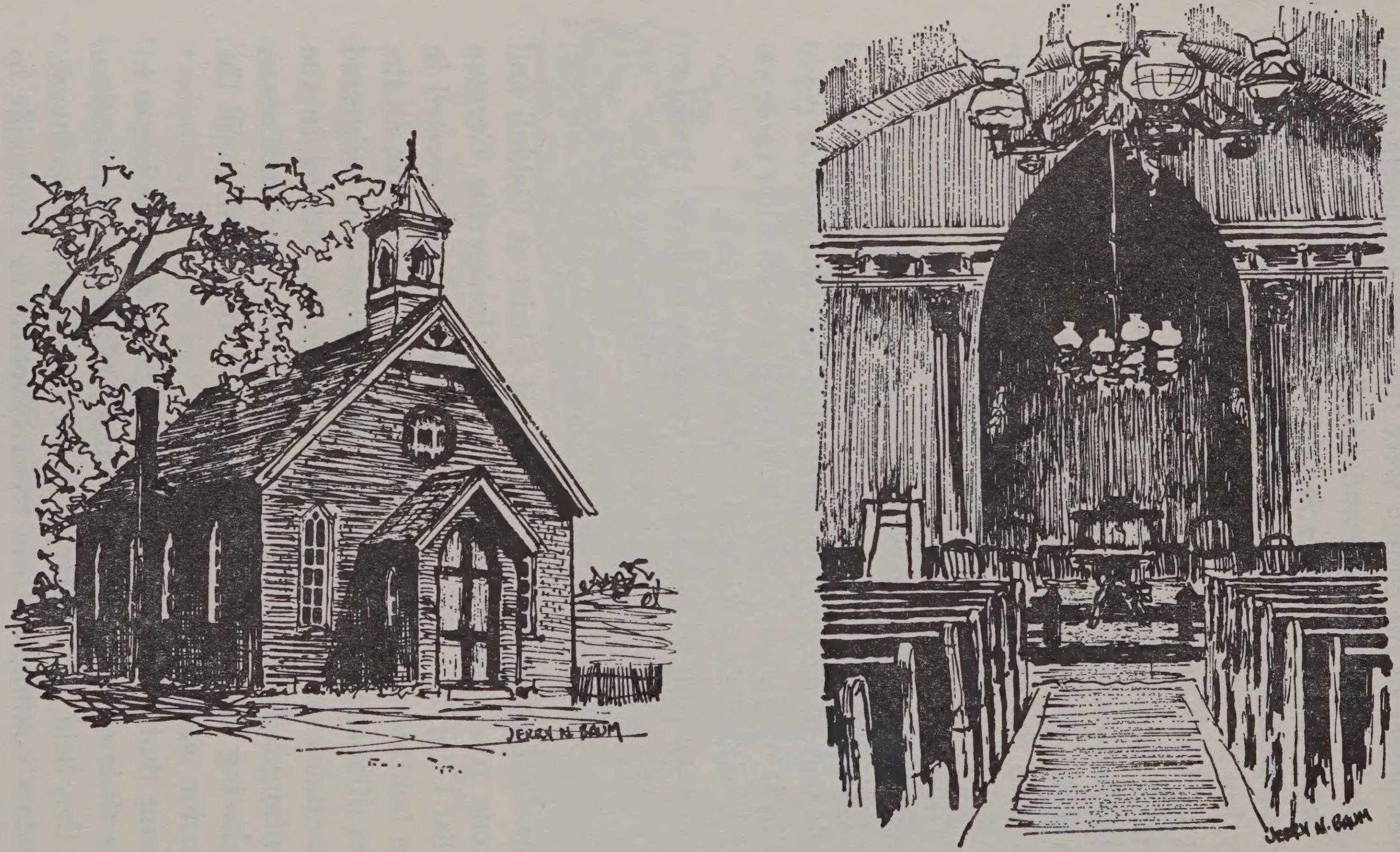
In 1963 plans were begun for a new church. Members appointed to the building committee were John Wallis, chairman; Virgil Whaley, Mrs. Owen McCutchan, Allen Foster, Harry Thompson, and Ross Riggs. The old frame building was razed and the new sanctuary, which was completed in 1965 at a cost of $170,000, occupies the same site. The new church of red brick was so nearly completed that the first service could be held in it on January 30. The formal consecration came on March 14, with Bishop Richard C. Raines presiding.

As a memento of the past, a cross made from the hewn beams of the old church was placed behind the new altar.

Bethlehem United Church of Christ

The Bethlehem United Church of Christ at Oakhill and Whetstone roads was preceded by the Hookerville German Methodist Church, a simple brick building that was erected in 1884 on land donated by Jacob Kreger. Because almost all the members of that group were from families that had emigrated from Germany and Austria, services were conducted in the German language. The congregation held together until about the beginning of the century and then dwindled until the organization was finally dissolved.

About that time a group of Evangelical families began to intensify their efforts to form a church of their denomination. At first they held their meetings in the Hookerville schoolhouse, with pastors coming to them from Elberfeld or Evansville to conduct worship services. Under the leadership of Fred Dremstedt, Michael Schmitt, and August Heilmann, negotiations


JERRY N. BAUM
JERRY N. BAUM

HOOKERVILLE CHURCH
Erected by German Methodists in 1884 and sold to Bethlehem Evangelical and Reformed Congregation in 1906. Razed 1924.
From a photograph made ca. 1920

were started with the Methodist Conference to purchase their abandoned church building. This transaction was completed on August 30, 1906, the price paid for the property being $500. Several weeks later a group of ten men met with the Reverend C. Christiansen and officially formed the new society under the name Bethlehem Evangelical and Reformed Church. Besides the three already mentioned, the group included William Peter, Charles Kuhlenschmidt, Jacob Strupp, Henry Schaperjohn, John Deisinger, Jacob Schmitt, and August Peter.

Two years later the Reverend S. Caldemeyer became the first resident pastor and it was under his leadership that eleven acres of adjoining land were purchased from the Baumann estate. An old log house in fair state of preservation stood on the property and served as a parsonage until 1917. Part of the land purchased was plotted for a cemetery.

At the request of the older members, German-language services were held in this church until the era of World War I when the strong anti-German hysteria that swept the nation made even the speaking of the language very unpopular. The German services were then discontinued and never resumed.

At a New Year's meeting held to usher in 1924 it was decided that a new church should be built. During that year the old building was razed and the present building erected on the same site at a cost of $18,000. Through the efforts of Adam Burgdorf the bell for the new church was obtained from the old Emmanuel Church near Cypress. Dedication services were held November 30, 1924. The sanctuary has undergone extensive remodeling and redecorating and a new educational wing was added in 1960 at a cost of $128,000. Following a denominational merger in 1961 the name was changed from Evangelical and Reformed to United Church of Christ.

ST. PATRICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH

Among the early Irish and German settlers were some who were followers of the Roman Catholic faith. Under the leadership of Richard Raleigh these people banned together and about 1848 were able to construct a frame building for a house of worship. This became known as St. Patrick's and was the first church in the vicinity to boast a steeple and a bell. It was sometimes referred to, especially by the Protestants, as the "red-headed church," because the round tin dome on the top of the steeple was painted red.

The Catholic Diocese office in Evansville has practically no records of this church. It is simply mentioned as a mission church of the early days. So far as I have been able to determine from what records I have found, there was never a resident priest in McCutchanville. Masses were said by traveling priests or by those who came occasionally from Evansville. The membership was never large. The St. John's Catholic Church in Warrick County was organized in 1868 and the first services were held there in 1869. St. Patrick's was apparently closed soon thereafter, and the congregation transferred to St. John's. However, the old building stood for many years, used only now and then for a funeral Mass or some other special event. It was finally razed about 1890.

When the church was abandoned the cemetery behind it fell into disuse. My great-grandfather, Hugh Horan, was buried there in 1859, but his grave was probably never marked with a stone. When his wife, who became a Protestant, died many years later, an inscription to his memory was placed on the side of her monument in the McCutchanville Cemetery.

Few people in the community today even remember the location of St. Patrick's Church and cemetery. It stood on the hill almost directly across the road from the McCutchanville Community Association Park at the site of the present Ross house. The cemetery was a few dozen yards behind this house.

I remember visiting that cemetery when I was a small boy. It was then only a thicket of brier and locust sprouts. Many of the markers were ornamental wrought-iron crosses of the type one finds today in old European cemeteries, but most of them at that time were nearly rusted away. A few of the stones bore inscriptions in German. Today nothing remains but a few blocks of stone that were perhaps monument bases and a large bed of twining myrtle that has grown wild from some long-forgotten grave.

Camp Reveal

A great good work among the Evansville underprivileged is presently being carried on in our midst at Camp Reveal on the Boonville-New Harmony Road. Through the untiring efforts of the late Reverend Ernest Reveal and his wife of the Evansville Rescue Mission, this camp has grown from a small farmhouse and a couple of old barns into a modern half-million dollar establishment where underprivileged children and their mothers are brought from the city for the wholesome activities of summer camp in the country.

The Bethel House of Prayer in the woods on the camp property is a gem of architecture. Constructed of white limestone with a spire, it is said to be one of the most beautiful miniature chapels in the state. No regular services are held there since it was designed only for prayer and meditation. It is estimated that more than half a million persons have visited it during the past quarter century. It has also been the scene of several small weddings.

Olivet Presbyterian Church

This church for many years has been located in the 800 block of East Walnut Street in Evansville. However, at this time following the plan of an expanding Evansville, its congregation purchased property at the corner of Oakhill and St. George roads. Ground was broken in the late fall of 1967, and the new church is at this time under construction.

XIII
THE CIVIL WAR

McCutchanville was just about to outgrow the wilderness when rumors of war between the states began to be heard. Most of the people in this area were opposed to slavery, and some so violently that they joined in secret forces of the underground railroad movement to assist runaway slaves in escaping. Their actions, however, they kept clothed in the strictest secrecy to prevent trouble from unsympathetic spies or the unscrupulous person who would turn in a runaway slave in order to collect the bounty.

Although many of the residents of Henderson County, Kentucky, were in sympathy with the Union, there seemed to be a great disposition among them to make money fast. Consequently, feeling that slavery was soon to be abolished, many of the leading planters bought up large numbers of slaves in a last-ditch effort to increase the size of their crops before time ran out. Agitators from north of the river went among the Negroes distributing abolition pamphlets which created a great deal of unrest among them. Although patrols and guards were set along the river bank, it is said hardly a night passed that one or more of the slaves did not make a safe crossing into Vanderburgh County.

The underground railroad operated as a secret agency. There would come a knock at the door in the night, the man of the house would answer, there would be a few whispered words, and he would depart his fireside and remain away sometimes for hours. When he returned there would be no word of explanation and no questions asked.

Today we know that there were at least two lines of escape operating through McCutchanville. A station of one was on the farm of Levi Hooker, now owned by Neil Pierce, near the intersection of Oakhill and Whetstone roads. Mr. Hooker used his corn bins as a hiding place for his refugees until he could transport them to the next stop—the farm of Charles McJohnston, Jr., on the Browning Road. Similarly, Samuel McCutchan received slaves regularly after their river crossing and hid them beneath his haymow in a barn which stood, until the late 1920s, across the road from the McCutchanville Church on property now owned by the cemetery. Under the cover of darkness he would feed them and before dawn load them onto a wagon beneath hay and drive to the next station which was located near Stacer.

Miss Margaret Henry once told me that there was a legend in her family that runaway slaves were sometimes hidden beneath the old Furlick Creek bridge on Kansas Road. I have not been able to unearth any further details on this possible third line, or to prove any connection with either of the two already mentioned.

The local vote in the presidential election of 1860 showed a large majority in the area in favor of Abraham Lincoln, but even so there were many people who were undecided as to the direction Indiana should take if war came. It was, indeed, a most difficult decision for them, living as they did on the border between the North and the South.

Many who had supported Lincoln felt that in a national crisis, because of its geographical position, a policy of neutrality would be best for Indiana. Some were in favor of all-out support of the North, while a few on the extreme opposite wing openly advocated secession. One can imagine how the hot Scotch-Irish tempers must have flared when the issue was argued. However, all doubt was erased in April 1861, when news came that Fort Sumter had been shelled. It was the shock required to weld the people into unity. All parties rallied to the support of the Union. From then on for the people of McCutchanville community it was war to the death against the rebels who had fired upon the flag of the United States.

On April 17, 1861, a great mass meeting was called at the courthouse in Evansville. We can be certain that many McCutchanville residents attended. The following is an account of what happened.[1]

> At nightfall the Jackson artillery, of fine appearance, under Capt. [August] Ellis, turned out in uniform and fired a national salute. Warren's Crescent City Band paraded the streets, playing inspiring national airs. The court-house was quickly filled by all classes of citizens, and Mayor Baker was called to preside over the meeting. It being ascertained that hundreds desirous of participating were in the streets unable to get in the house, an adjournment was had to the street about the Washington House, from the balcony of which the band discoursed enlivening music. From here the crowd moved on the Crescent City hall, there hoping to find room for its members, but it grew as it moved, and at length the upper market house was chosen as a place of meeting. The market house was speedily filled in all its parts; a stand was hastily erected; the vast crowd became silent and listened to a stirring address from James E. Blythe, a well-known orator. . . . Conrad Baker, then a prominent lawyer and afterward governor of the state, made a forcible speech and proposed resolutions declaring "our time, talents, fortunes and lives are at the service of the government in this, the day of its trial; the preservation of the government is above all personal and party considerations, and we pledge to its support, now and hereafter, our all, without reference to the men or party by which it may be administered." The reading of those loyal sentiments moved the assembled throng to the wildest demonstrations of approval, and in the midst of the enthusiastic outburst Judge Baker administered to most of those present an extemporized oath to support the constitution and the Union. Captain August Ellis pledged his company to the support of the constitution and the protection of the people's homes. . . . . the meeting adjourned with three cheers for "the Union,

---

[1] *History of Vanderburgh County Indiana.* (Brant & Fuller, 1889), pp. 474-75.

the constitution, the enforcement of the laws, and the stars and stripes."

Soon thereafter the young men began to go away to war. McCutchanville men answered the call and volunteered. Their names appear on the company rosters of many organizations in almost all branches of service.

At home, the long months of waiting set in—waiting for letters and waiting for boys to come home. There were no defense plants in those days, the men on the home front set out to till the soil to raise more food for the army, and the women sat into the long, lamp-lit evenings working on warm garments for the men at the front. At least one woman of the community did even more. The following is quoted from a long article that appeared in the Evansville *Morning Journal* following the death of Anna Headen (Mrs. Levi) Erskine in 1898:

> One of the lessons of patriotism still repeated among those who can never forget it was the heroic way she gave two brothers to her country, and the bravery with which she forced her passage through the lines alone to nurse one of her soldier boys on a southern battlefield.

Both her brothers, Robert and Thomas Headen, died of their wounds before the war was over.

Situated so very close to the dividing line, the region was in constant threat of invasion by Confederates. There are legends that several times small scouting parties crossed the river and worked their way as far north as the McCutchanville area.

The men who had dependent families, or who were past the age for active military service, joined the Home Guards, or Indiana Legion, as it was more properly called. The organization in Vanderburgh County numbered more than one thousand men who drilled regularly and on numerous occasions were called into active duty briefly to stand by for expected attacks. During the occupation of Bowling Green, Kentucky, by the Confederates, some of these guard troops were dispatched across the Ohio when news that the locks in Green River were about to be destroyed and the capture of Henderson was feared. Once the security of Evansville was threatened and guards were posted at the various approaches to the city in readiness to repel an attack at any moment.

On July 18, 1862, General Adam R. Johnson's raid on Newburgh occasioned great alarm. A courier from the scene reported that a large band of guerillas was sacking the Newburgh Hospital. Before the day was over, one thousand men were on their way to Newburgh, some on the steamboats "Eugene" and "Courier" and others on horseback.

In July of the following year, 1863, Morgan's Raid created intense excitement throughout the area. Every member of the Legion in the county was called to the campground to await orders. Miss Lida Henry passed along this story which was told to her by her mother. Mrs. Sarah Henry was only a little girl when the warning was sounded, but she remembered that her father, Peter Huebner, was called to camp, leaving her terrified mother and a brood of small children alone. The mother charged her to keep the smaller children indoors, also to bring in the ax as a weapon for their protection if the Morgan Raiders appeared. Most of the McCutchanville residents were probably equally terrified and on guard.

It is regrettable that more of the letters from the boys at the front and diaries that they kept were not preserved. However, there are still several to be found in family collections.

On March 10, 1863, Charles Atcheson McCutchan wrote from Helena, Arkansas, to his friend, Martha Pack, the young lady who after the war was to become his wife:

> Dear Friend Mattie: I received your very kind letter, so unexpected, why it surprised me very much. Your letter found me quite sick, but news has more effect upon me than medicine. Before I was taken sick, just allow me this expression—I am fat as a hog, but much reduced now.
>
> Well, the river is rising very fast overflowing the country at a great rate. Our Reg. got on board of steamer and went down the river about five miles below here, to what is called the Yazoo Pass. Well, you ought to see it. Imagine you see steamboats and Iron Clad Gunboats running up and down Blue Grass Creek.

Well, just such a place we went into, about two miles out came into Moon Lake, it being about one mile wide and 3 miles long. Well, we left that and went into the woods again, and about 10 miles further down we stopped at a mill with only two days rations and we staid there for seven days guarding the pass until gun boats and the fleet had come down, which they did on the seventh day. Well, it would amuse anybody just to see those boats bumping from one tree to another knocking them all to peaces. Perhaps you would like to know how we lived the other five days. Well, I can tell you. Our regiment is composed principally of mechanics so we fixed the mill and lived on the corn cribs, and borrowed of the farmers in the way of smoked hams, and chickens and beeves and hogs, or anything else we thought we could eat. That is the way we make them wish the war was over. Yes, a thousand times wish it, poor fools. When I first came into Dixie, I would no more think of taking anything than of dying, but that feeling has left me long since. If we treat them ever so well, they only hate us more. But if we eat up their provender, drive their negroes off the plantations, then it bows their pride. I'll tell you how I wish to see the return home not until remains not one rebel in the whole Southern Confederacy, and then [I'll] come to kill Copperheads for I despise them more than I do Rebels. I consider them greater enemies to the country. But I think they are getting hints enough from the soldiers to make them keep quiet anyhow. Perhaps before long I may be down at Vicksburgh fighting like a soldier.

C. A. McC.

Well, dear friend, Mattie: I have no news of any importance, and such as I have I could better express with tongue. Things begin to look green, peaches are as large as peas. But such a country you've never seen. It rains everyday. We have not had two fine days together for two months. You could not believe how lost I am, no chance of going to church at all. I have not been inside a church for one year. But such is a soldiers life. (Dont you mention it for anything). But why don't your Uncle John's folks write to me anymore. I answered three letters or correspondents in the family not long since. Excuse my scribbling for the present and write soon and give me the news from all the folks. So good bye, I remain Yours ever,

Charlie

There is in my family a small pocket diary kept by my maternal grandfather, George Peva, during the year 1863.

The entries are short, but they are interesting to read. The following have been selected at random:

Jan. 1, 1863
Was on picket in front of the works at Vicksburg. Skirmishing all day.

Jan. 2
Covered the retreat to the boat. Embarked and ran up to Miliken's bend. Lawrence killed. Jewett mortally wounded. Molden dangerously wounded. (Etc.)

May 31
Fought at Fort Perkins and had to evacuate.

July 7
Arrived at St. Louis. Admitted to Benton Barracks Hospital.

Sept. 21
Was transferred to Schofield Barracks. The Teamster broke his leg. Arrived at the barracks to late for dinner but got a piece of bread. Grand charge on the supper table.

Oct. 6
Weather clear and fine. Took a short stroll over Vicksburg before breakfast to view the effects of our shells at the time of the bombardment. There is scarcely a house but has received one or more visitations from our shells. Saw many caves dug in the banks to hide in to escape the shells.

Nov. 5
Cloudy with rain. The Brigade came in at 2 P.M. badly cut up. 7 men of Co.F left. Rained hard all night and the boys were badly exposed not having any blankets.

Nov. 17
Clear and fine. I feel quite unwell this morning. Rebels captured 2 wagons within two miles of camp. 1 gun of the 17th Battery supported us. Went and shelled them off. Drew clothing.

Dec. 30
12 P.M. started on a scout up the peninsula in the face of a severe norther. Marched 12 miles without seeing any enemy.

On May 19, 1864, Arthur Inwood wrote to his parents, John and Harriett McJohnston Inwood, from Chattanooga:

. . . Arrived safely with my squad of new recruits, The Regt. is down at the front battling with the enemy—as I have to wait here till I get further orders. I tried to get permission yesterday to go to the Regt. but failed to get it. Stayed with Uncle Wm. [Wm. Inwood] the last two nights. Took dinner with Lt. Stokes, he treated me like a gentleman and a friend. (Lt. Stokes in the Post Ordinance Department). Also acquainted with Capt Ravenscroft and wife. Thos. Reed has left here and gone to the front, he left before I got here. I would like very much to hear from home & know how Thomas is and how things are prospering in general. Tell Thomas to stay where he is till he gets perfectly well, for down here is no place for a sick person. Every recruit that I brought down here with me is sick but one and he hasn't got sence enough to get sick. I guess they have the cannon fever. Too close to the enemy perhaps.

In less than three months after this letter was written the Inwoods received word that their son had died of disease at Marietta, Georgia.

The Civil War has been described as the war in which brother fought against brother. This occurred among our own soldiers from McCutchanville. Sometime before the war broke out Marcus McCutchan, son of Alexander and Anna Maria Atcheson McCutchan, went to New Orleans where he took employment as a baggage master with the Mississippi Central Railroad. After hostilities commenced, he served for a period of several months with the 27th Tennessee Infantry. At the Battle of Shiloh he found himself fighting against his own brother, Charles, and five of his first cousins. During the battle he was wounded and was sent to a hospital in Granada, Mississippi. After he was sufficiently recovered, he escaped from the hospital and walked one hundred and forty miles to Memphis and surrendered himself to the Union forces who were then holding that city. After establishing his identity and taking an oath of allegiance to the Union, he was allowed to return to Evansville where he enlisted in the 17th Indiana Mounted Infantry and finished out the remaining two and a half years of war fighting alongside his relatives instead of against them.

Through long months that turned into years the folks at home worked and waited. Finally in April 1865 came the joyous news that General Lee had surrendered at Appomattox Court House only to be followed by the tragic news of the President's assassination.

Charles A. McCutchan wrote again to Martha Pack from Ft. McHenry on May 4, 1865. This letter reflects only a soldier's weariness of war and has none of the youthful zest and enthusiasm of his letter of two years before.

DEAR MATTIE:

Only the other day I received a letter from you, the first in a long time, and then came another, and now that the thoughts of the sad news of our National Calamity, which shocked the best of us; but my opinion about the matter is this, that it was an interposition of the Almighty to find out those who were instrumental, first, in advocating secession; second, in the employing any means to gain their ends, and thirdly, the Lord called for a sacrifice, an offering to make us feel his power and to let us know that unto him we owe it all. Our Chief was sacrificed upon the altar of our country. Peace when restored will be all the sweeter.

Mattie: I wish to return to my friends very shortly. I am over anxious but I cannot help it, who could. It is the longing for the many luxuries that await me.

Perhaps I may be mistaken or misled. Something of the kind gives me great trouble, but everything must have an ending. Soldiering has no more charm for me. Summer has thrown its sombre veil around us and the delicacies of the Harvest Feast is drawing near. I do not expect to enjoy much of the pleasures of Spring. Our Regiment has been filled up to the maximum number requisite to make a full organization and I am quite ashamed of it in its new dress, and wish an end of it. God speed it.

CHARLEY

Mustering out started early in the summer and the men began to come home. There must have been a great celebration for the returning heroes. Just what form it took we do not know. Maybe the folks gathered at the schoolhouse for a basket dinner. Among a number of popular poems written by Anna Headen was one entitled "A Welcome Home To The Indiana Volunteers."

I remember hearing my Grandfather Charles R. McCutchan tell of his reactions on his first night home. The featherbed that his mother put him in was so soft and so hot that he could not sleep. After tossing and tumbling for an hour or so, he got up and went outside and sat on the rail fence. Everything was so quiet. He sat there for a long time and listened to an owl hoot a way off somewhere in the woods, and he felt very lonely. He said he even considered re-enlisting if daylight ever came, but of course he did not.

As the years rolled by the comradeship that had been built between these men who had fought side by side remained as strong as ever. They enjoyed getting together to talk about their army experiences. It is regrettable that no one took the trouble to write down the yarns they spun, for today most of them have been lost with the passing of the old soldiers.

There is one tale told often by my grandfather that I will attempt to relate here, although much of the detail has been lost with the years. He was with the 4th Indiana Cavalry. During one of their battles a high-ranking Confederate officer was shot from his horse. The animal charged toward the Union line, and the boys seeing a chance to get a much better horse than their tired old cavalry nags, ran out and captured it. The officer's saddlebags were filled with all sorts of interesting souvenir items which grandfather and his buddies divided among themselves. A short time later a Confederate delegation came with a flag of truce and asked for the return of the slain officer's personal belongings. Thereupon the officers of the 4th Cavalry lined up their troops for an inspection to try to recover the lost items. Grandfather and his close friend, John Peck, decided not to be outdone by a simple thing like a showdown inspection, so they dug holes in the ground and buried their treasures and stood their horses' hoofs over the holes. The inspection was completed, and although most of the things were found, these particular items were not discovered. John Peck brought home the officer's gold watch and my grandfather a silk apron and a red satin sash with gold fringe that seems to have been part of some fraternal organization's regalia. I still have these items today.

In later years, when several former southern soldiers took up residence in the community, there was constantly the verbal refighting of the various campaigns. An amusing story has been told about William Rough, who had served in the Southern gray. At the time of this incident he was living in the house on Browning Road, about a quarter mile from Petersburg Road. My Grandfather Peva, "a damned yankee," was his next neighbor to the north. One day a traveler stopped at Mr. Rough's and asked if he could direct him to the home of Captain Peva. "Don't know no Captain Peva," growled Mr. Rough, "but if you mean old man Peevy, he lives in the next house up the road."

Most of the Union veterans joined the GAR (Grand Army of the Republic) and were active in civic affairs, in the observance of Memorial Day, and in preserving traditions of their respective units by holding regular reunions.

The following appeared in the Evansville *News*, September 26, 1895, concerning a reunion held at my grandfather's home on New Green River Road:

> The fourth annual reunion of Company F, Fourth Indiana Cavalry, has just been celebrated with great pomp and military display at the residence of Comrade C. R. McCutchan, near McCutchanville. The host and hostess lost no opportunity of making it a most picturesque and striking commemoration of that marvelous triumph of Company F in out-doing all other regiments and companies in getting up the quintessence of social reunions of the brave boys in blue.
>
> Since the company's first reunion four years ago, which was held at the residence of J. T. Harris, and then fell the lot of William Hillyard, John McCutchan and Charles McCutchan, the pleasant gatherings have become noted as making stronger the union between the old soldier and the good civilians.
>
> Tuesday morning, September 24th, the veterans came together. The time before noon was spent in a recount of the 'old time' and cheering at intervals of the stars and stripes. The house of Mr. McCutchan was ablaze with military decorations.

When the noon hour arrived, the company was invited to dinner, marching in, single file, to the tap of Comrade Harris' drum corps. The guests took their places around a table well-laden with all the delicacies of the season, and not the sow-belly, beans and hard-tack of '61-65.

After dinner the regular business was transacted, the election of officers and the reading of the letters of absent members. At roll call the following responded: Charles R. McCutchan, John T. McCutchan, J.T. Barton, Charles Parks, J.T. Morris, William Hillyard, John Clark, R.B. Reed, Jacob Euler, Chris Miller, W.L. Jaus, J.E. Spencer, Thomas Peck, Green Fields, J.W. Peck, H.S. Evans, and R. Capehart.

The election of officers resulted in placing John T. Morris as president and Rev. R. Capehart as secretary-treasurer. Letters of regret from Louis Pfole, Robert Wheeler and John Eurie, giving their reasons for non-attendance, were read.

Company F has been holding her own until the last year or so when Grim Death stalked into her camp and spirited away to the world beyond W.H. Simpson, Hiram Williams, and John Wheeler. Suitable resolutions were passed in memory of the departed heroes and placed on the minutes. A copy was also sent to each of the bereaved families.

After supper was eaten, the camp fires were touched off and the cannon boomed. The program began with Capt. McCutchan's singing of several army songs, he being joined in the chorus by the entire camp. Addresses were made by Rev. Capehart, Henry Evans and Capt. McCutchan, and were listened to with marked attention.

A glee club also came upon the scene and displayed their skill in rendering some very sweet music to the delight of the large number of people who had the pleasure of listening to them. At a late hour the bugle was sounded for 'lights out' and everybody turned in for a good night's rest.

Wednesday morning at the peep of day the little cannon sounded the alarm and all the old veterans along with their wives and children were up in arms ready for breakfast. After breakfast the company was entertained at a neighborhood picnic. The grove is a hundred yards from their camp and citizens and soldiers repaired to the woods and listened to remarks from different comrades. Another dinner was arranged for the entire neighborhood, numbering about 300 persons.

The visiting soldiers were Capt. A.J. McCutchan, Daniel Skeels, Edward Elliott, Mr. Mansell and a number of others whose names were not learned. The genial ticket agent of the E.&

T.H., James Walz, and the government whiskey gauger, Matt Fitzwilliams, were also present and enjoyed the proceedings as though they were 'one of the boys.'

About five o'clock in the afternoon a general handshaking took place, and the 'good-bye' could be heard on every hand, wishing that the Almighty would spare them for one year to enjoy another feast so much as the one they had just had.

XIV

THE CEMETERY

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

ANYONE WHO HAS read Thomas Gray's "Elegy Written In A Country Churchyard" and who has visited the cemetery in McCutchanville cannot fail to see the remarkable resemblance. It is almost as if Gray were describing this very place. Except for the "ivy-mantled tower" there is no difference. The smooth green hills roll serenely away toward the east. The dark cedars stand solemn sentinel, while only bird song breaks the country silence.

Unfortunately the cemetery was not established until the 1840s, and many of the pioneer founders of the community lie in unknown, unmarked graves. Each family apparently set aside a small plot on its own land for a private burial ground. For example, no one knows where Charles McJohnston, Sr., the first white settler, was buried in 1828. There is a momument for him in the cemetery, but it is not known today if his remains were actually moved there, or if the stone was only a memorial erected later by the family.

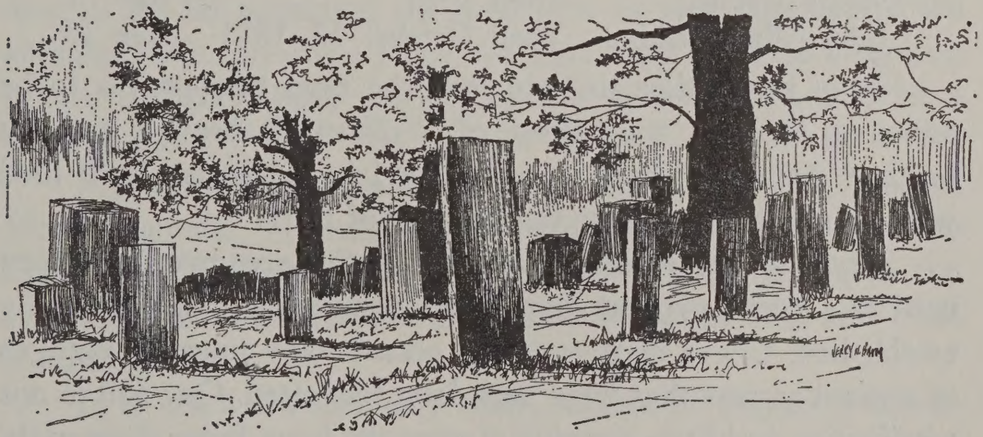
Likewise, the site of the grave of William McCutchan, Sr., who died in 1836, is unknown. William McCutchan, Jr., who died at the home of his brother Samuel, in December 1843, is said to have been buried in a fence corner on the family property. The exact location has long been forgotten, but it is believed to be on the east side of the Petersburg Road about a hundred yards south of the Kansas Road intersection. Memorial stones to both William McCutchan Sr. and Jr. were later erected by George Bond McCutchan on his family plot in the Blue Grass Cemetery—probably shortly after the death of the widow of William, Sr., in 1858. The three stones in a row all seem to be of the same style and period.

Since there were no undertakers in the very early days, it was the task of the family or friends to prepare a body for burial. Immediately following death the body was "laid out" on a "cooling board." This particular board was considered community property and moved from house to house as the need required. Silver half dollars were generally used as weights on the eyelids. Samuel McCutchan, who counted woodworking among his numerous occupations and accomplishments, made coffins for his neighbors when necessary. These were most certainly nothing more than crude boxes of native wood.

The custom of holding an all-night wake for the dead was observed. In the earliest days the presence of wild animals in the forest made this observance a necessity, but into this century, long after the necessity was removed, the custom persisted.

I cannot resist including this rather humorous story about an Irish wake held many years ago in the Kansas Flats section. All the friends and neighbors of the deceased gathered to spend the night beside the coffin. The Irish were heavy drinkers, so in the true "old country" tradition a jug was set on the top of the casket. As the evening wore on many toasts were drunk to the "dear departed" to wish him well on his way to the next world—more toasts than were good for those who were not yet making the journey. The night was hot. There was no embalming in those days, and the "dear departed" became somewhat affected by the weather. Suddenly in the midst of the well-wishing, there was a snap of the latch and the coffin lid rose up. Almost as suddenly the departed ones were the guests, who made their exit through the nearest door or window.

When the first church was under consideration the leaders in the neighborhood felt that most certainly a community burying ground should be established. Consequently, Samuel and Margaret Moffett deeded to Charles McJohnston, Jr., on August 12, 1845, one-half acre of land to be used as public burying ground. This was the start of the east cemetery. Samuel and Nancy McCutchan also deeded to him one-half acre for the church building site, and at the same time marked off one-half acre adjoining it on the west for their own family graveyard. This also finally became a community plot when they deeded it to the cemetery trustees, S. V. McCutchan and John Whitehead, on May 23, 1866. A half century later the Coots family donated additional ground on the east to enlarge the Moffett tract.



Erskine Plot in McCutchanville Cemetery

As the east cemetery was established in 1845, we could not at first explain the Erskine graves which dated as early as 1825. Then, by chance, we discovered that these graves had been moved there from a private family plot. William H. Erskine, eldest son of pioneer Andrew Erskine, described this move in a letter written to his cousin on March 6, 1854.

Tell Mary that I have moved al the graves from your barn up to the church. It was a very unpleasant task but I could not rest until it was done. I got four hands and we done it in two days and put up the tombs. Andrew would have nothing to do with it thinking it not safe, and a good many others was of his opinion. I felt some uneasy the furst day while we was taking them out. We had to burn tar to be able to stand it. We moved them about two weeks ago so that the danger is al over of taking any harm or any disease. Some of the hands was very timid and made it worse on me having to finish digging out the graves. They look very neet and respectable. I want to get some evergreens and plant out by the graves.

These graves may be seen today marked by thin marble slabs in the thirteenth and fourteenth rows on the right side of the walkway going east from the church. They are:

William Erskine	Died July 25, 1825	Age 62
Mary Erskine	Died September 8, 1827	Age 65
Mary Jane Erskine	Died August 6, 1837	Age 1
Abigail Erskine	Died October 18, 1841	Age 35
Joseph Erskine	Died July 24, 1846	Age 18
Harriet Erskine	Died July 31, 1846	Age 36
Sarah Erskine	Died 1846	Age 1
John Allen Erskine	Died October 17, 1853	Age 15

It is interesting to note that the next two graves to be added to the plot were those of William H. himself and his brother Andrew, whom he mentioned in his letter. Both died within three weeks during the summer of 1859.

There are evidences, however, that this area may have been used as a burial ground even before the cemetery was formally established. Grave diggers today occasionally unearth vestiges of ancient graves that have been long forgotten. Our soil is not petrifactive and little remains of even the bone from these early burials. The first settlers, if they identified their graves at all, probably did so with wooden markers which, of course, have disappeared years ago. It is said that at first the burial ground was open to the public. There was no sale of lots as such, and all were free to come and bury their dead where they wished. Many families staked out their claims and have maintained these through the generations, but other residents of the community, both white and Negro, came and buried at random. Consequently, no one today can guess how many of these unknown graves there are, or where they are.

One of the most baffling finds occurred several years ago on one of the Moffett lots. In preparing a new grave the diggers discovered parts of a skeleton lying north and south face down. All known burials here have been east and west. There was some evidence of petrification in this case which might indicate that the bones were of quite ancient origin. That, plus the fact that the position in which they were found was unusual, suggests that these remains might even predate the arrival of the white man.

Several diggings in the west cemetery have turned up corroded casket hardware and panes of glass, recalling an old custom of having a window in the coffin lid above the face of the corpse. This type of coffin was first used about the close of the Civil War, and continued in use until embalming came into general practice around the turn of the century. This of course was a health measure. The body was sealed in and the glass window in the lid permitted the mourners to view the face of the deceased. We can guess from this that some of these forgotten graves that have been recently opened by mistake are about a century old.

Annie Fellows Johnston, reminiscing on her childhood in McCutchanville, devotes several paragraphs in her book *The Land Of The Little Colonel* to her early impressions of the cemetery and to her first awareness of Memorial Day and what it stands for.

It is not known exactly when Memorial Day or Decoration Day was first observed here. It was first celebrated in 1868 when General John A. Logan, Commander in Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, called on members of the order to decorate soldiers' graves with flowers on May 30. Evansville had its first Memorial Day in 1873. It is safe to assume, I think, that if the local observance did not begin that same year, it followed very soon thereafter. I shall never forget the interest my grandfather, Charles R. McCutchan, had in Memorial Day. Next to Christmas, I think it was about the most important day in the year for him. He not only helped to make plans for the local observance, but he also attended the services held at Camp Ground, Centenary, and Blue Grass cemeteries as well. Each of these plots held graves of former war buddies. Granddad would go from grave to grave and drop a flower on each one—a sort of yearly pilgrimage. Often I would go with him, and sometimes I would hold his hand and march in the parade of the blue-uniformed GAR.

Because of grandfather's never-failing interest in the underlying purpose of the observance and his great devotion to anyone who had served his country in uniform, Memorial Day in our family was always a very serious occasion—a day solely for pausing to pay respect to the dead veterans. General Logan's order includes this sentence: "Let no vandalism or avarice or neglect, no ravages of time, testify to the present or coming generations that we have forgotten as a people the cost of a free and undivided republic." It was for this reason that my father, so long as he lived, bitterly opposed the holding of races at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway on Memorial Day. For the Fourth of July such an event would have been to his liking, but to him it was almost a sacrilege on Memorial Day.

During the last two decades Memorial Day has been observed at the McCutchanville Cemetery on the morning of the last Sunday in May, rather than on May 30.

The following is a list of veterans buried in the McCutchanville Cemetery:

Civil War

These veterans saw active duty in the Civil War, returned to this community, lived out their natural lives, and were buried here:

Rev. William Atcheson
James Brodie
D. W. Burns
James Caldwell
William Connor
Charles R. McCutchan
James McCutchan
Marcus McCutchan
William J. McCutchan
Charles Moffett

Lee Douglas
George D. Fisher
John B. Fisher
William Hargrave
Robert Henry
John Horner
Anthony Korb
Jacob Kreger
John Lawrence
Robert Lawrence
John F. Moffett
Andrew Perry
George Peva
John Roddor
Henry Tyzer
Edward Valandingham
James Wheeler
John Young
William Young

These young men from this community gave their lives while on active duty during the Civil War and their remains were returned to this cemetery for burial.

William Hayhurst
 Died at Morganza, La., November 2, 1864
Capt. Robert Headen
 Died of disease somewhere in the South, January 1, 1865
Thomas Headen
 Died of wounds at Chattanooga, May 14, 1864

These young men gave their lives while on active duty during the Civil War, and their remains lie in unknown graves somewhere in the south. Each Memorial Day flags are placed in the cemetery and flowers are strewn in their memory.

Thomas W. Horan
 Prisoner of war at Andersonville, released at the close of the war and died in the explosion of the steamboat "Sultana" while being evacuated to the North, April 27, 1865
Arthur Inwood
 Died at Marietta, Ga., August 4, 1864
Charlie Lawrence
 Died at Corinth, Miss., May 30, 1862
Arthur McJohnston
 Died of exposure (no record of date or place)
John J. Moffett
 Died at Indianola, Texas, August 7, 1865
William Skeels
 Died in the Andersonville Prison, September 26, 1864
John Weidenbaugh
 Died at Memphis, Tennessee, April 28, 1863

WORLD WAR I

Minnie Mae Hitch Patterson R.N.	William Voight
Ivan France	Harry Huebner
Perry Erskine	John S. Ruston

WORLD WAR II

Ralph Connor

KOREAN WAR

Dr. Clyde R. Burress

Until the late 1920s the cemetery was filled with giant dark cedars that sighed in the hill winds. I learned to associate cedars with cemeteries, for I remember exactly how they looked and the sounds they made when the wind passed through. Unfortunately these beautiful trees were stricken by disease and most of them had to be removed, leaving the cemetery much more sunny than I remember it in my childhood.

Today one of the most attractive shrubs in the plot is the giant boxwood in the east side that covers the grave of John R. Horner, buried in September 1880. It would be interesting to know whether the bush was planted there for beauty or for a purpose. There is an old superstition throughout Europe that the boxwood is a bane to unquiet ghosts. It was generally believed that no spirit would rise for nightly meanderings from a grave on which there was a sprig of the plant.

Not far from the boxwood shrub, in an unmarked grave, is buried Aunty Mandy, a Negro slave—and here is an interesting little story. The Thomas Headens came to McCutchanville about 1846. Mrs. Headen was a Nugent from New Orleans. About four years later there came to live with them a small blind child, Richard Nugent, believed to have been Mrs. Headen's nephew. The child apparently had been orphaned. He was brought here by his old slave mammy, Aunty Mandy. Aunty Mandy continued to live out her life in the service of the Headen family here, and when she died she was buried in this cemetery.

The epitaphs on some of the older stones are interesting. Some are quotations from favorite writings, while others have obviously been made up to suit the particular person in whose memory the lines have been inscribed. One stone presents the stern warning: "Be Ye Also Ready." An infant's marker bears this line: "Buded [*sic*] Here to Bloom in Heaven."

As a child I was fascinated by the monuments that marked the babies' graves—one with a reclining child carved in stone and another with a tiny lamb. On the west side there is one that looks like a petrified tree trunk, and also the row of graves of the Deisinger family with all the inscriptions written in German.

The grave of my granduncle, Thomas Horan, was another that was awe-inspiring to me as a child, for although there is the green mound and a sizable marble monument with a complete inscription, the grave is empty. He lost his life in 1865 in the explosion of the steamship "Sultana" and his body was never recovered. The false grave and the stone were a gesture for the comfort of my great-grandmother's sorrow.

Anyone who is truly interested in the history of any community will find it well worth his while to wander through its burying ground, for there actually lies the whole of the past.

No records had ever been kept of the burials until 1965 when I gave myself the task of cataloguing all readable grave markers. I arrived at some interesting statistics when the job was done. There are approximately seven hundred marked graves. The death rate of six a year seems to have been fairly constant over the past century and a quarter. The deadliest years were 1923 and 1953 when there were twelve burials each. There were no burials in 1849 or 1860. During the last century when certain years were known as years of plague or epidemic there seems to have been no increase in the McCutchanville death rate. As for longevity, almost 35 per cent of the people have lived past seventy. Here is a breakdown of deaths according to age groups:

Died under 1 year of age	8.6 per cent
1 year through 9 years	7.8
10 through 19	4.2
20 through 29	6.6
30 through 39	5.8
40 through 49	8.0
55 through 59	8.6
60 through 69	15.8
70 through 79	17.6
80 through 89	14.2
90 through 99	2.8

The high percentage of deaths before the age of one reflects the high infant mortality of earlier years. The increase in the 20-29 age group perhaps reflects the deaths of young mothers in childbirth, plus a number of young men killed in the Civil War. As for the family groups with the greatest number of members buried here, the McCutchan family leads with fifty. There are thirty-two Erskine graves, twenty-nine McJohnstons, twenty-seven Moffetts, and twenty-one Youngs. Other families with less than twenty but more than ten are Henry, Hooker, Voight, Skeels, Inwood, Erwin, Clippinger, Hornby, and Huebner.

There came a time, some years ago, when all space had been sold, and some of the newer families had to find lots elsewhere. However, after the death of James B. Moffett in 1950, the Cemetery Association received in his will the land directly across Kansas Road from the church to be used for the establishment of a new burial ground. The acreage has been plotted and several burials have already occurred, the first being that of Clarence Holley in 1957. It is believed there will be sufficient space here to meet the needs of the community for another century, at least.

The cemetery has always been well cared for. For many years the late Ed Moll was custodian. Before the lawnmower was put into use, he kept the grass and weeds trimmed with a hand scythe—a living picture of "The Grim Reaper" as he bent over his work among the gravestones. Following Mr. Moll's death Bailey France carried on for a number of years, then Clarence Coots, until his death—and there have been others.

The cemetery's affairs are administered by a board of twelve trustees, all of whom must be owners of lots. At present the endowments total close to $20,000. The income from this, plus income from the sale of lots in the future, seems to assure that this ground will have perpetual care.

XV

LAW, ORDER, AND POLITICS

IN THE EARLY DAYS when the redress of wrongs in the courts was difficult and slow, a band of "regulators" often assumed the duty of taking the persistent violator of the law in hand and administering such punishment as they deemed best for the public good. The man who abused his wife or child, or the one who changed the earmarks on his neighbor's hogs so as to destroy evidence of "vested rights," was a good subject for "regulation."

The folks in McCutchanville have always been a quiet, law-abiding group, and there are no indications that much "regulating" was necessary.

Samuel McCutchan, usually called "Old Squire Mac," was chief regulator and ruled the community as his wisdom dictated. It is told that he once stopped a lynching by persuading the victim to admit his crime and submit himself to the law. Another time he fined two men who had been involved in a fight when only one had been indicted. In 1846 he became the Justice of the Peace and served in that office for ten years. An amusing story has been told of a wedding he performed. The young woman was either taking her marriage vows lightly or else changed her mind at the last minute, for she fled from the room before the ceremony was finished. Thereupon, the Old Squire closed his book, dispensed with the rest of the ceremony, pronounced the couple man and wife, and sent the young groom chasing after his bride.

The villain who left the neighborhood on somebody else's horse succeeded more than any other culprit to awaken thorough and widespread indignation. Horse thieving was considered a most serious crime and was perhaps overly magnified in relation to other offenses against the law. The framers of the first code of laws for the Territory of Indiana had specified that for the first conviction of horse stealing the guilty one was to pay the value of the horse and receive at the whipping post not less than fifty and not more than two hundred lashes. For the second conviction, the penalty was death. By an act of 1808 penalty of death followed a first conviction.

Organized bands of thieves and robbers sometimes roamed the country preying on the isolated farms and settlements. Communication was so slow that it was impossible to get the aid of a sheriff or constable until the culprits were far from the scene of their crime. In 1852 the Indiana General Assembly passed a law authorizing the formation of local companies of not less than ten and not more than one hundred persons with all the rights and privileges of constables in the detection and apprehension of criminals.

In 1859, under a state law passed in 1852 the citizens of this area, along with some of their neighbors in Scott Township, held a public meeting and organized the "Vanderburgh County Vigilance Committee," for the detection and apprehension of horse thieves and other felons. The leaders of the movement were Dr. Thomas H. Rucker and Samuel McCutchan. If any thieves were caught and punished by the committee, there remains no record of it.

Politically McCutchanville has always been predominately Republican. There are of course no records for the community alone, but figures for the whole of Center Township are interesting and show how the voting ran in the various elections through the years. In the election of 1848 the Whig presidential candidate, Zachary Taylor, received 82 votes, while the Democrat, Lew Cass, polled a mere 39. When Abraham Lincoln ran against Stephen A. Douglas in 1860 the votes registered were 131 for Lincoln, 82 for Douglas. In 1864, Lincoln received 178 against 84 for McClellan. General Grant won by a large majority in both 1868 and 1872. When Democratic Cleveland was elected in 1884, Center Township still polled a majority for the losing Republican candidate, Blaine—293 to 208.

At least nine residents of the community have been elected to law-making bodies. Charles McJohnston, Sr., was elected in August 1827, to represent Warrick and Vanderburgh counties in the Indiana House of Representatives. It is said that in that election only two votes were cast against him. He attended one session in the spring of 1828 at the newly established state capital, Indianapolis, but died of lung hemorrhage in May before his term was completed.

Robert P. Hooker was elected to the state legislature in 1871, John Whitehead in 1877, and James F. Ensle in 1913. My father, Thomas W. McCutchan, held the same office for two terms, 1923 and 1925. It was during his term of office that the bill was introduced and passed that adopted the tulip poplar as the official tree of Indiana. Following the passage of the bill the Indiana State Forestry service presented each member of the assembly with two specimens of the tree. One of those grows in my yard today.

In 1952, and again in 1956, A. W. Wesselman, who lived by Lake Talahi, was elected on the Republican ticket to serve in the Indiana Senate. Wesselman Park in Evansville was later named in his honor.

Roger Zion of Erskine Lane, also a Republican, was elected to the Congress of the United States from the 8th Indiana District in November 1966 and re-elected in 1968. Also in 1968 Robert D. Orr of Browning Road and John Coates Cox of 9116 Petersburg Road were elected Joint State Senator and State Representative, respectively. Both are Republican.

Several other native McCutchanvilleans have served in law-making bodies but were living in other places at the time of their election. Also a number of local persons have served, or are at present serving, as judges in the courts, sheriff's deputies, state policemen, and in other law-enforcing agencies.

James R. Peva, who was born and raised in McCutchanville, is at this time commander of the Indiana State Police executive division and legal counsel for the department. Captain Peva was awarded the J. Edgar Hoover Gold Medal in 1968 as the most outstanding law-enforcement officer in the United States.

XVI

CIVIC CLUBS

THE EARLIEST-KNOWN civic betterment group of any kind in McCutchanville was the local chapter of the SONS OF TEMPERANCE. Very little is known about it. Samuel McCutchan's obituary reads that he had given land for the McCutchanville Church, for the cemetery, and for a hall for the Sons of Temperance. This "hall" is believed to have been a simple, one-room frame building on the north side of Kansas Road where it joins the Petersburg Road. Perhaps it was later remodeled into the little frame cottage that stood on the site until the mid-1960s, but this is only conjecture. Exactly when the group was organized and how long it existed is not known. The only other definite references to it I have found are in letters from the Erskine family.

On March 13, 1853, Andrew E. Erskine wrote to Levi Erskine who was then attending DePauw University:

> DEAR COUSIN: We had the pleasure of receiving yours of the 30th Jan and were glad to hear from you but I could not write until the present. I have not been well of the Chills but three weeks. I have not been to the Division for a long time but they are getting along very well. We have got an initiation for the next meeting, William Elliott, Jr. When you write let me know how your Division is getting along. Our band has not met since you left but we expect to meet pretty soon and see what we can

do. We have got so much work to do and the spring so backward that we have not much time to play. When you write let me know how James is getting along with his instrument. . . . The legislature passed a temperance law and our representatives voted against it. It appears to be pretty strict in its provision, and calculated I think to do a great deal of good if properly executed. We have to take a vote at the next election to decide whether there shall be liquor sold or not and whether or not the bill will do any good.

On February 3, 1854, William H. Erskine wrote to Levi:

I am glad that the good people of Greencastle are alive on the question of Temperance as it is for there own interest and for the interest of mankind. I wish you would send Mr. Hawkins down our way to revive the people on the cause of temperance as al efforts with us have failed to do anything. The new ritual alows us to have our Instalation private or Publick we concluded to have it publick and made necessary arrangements. Had Division cleened and fixed up and seets procured and speekers selected for the ocasion and hired your Father to go down for C. Davison and Wm Holden, and our speekers was Mr. Harland and Mr. Hines from Evansville bouth lawyers. After al our Division room was not filled and the persons that we wanted to come was not there. They was mostly members of the order or else children from school. Both our speekers spoke well Mr. Harland in particular. Our instalation was grand those present was very much pleesed.

On March 6, 1854, William H. wrote again:

Our Division is still going on as comen. We have two initiations next Thursday night, John McCutchan and George Fisher. We are trying to revive the members. Br Eliott came down about four weeks ago and said that every member should find a person and perswade him to become a member but none of them has succeeded but Robert Earl and J. Davidson.

In spite of the honest and sincere efforts of the Sons of Temperance to dry up the area, drinking and rabble rousing apparently went on unabated at the saloons in Gabtown. They became notorious for fights and Saturday night brawls. Even some of the good brothers were not above slipping over to Gabtown once in awhile on a Saturday night for a nip or two. A story my grandfather used to tell was about such an excursion by one of his close friends and neighbors, Charlie Moffett. Mr. Moffett went to Gabtown one Saturday night to get an item or two of groceries for his wife. While he was there he dropped in at one of the saloons, and before the evening was over he took on quite a snoot full. He wanted to make sure that his good wife would not know that he had been drinking, so he decided to hide his bottle under the bridge for another day and planned how he would tiptoe into the house and slip into bed without her being any the wiser. The plan was good, except that he got a little confused and hid the groceries under the bridge and, when he tiptoed off to bed, left his whiskey bottle sitting in the middle of the kitchen table.

The next community organization effort we know about was the McCutchanville Hall Association. This movement was begun in 1874, a meeting being held to set up agreements and conditions to build a public hall. Certificates of stock were issued at $5.00 a share. The constitution as drawn up stated: "The money raised from sales of stocks shall be used for the purpose of building a public hall. Said hall shall be used for all purposes that public halls are generally used for . . . . the name of said hall shall be the Center Twp Hall and shall be built in Center Twp, Vanderburgh County." Shares were issued to 106 persons. Whether the original intent was to build a separate building, or whether the plan from the outset was to make use of the second floor of the new brick school building then under construction, is not clear in the Association's minutes. However, when the school was completed all activities of the Hall Association seemed to have been held in the school hall.

At the annual meeting and election held January 13, 1877, Benjamin Young was the acting chairman and A. A. Swope, secretary. Three trustees were elected that night—Alexander Perry, John L. McCutchan, and H. A. Mattison. The minutes read:

> It was suggested by several of the members that there should be conditions and agreements to govern said association. Gould moved that a committee of five be appointed to draft conditions

and report at this meeting. Motion seconded and carried. The chair appointed Levi Erskine, James Grimwood, Alex Perry, William Hornby, and J. C. Inwood. The committee, after a short absence, made two reports—majority and minority. First that this hall shall be used for all political, literary, religious and social meeting of a moral character. No ball shall be held in the building which has dancing connected with it as a large mass of the township is opposed to such amusement. Signed: Levi Erskine, J. C. Inwood and James Grimwood. Minority report: We the members of the committee appointed by the Hon chair approve the report of the majority excepting that part which alludes to balls, believing that this hall should be open to whatever respectible entertainment any part of the common stockholders shall see fit to introduce. Signed: Wm H. Hornby and Alex Perry. Motion by Swope to reject the Majority report and that this Assoc. adopt the minority report. Motion carried. Ayes 128, Nays 64.

A few days later Alex Perry made an entry in his personal diary: "The muly Methodist Indignation meeting was on Thursday evening January 18, 1877."

The next project recorded was a movement to raise money to purchase an organ for the hall. Fifty-three dollars was initially pledged by individuals and a benefit concert was held on June 2, 1877, to raise additional money. "Each male paid 25c, females free. Receipts $23.15." It would be interesting to know how they came up with that balance.

Here are some entries lifted at random from the Association's minutes, which give us an idea of the events that transpired during the next few years.

Benefit Concert—September the 1st, 1877

We took in at the concert	$22.50
Payed for printing	3.50
Lumber for platform	2.88
One ham	1.50
Globe for lamp	.40
2 lamp chimney	.20
2 gallons coal oil	.40

Center Township Hop—January the 18th, 1878

Total receipts of the Hop	
There were 107 couples at $1.00 each	$107.00
Took in at the candy stand	7.75

Taking care of clothing	11.65
Took in at the table	44.40
Total receipts	$170.80
Expense of said Hop	
Band	$ 14.00
Hack to bring band	3.50
Grocery Bill of Mr. Coldwell	15.25
Paid for sandwiches. 300 at 1¢ each	3.00
Paid for one lost hat	3.00
Paid for one night watch	1.25
To the Journal for printing	6.50
Paid J.L. McCutchan	1.10
To Ann E. Moffett for 4 lb. of butter	1.00
Paid to Mrs. Matte Onslinger	1.00
	$ 56.60

June 29th, 1878	Received from Professor Keen's magic performance at Hall one third of the profits $3.35
July 16, 1878	Bought for the Hall Double Hinges to make doors swing outward to comply with the law $9.50
July 18th, 1878	Dramatic performance "Ten Nights In A Bar Room" Charged and received for Hall rent $5.00
November 28, 1878	Magic lantern Show in the Hall Charged rent $3.00
Dec. 24, 1878	The Methodist oyster Supper in the McCutchanville Hall to buy a tombstone for J. H. Clippinger was on Christmas Eve. Net profits 27 dollars. [John H. Clippinger had been a minister at the church and had died 3 years earlier—May 23, 1875]
June 10th, 1885	Methodist Festival in the Hall Wednesday June the 10th Cleared $60.00
August 21st, 1890	Tinkers Singing School concert Fifteen cents admission took in about $30.00
June 6th, 1895	Woodman of the World Number 37 organized at McCutchanville Hall

Feb 14th, 1896	Received for Mother Goose Entertainment	$3.00
March 25th 1896	Paid McNeely for repairing Hall Organ	$3.00
(No date)	Independent Order of A. O. U. W. [Ancient Order of United Workmen] Number 42 organized at McCutchanville Hall	
Jan 12th, 1897	Stereoptican Show	

Exactly when the Hall Association dissolved is not known. It probably continued throughout the life of the old schoolhouse. However, after the new school building was finished in 1914, it continued to be the center of the community's social and cultural life until as late as the early 1940s. Even in later years, whenever a special event was announced, it was never said that it was being held at the schoolhouse. It was always said, "It will be at the Hall."

In the late 1930s and early 1940s horseback riding was a craze, not only in McCutchanville but across the nation. Everyone who could afford to own horses purchased them, and on weekends and holidays riders took to the saddle. Stables with horses for rent by the hour came into existence all around the Tri-State area. One of the popular rental stables was owned and operated by the Connor brothers on their farm on the Whetstone Road. This horse fad was perhaps a very good thing during the early war years. It furnished many a pleasant Sunday outing without the use of the precious rationed gasoline.

At the close of the war in 1945 a group of the saddle enthusiasts organized a little club in McCutchanville for the purpose of promoting a horse show. In the group sponsoring the first effort were Alan Mendenhall, Homer Cotton, Kenneth Connor, Ralph Connor, Norman Krauss, Wesley Steller, Ralph Swope Sr., William C. McCutchan, William A. McCutchan, Copeland Anfield, William Hartig, John Haug, Harold Finke, John Sterling, Warren Usrey, Mike Seib, Roy Ryan, and Orla Heim.

The first show was held in the summer of 1945 on a tract of land that had been purchased a short time before by John Sterling—property that had for years been known as the Copeland place on Petersburg Road.

The show was a tremendous success. A crowd of more than two thousand persons attended, and horses were entered from all around the Tri-State area. The group was so encouraged that plans began to be formulated immediately for a permanent horse show organization.

After a lot of discussion and several meetings it was decided that the purpose of the club be made broader—that the purpose be that of betterment and improvement of the community, with the horse shows as a means of raising the money for various projects. Thus the McCUTCHANVILLE BENEFIT CLUB, INCORPORATED, was organized.

The first goal of the new corporation was to purchase the twenty-five acres of land on which the first show had been held and build it into a permanent park and recreation ground for the whole community. A second goal was to raise money to purchase a community fire truck. The membership goal was set at five hundred. Alan Mendenhall was elected the first president. Other officers were vice-presidents, William Hartig and John Sterling; secretary, John Haug; treasurer, Raymond Barton.

For the next three years horse shows were held each summer. The attendance was large and a substantial profit was made. In the autumn months the club would sponsor shooting matches. By the spring of 1947 enough money was in hand to place the order for a fire truck. Delivery was made on Saturday, April 12, 1947, from the Laverne Fire Apparatus Company, Laverne, Minnesota. It was a Dodge truck, painted the traditional fire-truck red, fully equipped, and was purchased at a cost of approximately eight thousand dollars.

Ralph Swope, Sr., was appointed first fire chief and a group of young men took special fire-fighting training to form a nucleus for the volunteer fire department. Through the years since the delivery of the truck it has more than paid for itself in property saved.

On the night of January 4, 1951, the McCutchanville Fire Department was called to assist in the great fire at Fourth and Main streets in Evansville when a dozen buildings were either completely destroyed or damaged. Several men with the truck worked throughout the night. At the end of the same year, on December 31, 1951, Elberfeld, Indiana, called for help. The McCutchanville Fire Department arrived on the scene in a few minutes and was credited by the Elberfeld residents as "saving our town."

After the death of Ralph Swope, Sr., his son Ralph, Jr. (Bub), was appointed fire chief. Jim France now holds the position.

On the afternoon of November 21, 1960, the fire truck was rushing to put out a brush fire on Darmstadt Road when it was involved in a traffic accident at Radio Avenue and U.S. Highway 41. An Owensville woman, Mrs. Violet M. Garrett, was instantly killed in the crash and the fire truck was so severely damaged that it had to be replaced. A new 750-gallon pumper was ordered at the cost of $12,200 and delivery was made the following October.

In December 1963 the name McCutchanville Benefit Club was officially changed to MCCUTCHANVILLE COMMUNITY ASSOCIATION.

Some of the other projects that the group has undertaken through the years are the building of ovens on the recreation ground and its general improvement, sponsorship of youth athletic teams, erection of traffic signals, and action against undesirable rezoning proposals. (The last was not a "first." As early as 1872 we find that a group of citizens led by Benjamin Young circulated a petiton from house to house to prevent a saloon being built at the junction of Whetstone and Petersburg roads.)

An annual custom observed by the club almost since its inception is the erection of a huge community Christmas tree. At first it was a pine, sometimes thirty feet tall, cut from the

Mead Johnson estate and erected on the school ground. It became a tradition for the folk of the community to gather at the foot of the big tree with lighted candles each Christmas Eve just as darkness fell and join together for a few minutes in singing Christmas carols. About 1960 Lambert Johnson had a huge pine planted at the intersection of Kansas and Petersburg roads to be used as a permanent community Christmas tree. Each year the Fire Department decorates it with lights and the community gathers for the traditional sing—now on the Sunday evening before Christmas instead of Christmas Eve. After the sing they go to the church basement for refreshments and a social hour. Several hundred persons attend each year.

Another organization that has done a great deal of good work in the community is the GARDEN CLUB.

In the autumn of 1949 Mrs. Carl Fisher entertained a group of ladies at her home, Briar Ridge, on the Boonville-New Harmony Road to interest them in organizing a Garden Club in McCutchanville.

The first official meeting of the group was held the following spring—in April 1950—at the home of Mrs. Warren Cox. The first officers for the new club elected that day were Mrs. Cox, president; Mrs. Carl Fisher, vice-president; Mrs. Copeland Anfield, secretary.

The following October the McCutchanville Garden Club became a member of the State Garden Club, which is affiliated with the National Federation of Garden Clubs.

Objects of the local club as set forth in the constitution are:

1. To promote interest in gardening.
2. To promote landscape improvement and horticulture.
3. To aid in the protection and conservation of natural resources.
4. To take an active interest in any pertinent civic problems affecting the community.

Projects undertaken have been:

1. To repair and paint mailboxes and newspaper boxes and surround them with attractive planting.
2. To have proper road signs made and installed and to see that the county maintenance department makes proper repairs to roads and road shoulders in the community.
3. To try to prevent advertising on or adjacent to our roads.
4. To order wholesale shrubs, bulbs, and plant labels for all interested residents in the community.
5. To secure the services of a garbage and tincan collector for weekly collection.
6. To promote prominent planting of one hundred and twenty dogwood trees which will be distinctive spring identification of the community. (The club donated six trees to the school which were planted by the pupils.)
7. To have every garden a year-round bird sanctuary.
8. To sponsor flower shows in the community for specimen blooms and arrangements, giving a cash prize to the school pupil making the winning poster for the event.

The first annual flower show sponsored by the club was held in October 1951 in the church Parish House.

At this time there are two chapters of the Garden Club in the neighborhood. The one is known as the McCutchanville Garden Club and the other is called The Seedlings. The combined membership is about seventy.

The most recently organized group in the community is the KIWANIS CLUB of McCutchanville. The first officers installed early in February 1963 were Dr. Joe Servadio, president; Edgar C. Schiffer, vice-president; Glenn C. Hartig, secretary; Elmer Halwes, Jr., treasurer. At present this club has about twenty-five members.

XVII

LAKE TALAHI

McCUTCHANVILLE MAY BE described today as a village of lakes. One does not realize how many lakes there really are here until the countryside is viewed from the air. All are man-made and privately owned, but each in its setting of natural woods and hills is a spot of exceptional beauty. The oldest and largest of those existing today is the one called Talahi.

When I was a lad the valley between the two ridge roads, Whetstone and Petersburg, was partly dense wood and partly Grandma Whitehead's cow pasture. There was a small creek or ditch running through the woods at the bottom of the draw. Some big old trees had carried the vines of wild grapes high into their branches. When these vines were cut off at the ground, they made wonderful swings that would carry small boys across the creek to the opposite bank. We used to think they were great fun, but the site of the fascinating rustic swings is now at the bottom of the lake.

In 1923 Philip Moore of Evansville purchased part of that land from Mrs. Whitehead. The following year the late Dr. Earl Conover purchased an adjoining tract. That same year, 1924, these two gentlemen joined in the project of building the first lake. This was the north end of the present body of water and covered only about eight acres. Soon the Conovers built a summer cabin in the woods on the east shore. It was their daughter, Matilda, then a Camp Fire Girl, who was responsible for selecting the name Lake Talahi, a Cherokee Indian word which means the Lake in the Tall Oaks.

The lake was first stocked in 1925 with sixty gallons of small catfish.

In 1930 Mr. Moore and Dr. Conover purchased additional acreage and a new dam was built to enlarge the body of water to its present size. This dam is 170 feet thick at the base and thirty-eight feet high. In length it is fifty feet less than one-fourth mile. When the old dam was removed and the new basin filled, it made a body of water with a surface area of approximately thirty-five acres and a depth of thirty-five feet at the deepest point. That is Talahi as it is seen today.

In 1931, the year after the enlargement, John Carson of Evansville built the first of the large houses on the lake shore. This is the one owned and occupied today by the Kenneth Youngs at 8610 Petersburg Road. After Mr. Carson's death some years later, his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Wally Bishop, occupied the house for a time.

Wally Bishop was the creator of the syndicated comic strip "Mugs and Skeeter." During the Bishop's residence here their small daughter, Mary Jo, attended the McCutchanville School. Mr. Bishop drew frequently from school life, from Mary Jo's playmates, the teachers, and neighbors for the material for his strips. It was a never-ending source of amusement for the people of the community to see themselves in the funny papers.

Since the Bishops' departure, the house has been owned and occupied by a number of families. It was once enlarged when the north servants' wing and the garages were added.

The second of the large houses was that of L. B. Finke, built in 1938. Following the Finkes came the Blake Fosters. No building was done on the Whetstone Road side until after World War II. Now the lake is almost encircled by fine homes.

In 1943 the army moved in. Company 502 of the 101st Airborne Division came to McCutchanville on a maneuver. About five hundred enlisted men and officers set up a tent camp in the woods and on the meadows along the east shore of the lake and remained for several weeks. During this time McCutchanville seethed with activity. Most of the men were clean-cut young chaps who were invited into the homes for Sunday dinners and many friendships were made. One or two even returned after the war to marry McCutchanville girls. Tragically though, many did not return at all. As paratroopers they were, the following year in December, dropped into the famous Battle of the Bulge near Bastogne where a great many of them died.

Following the war, when the nation began to settle down emotionally and economically, the great building boom began. Literally millions of dollar have been spent during the last decade in the erection of fine country estates in the McCutchanville area. Two factors are perhaps mainly responsible. One, of course, is the great natural beauty of the countryside. The other is that the ground is high. Many have not forgotten the great devastation caused in Evansville by the 1937 flood.

An acre of land that was purchased from the United States Government in the early nineteenth century for $1.25 sold in the mid-twentieth century for as much as $5,000 or $6,000. Today some of the loveliest homes in the Tri-State are found in this community.

XVIII

OLD HOUSES

IN THE 1955 EDITION of this history I wrote: "In looking around the neighborhood one is surprised, I think, to find so many century-old houses. Before the days of adequate fire protection an outbreak of fire in a house meant that it would almost certainly be a total loss. Back through the years many of the lovely old homes have been destroyed, but there are several that have withstood time and the wear of years, the hazards of fire and the wind, and are today even more beautiful and livable than ever before." I then gave the histories of ten houses that were more than a century old at that time. How quickly the scene changes. It is sad to note that, within the span of these few years, six of these old houses have disappeared from the scene. It was not fire or wind that was to blame. All six have fallen under the wrecking bar in the name of progress.

One of the four that still remains is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Neil Pierce on Oakhill Road. This is now the oldest house in the community, and perhaps one of the very few in the whole state of Indiana that has been lived in continuously by the same family for more than a century and a quarter.

This house was built in 1840 by Mrs. Pierce's great-grandfather, Levi Hooker. The Hookers came to Indiana from Tennessee in the 1830s. They were of English descent.

Previously they had lived in Virginia from as early as about 1755.

In 1839 Levi Hooker purchased from a man named Fitzgerald a tract of forty acres upon which the house was located. That same year he rode a horse to Vincennes to enter at the land office another forty acres adjoining this first tract on the east.

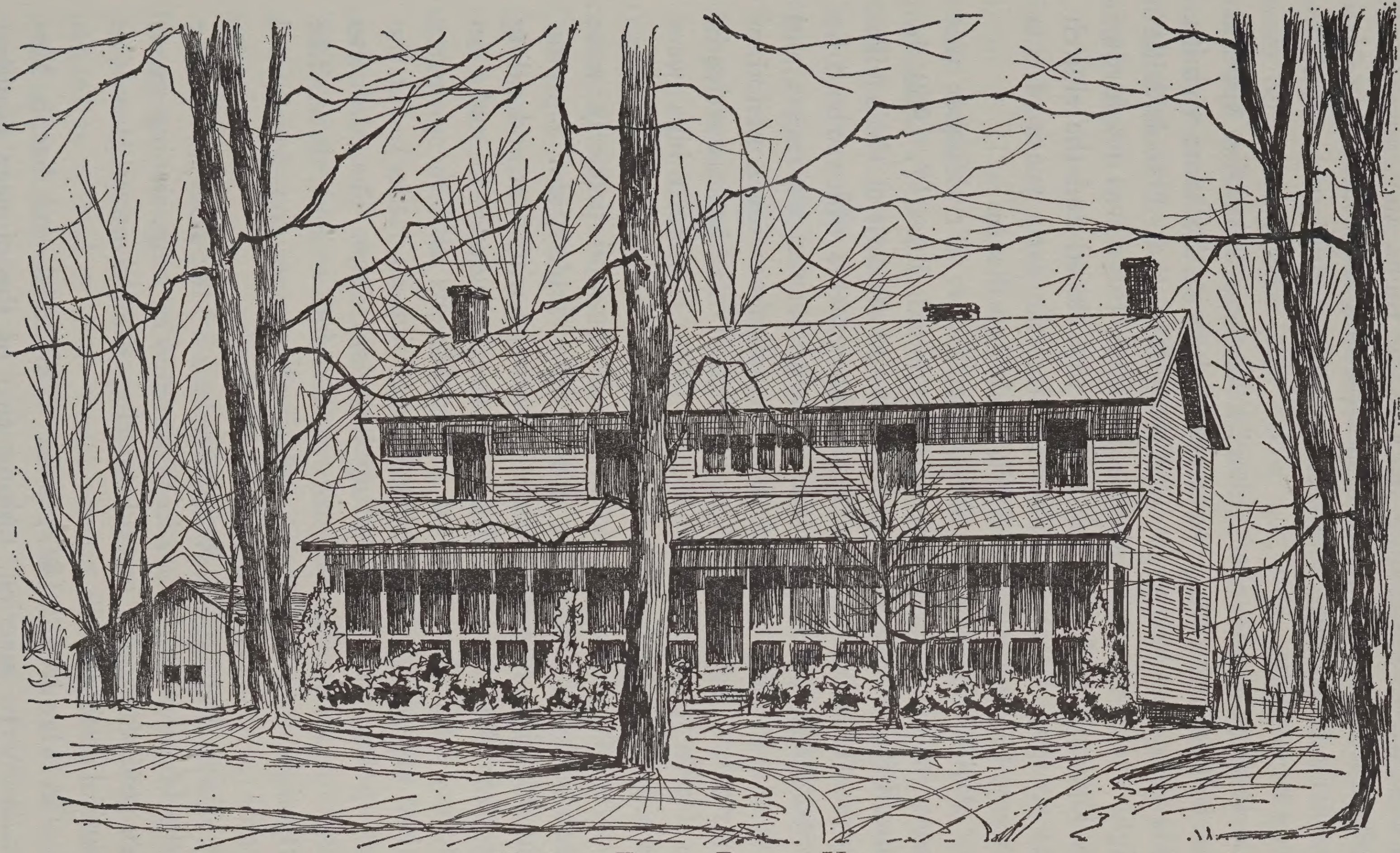
There is a family legend that Mr. Hooker and Conrad Stacer were rivals for this piece of land, and they raced to Vincennes to file their claims. Mr. Hooker won by a clever bit of maneuvering. En route to Vincennes it is said both gentlemen spent the night in the same inn. In the morning Mr. Stacer went to breakfast, but Mr. Hooker announced that he would see to his horse before he ate. Whereupon he took to the saddle and got a head start on his rival.

The following year, 1840, the house was constructed of heavy oak logs cut from the property. The first building was one large room twenty feet square with a half-story loft above. This structure now forms the northwest room of the present house. It is said that Mrs. Hooker refused to come to live in her new house until her husband had installed glass panes in all the windows. Some of those original panes of glass are still in the windows today.

During the first summer the cooking was done outside over an open fire built beside a stump; but as winter came on, a stove was purchased in Evansville—one of the first to be installed in any home in the community.

After a few years a second room of equal size was constructed on the south side of the first and linked to it by an open breezeway or "dog-trot" as it was called then. This style of structure was known as the double cabin. Several houses of this type may be seen today in the reconstructed village at Spring Mill State Park. Such a house was owned by only the more prosperous settlers.

Levi Hooker was not only a farmer but also a teacher. Through his influence the Hooker School was established. He took great pride in teaching his own children. Once when the



Hooker–Ensle–Pierce House

Pierces were redecorating their living room, the removal of wall paper revealed a large black-painted area. This was Mr. Hooker's blackboard where he taught his children to do their sums every night.

Besides the Hooker School a German Methodist Church and a blacksmith shop were established in the same vicinity. This progress hinted at the possibility that "Hookerville" might become a real village. However, there was no further development, and after the school was closed and the church was reorganized and renamed during the early years of this century, the name "Hookerville" fell into disuse.

Besides being a farmer and a teacher Mr. Hooker was also a justice of the peace, commissioned, June 17, 1869, by Conrad Baker, Governor of Indiana and resident of Evansville. The south living room of his home was his office where he passed judgment on petty criminals, performed marriages, and took care of legal matters for his neighbors for a period of thirty years. Before and during the Civil War he was active in the Underground Railroad movement. His corn bins were the hiding places for runaway slaves.

At Mr. Hooker's death the house and property were inherited by his daughter, Miss Jennie Hooker, also a prominent schoolteacher of her day. It was she who first had siding put over the logs and closed in the breezeway to make an entrance hall. Near the end of her life she sold the property to her nephew, James Ensle (Mrs. Pierce's father). As the years passed other remodeling has been done. The roof was raised to make the half-story loft a full second floor. The forty-eight-foot-long porch was built across the front, and several rooms have been added to the back.

Today, still occupied by members of the family, it is one of the loveliest old homes in this area. The long, sloping green lawn and the huge trees bordering the driveway give it a beautiful setting.

On March 31, 1847, John Whitehead and Sarah McCutchan were married, uniting two of the pioneer families. Mr. Whitehead was a farmer. Soon after their first child was born, he purchased one hundred and more acres of land lying between the Petersburg and the Whetstone roads, and in 1852 built a new two-story frame Federal-style house. At first there were only four rooms, two below and two upstairs, with a stair hall and porches on the front and the side. These rooms have stood unaltered, except for necessary repair, to the present time. This is the house at 8401 Petersburg Road, now owned and occupied by Miss Grace McCutchan.

The house was a fine one in its day. People came from far and near to see it. Several houses in the county were copied from it. The old Gray home in Scott Township was an exact duplicate. It has been told that Mrs. Gray was so insistent that her house be exactly like the Whitehead house that she had hers built facing the same direction, even though it meant that her front porch was toward the barn instead of toward the road. The homes of both Alex and Tim Hillyard in Scott Township were fashioned after the same pattern, and the Kreger house on Whetstone Road is similar.

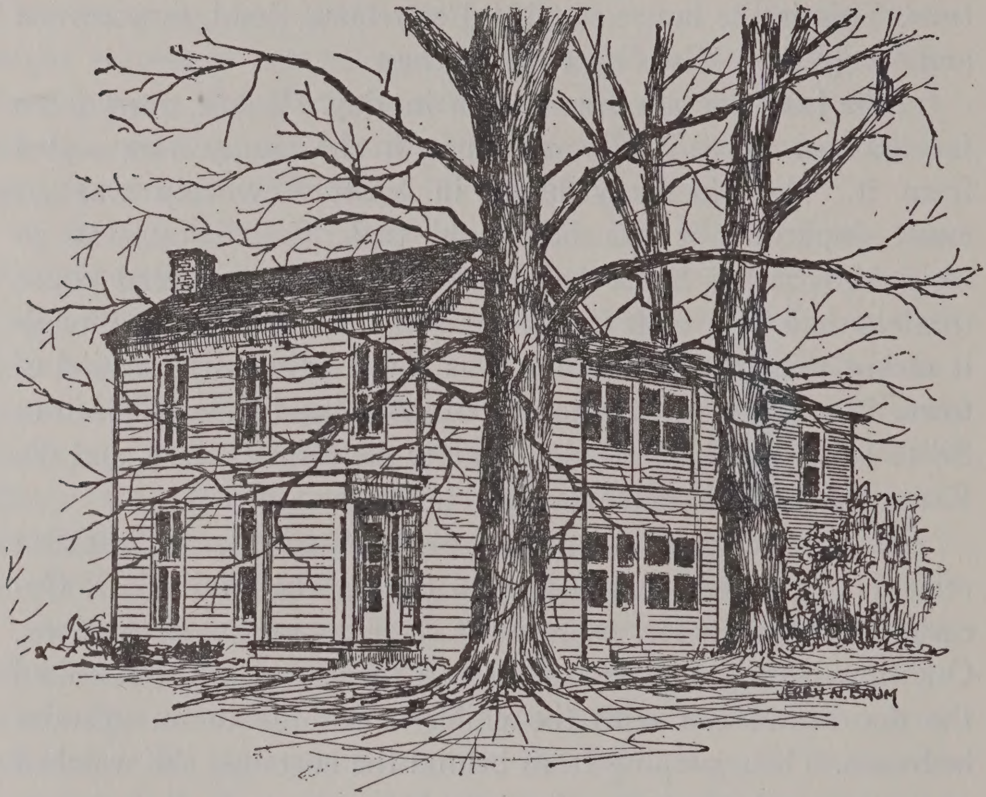
In reminiscing about the old house Mrs. Whitehead related an incident that happened during the Civil War. Occasionally rebel raiders crossed the river on scavenger missions. One time, seeing a group of strange men approach, she bolted the doors and ran with the children to hide in an upstairs bedroom. Then, peeping from behind the curtains, she watched as the men stole the horses from the barn.

When one of the neighbor boys joined the Union forces and went away to war, he planted a walnut in the yard of the Whitehead house. He never returned, but the walnut sprouted and grew into a huge tree which lived until only a few years ago.

As the family of John and Sarah Whitehead grew, the house was enlarged to meet the demand for additional space. Twelve children were born to them and the house was expanded to a total of nine rooms. It has always been a house with open doors and a warm welcome to all who came to call. Annie Fellows Johnston, in her book *The Land of The Little*

Colonel, told a charming story of a Halloween party she attended in this house in the early 1870s.

In 1877 Mr. Whitehead was elected to the Indiana state legislature. On his various trips to the state capital, as well as on subsequent trips to Washington, D.C., he purchased some of the more valuable pieces of furniture and the sitting-room rugs.



WHITEHEAD–MCCUTCHAN HOUSE, 1852

As the years passed the children grew up and moved away. After Mr. Whitehead died, Grandma Whitehead (as she came to be called by everyone) continued to live on in the quaint old house. Her companions in later years were her maiden sister, Jane McCutchan, ten years her junior, and her bachelor son, Albert, who tended the farm. One of her main interests was her garden. At one time it held what was perhaps the largest collection of rare plants and shrubs in the county. Many of her friends, knowing her interest in flowers, sent her gift plants and seeds when they visited distant places. There was once a fig tree there that produced edible figs. This, of course, took careful nursing through the cold Indiana winters. The start of the pink honeysuckle which may still be seen today came originally from the home of General Andrew Jackson. There was also a Kentucky coffee tree that Mrs. Whitehead planted in 1869 to celebrate the twenty-first birthday of her eldest son.

Here is a part of an Evansville *Courier* reporter's description of the house and garden as she saw it in 1920 when she interviewed Grandma Whitehead on the occasion of her ninety-first birthday.

> Have you ever longed to sit quietly in a homey, old-fashioned sitting room in a house beside the road, where the wind blowing through the doorways in a wide swath strikes your nostrils with nothing but the smell of the country? Just the mingled fragrance of newly plowed fields and of roses and honeysuckle is carried along on the breeze.
>
> In just such a spot located on the Petersburg Road at McCutchanville, Mrs. John Whitehead today celebrates her ninety-first birthday, surrounded by her children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren.
>
> The only error in this account is that she's probably not sitting. More than likely she's bustling around the backyard attending the chickens, or maybe taking visitors for a stroll down the lane to the woods to show off the year's budding crops that the hundred and some acres of land may produce.
>
> She has lived sixty-seven years in this quaint old house with its wide siding-boards, and the vines climbing all over it, and even peeping into the chimney. . . . but Mrs. Whitehead doesn't care about reminiscing over the events that have come into her life since 1829. I'm not bothering my head about the past. That's for the graveyard she says. . . . The only old-fashioned touch about the daughter of the McCutchanville founder is noted in some of the household furnishings. Yes, there's the sampler. It's a huge one of a boy and a dog in bright colors that are kept in all their freshness by a glass and frame. The wax fruit bouquet with all varieties of grapes, cherries and apples rests dustlessly under a tall glass covered case. A four-poster bed is in the spotlessly clean guest chamber. And just above its head may be seen a hair wreath set in a deep frame, reminding of the 'dear, dead days of long ago.'

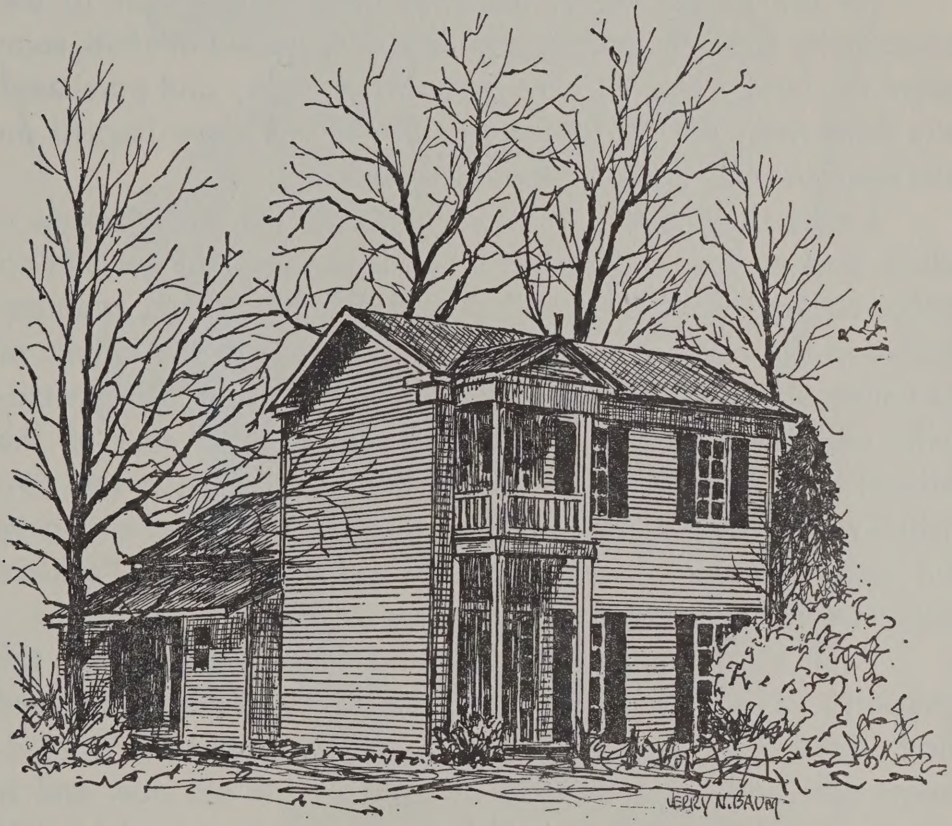
Grandma Whitehead continued to occupy her old house until 1926. By this time her advanced age made it necessary to give up housekeeping, and she moved to Evansville to make her home with her daughter, Mrs. John Sterne. There she lived until she passed her one hundred and first birthday.

It was in 1926 that the property was purchased by the Henry McCutchan family. Many of the furnishings went with the house, and today one may still see the sampler and many of the other priceless antiques that have been preserved down through the century. The McCutchan family has maintained the house in its original form, except for adding the modern conveniences of electricity, running water, and central heating. Not only did they maintain the physical state of the house, but also the charm of gracious living, the warm welcome for all comers, the long table in the old dining room heaped with excellent food, and the lovely garden that has for many years supplied the church altar with fresh flowers on Sunday mornings.

Another house that is approximately the same age and built on similar lines is the home of Walter Kreger on Whetstone Road. It is not known exactly when this house was built but the date can be closely approximated from a statement made by Benjamin Young. Mr. Young, who went to California in the Gold Rush of 1849, is said to have remarked that the house was not there when he left home but it was there when he returned five years later. This would place the date of its erection between 1849 and 1854.

Like the Whitehead-McCutchan house, this is also in the Federal-style of architecture with the three-opening facade and a wing at the rear. While the former features a small porch over the front door, and a two-deck porch on the side, the Kreger house is just the opposite. It has the two-story porch on the front and a low porch on the first floor along the back wing. The Kreger house is believed to have been built by James Stafford. It appears that the back part was built first and the front rooms added later. It is sturdily framed throughout with 4 by 4-inch yellow poplar studding. Jacob Kreger, who came to this area from Grandview, Indiana, purchased the property from the Staffords in 1880, and it has been occupied by members of the family ever since. It has recently undergone extensive repair and is now in an excellent condition.

The quaint white house at 9000 Petersburg Road has been owned and occupied by a number of families and has been remodeled extensively at least three times. However, much of the old still remains. It was built in the very early 1850s by John Brown, who was a carpenter by trade. Some of the families who have owned it since are the Bowyers, Williams, Aabels, and Brenners. It is presently owned by Dr. Robert Kincaid. The Brenners, in remodeling, discovered that the very large box-type door locks were in reality solid brass beneath coats and coats of corrosion and black paint. They had them removed, burnished, and replaced as handsome antique fixtures. Immediately across the road at 9009 Petersburg Road is another house that was originally built about the same time by James Brown. It was subsequently almost completely re-



STAFFORD–KREGER HOUSE ERECTED BETWEEN 1849 AND 1854 built and then remodeled several times so that practically nothing of the original remains. It was owned and occupied for many years by George Voight, who, having no immediate heirs, left the property at his death in 1951 to the McCutchanville Church. It has been sold several times since and is presently owned by the Dewes family.

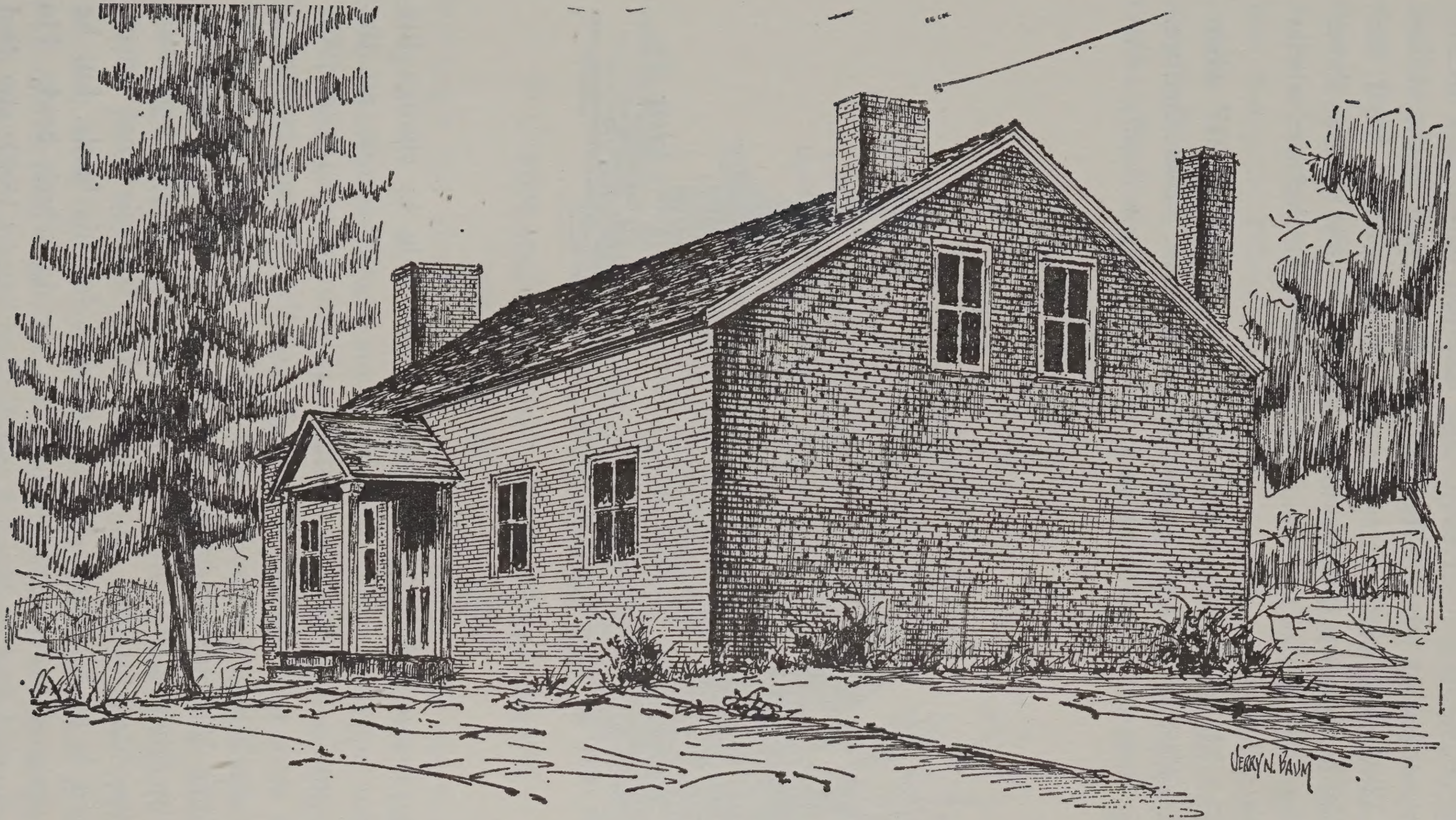
As far as we know, the first brick house built in the community was the Andrew Brodie home, erected in 1848, soon after the family arrived here from Mexico City and purchased the land from the McJohnstons. The bricks were burned on the site from clay dug on the property.

Under the artistic eye of Mrs. Brodie the place became a show spot of the neighborhood. Gardens were laid out and an arbor-covered walk connected the main house with a summerhouse in the rear. All this was an innovation in the middle of the nineteenth century when almost everyone in McCutchanville still lived in log cabins. The house itself was of the simple Federal style with the front door in the center and two windows on each side, a low-pitched roof, and paired chimneys on each end. There was a saying in the colonies that "settlers respect a man who can afford four chimneys."

After the last member of the Brodie family had died, the property was acquired by the Seib family, and it has been owned and occupied by them ever since. In 1967 they built a handsome new house immediately in front of the old one, and it seems at this time that the old house, which has stood for 120 years, will soon pass from the scene.

Two houses that were built on similar lines in the mid-1840s were both torn down in 1964. These were the Moffett-George house on Whetstone Road and the McJohnston-Schlensker house on Kansas Road. Their style of architecture was basically Federal, or Republic, but according to Wilbur D. Peat, in his book *Indiana Houses of the Nineteenth Century* (1962), it was a style that may be more rightly called "folk."

The first mentioned stood on the site of an earlier log house on property that was part of the original Moffett land entry. One interesting feature of the farm was a very old and

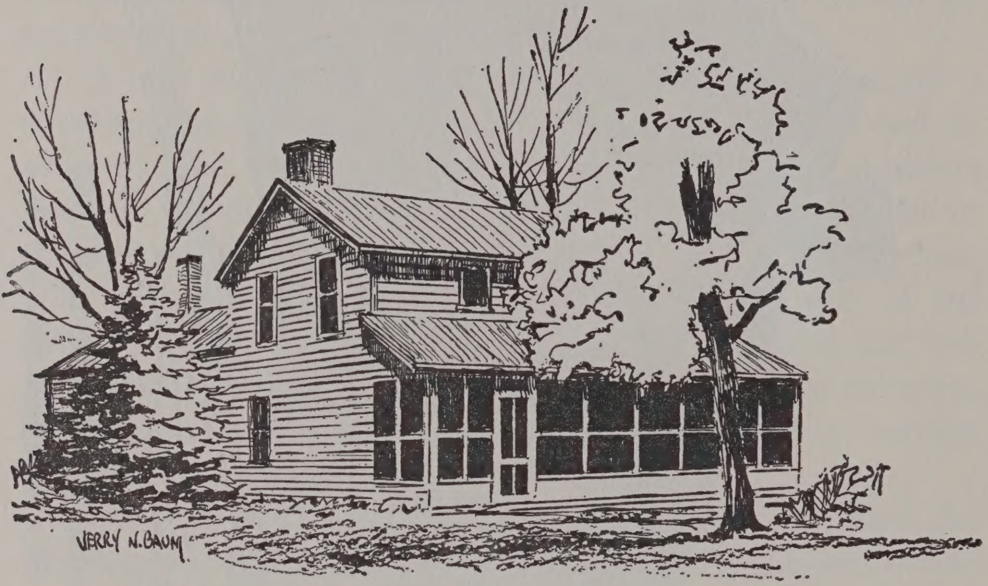

JERRY N. BAUM

BRODIE–SEIB HOUSE, 1848–1968

From a photograph made ca. 1890

crudely constructed well that some believed dated back to an Indian settlement located there before the arrival of the white man. The front part of the house probably dates from the mid-1840s. The wing extending to the rear was added about 1872 by Robert Moffett soon after he was married to Isabella Whitehead.

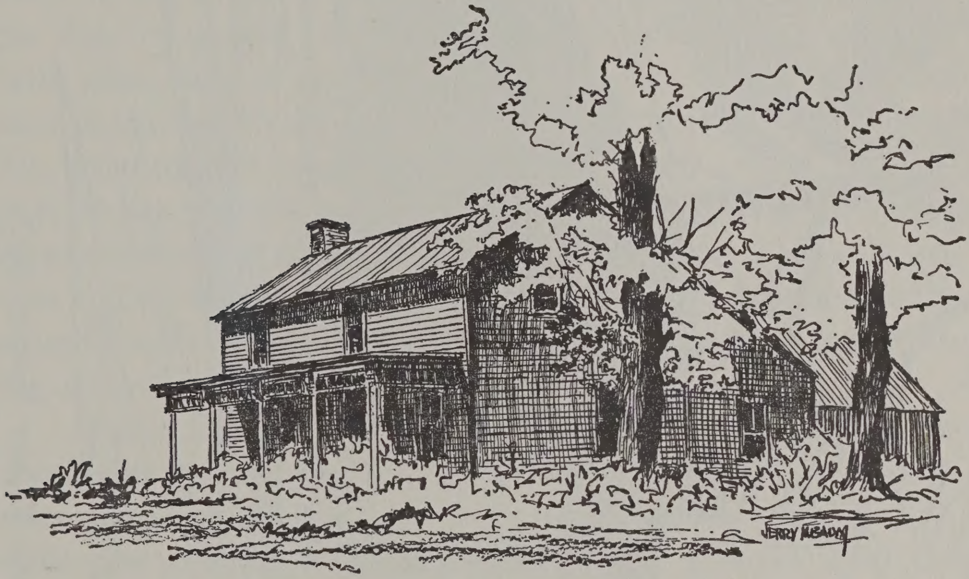
The Moffetts occupied the house until about 1917 when Mrs. Moffett sold the property to Mr. and Mrs. Albert George. It was then in a bad condition and the George family completely remodeled it, although they did little to change the exterior appearance, except for some modifications on the front porch. The Georges lived in the house until late 1963 when they were forced to sell during the airport expansion program. The house was razed in 1964.



MOFFETT–GEORGE HOUSE, MID-1840s–1964

From a photograph made in 1964

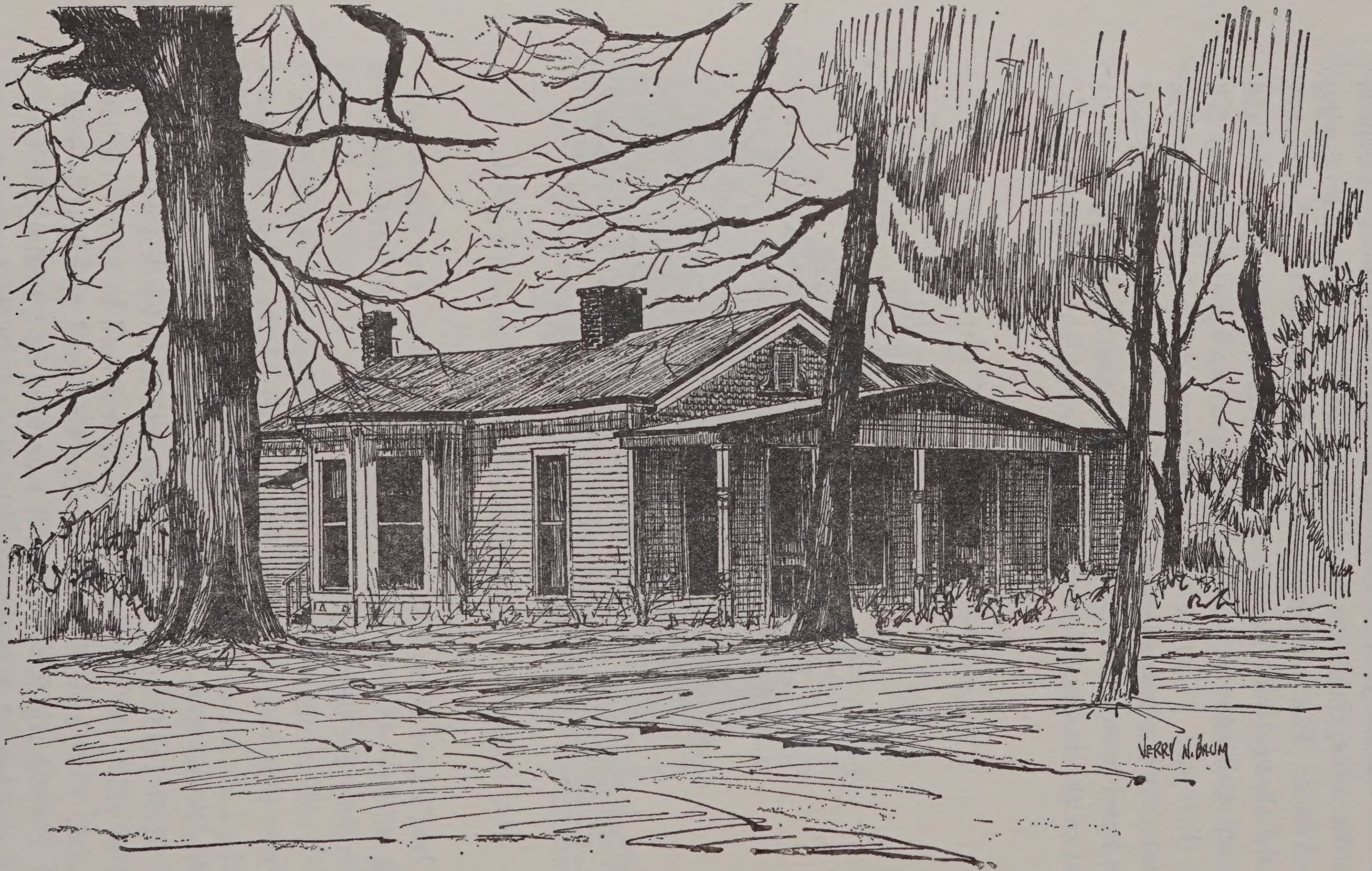
The McJohnston-Schlensker house on Kansas Road was built by Kinlock McJohnston, youngest son of the first pioneer, Charles McJohnston, on part of that family's land entry. Kinlock is said to have built the house for his bride, but he was married twice and we are not certain which bride. He was married first to Mary Anne McCutchan in 1840; she died in 1845. Then a year or two later he married Leanna DeBruler. In either case, the house would have been built sometime during the 1840s. The property was purchased by the Schlensker family about 1865. During the last quarter century of the old house's existence it was occupied mainly by renters and fell into disrepair. When it was finally torn down in 1964, it was found that the frame work was of sturdy white oak that had been hand hewn. A single beam thirty feet long supported the front of the house. Most of the plaster, which was the original, had hog's hair mixed in it to act as a binder. The site is now occupied by a new house built by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schlensker, the fourth generation.



McJohnston–Schlensker House, Mid-1840s–1964

From a photograph made in 1962

Another house that has had some historical significance, and one that was for many years a part of the scene, we shall call the Lida Henry house. The main part of this structure was originally the first frame school, erected in 1852, near what is now 9130 Petersburg Road. After the new brick school was built in 1874, the old frame building was sold to Mrs. William Inwood, who had it moved across the road to what is now 9001 Petersburg Road. Here it was used as a rental property, and a number of different families lived in it during the years



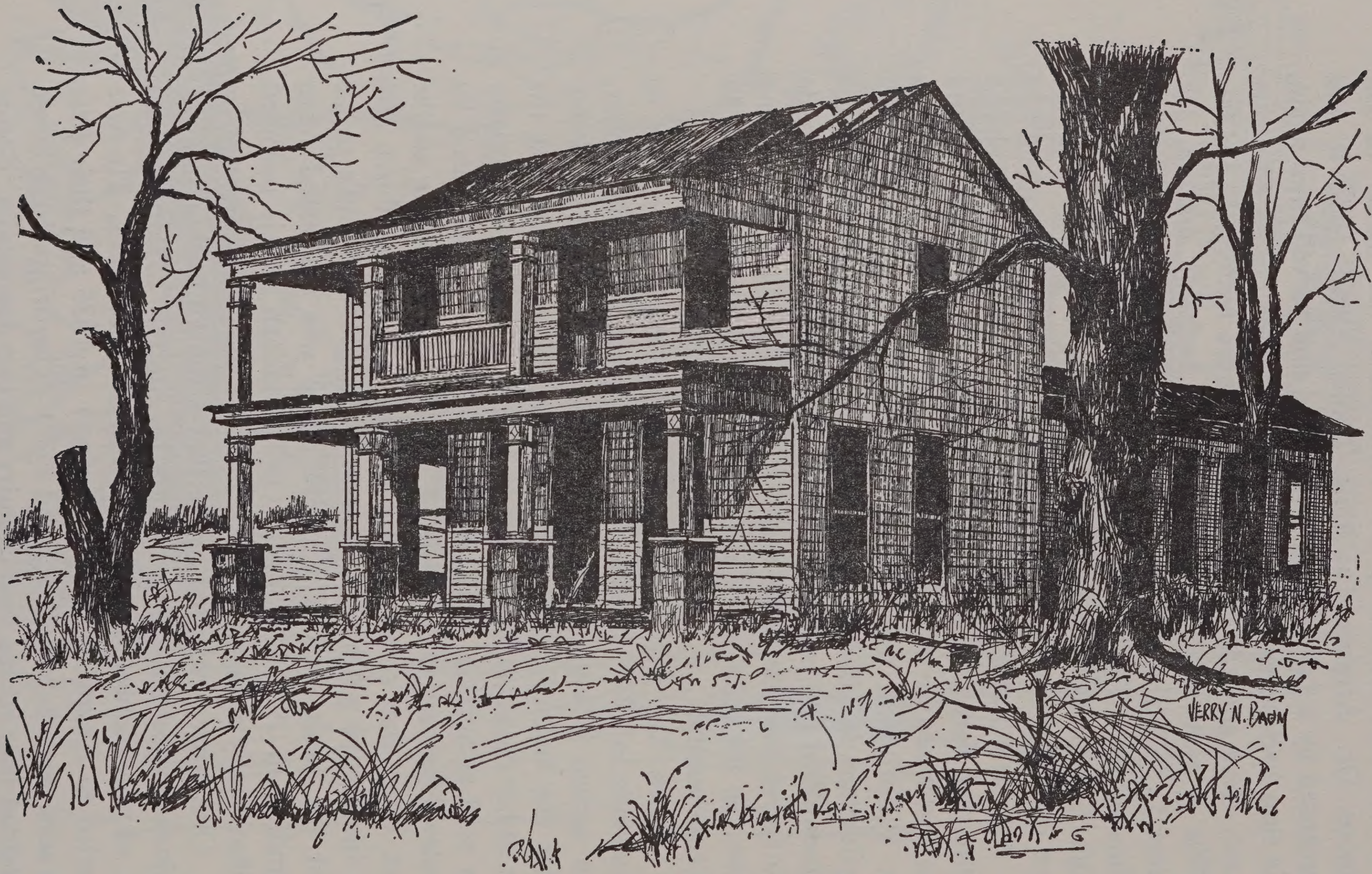
Lida Henry House, 1852
Moved twice, extensively remodeled about 1898, and razed in 1957

From a photograph made in 1956

that followed, including Dr. Armistead, the maker of the famous Dr. Armistead's Ague Tonic. About 1886 it was purchased by a family named Schmahl and moved once again, this time back across the road to what is now 8820 Petersburg Road. Here again it was occupied by more renters. In the late 1890s it was shared by two young bachelor doctors, Dr. James L. Whittinghill, a native of Warrick County, and a Dr. Johnson. Dr. Whittinghill also taught at the McCutchanville High School. Both young men were horse fanciers and the barn on the property was considered quite an extravagance in its day. It housed five thoroughbred trotters, was equipped with some sort of system of running water in the stalls, and also contained living quarters for a stable boy. Just before Dr. Whittinghill married my father's sister, Ellen "Nellie" McCutchan, in 1898, he bought the house and had it extensively remodeled and enlarged. The bay window on the south side was added, carbide lights were installed, and a central heating system in the cellar made it one of the most modern houses in the community.

When Dr. Whittinghill moved his medical practice to Evansville in 1907, he sold the property to Miss Lida Henry, who owned it until a few years before her death in 1960. After she suffered a stroke and it became apparent that the rest of her days would be spent in a nursing home, the property was sold at auction in February 1957, and was purchased by Wesley Hamilton who owned a large estate adjoining to the west. Later that same year the old house was torn down and the impressive gates to the Hamilton estate were built at almost the exact spot. The entire estate was purchased from Hamilton in 1960 by Harold O. McCutchan and is occupied by that family at this time.

One other lovely old house that I must mention was the Erskine-Swope house. It was built by Andrew Erskine, second son of the pioneer family, probably in the 1820s. He was married to Abigail Ewin (or Ewing) in 1825 and their first two sons were born in 1827 and 1830. The original log house contained four rooms, two upstairs and two downstairs. Some-



ERSKINE–SWOPE HOUSE
Log portion built in the 1830s, remodeled and enlarged after Civil War, razed in 1957
From a photograph made in 1957

time later rooms were added in back and in front, and the handsome two-story porch was built across the front from which there was a magnificent view. The house when finished was mainly in the Federal-style of architecture, although, according to Wilbur Peat, in *Indiana Houses of the Nineteenth Century,* the two-story gallery was not common in this area.

One curious feature is that the house was built exactly astride a section line. Legend has it that Mr. Erskine did this on purpose because he did not want to live adjacent to a public road. This prevented the extension west of what is now called Millersburgh Road.

The house passed into the Swope family through a series of untimely deaths. In 1856 William H. Erskine, the eldest son of the builder, married Sarah Ann Hornby. Before he died three years later (age thirty-two), he fathered one son, Henry Erskine, who became the sole heir to his grandfather's property upon the death of the old gentleman in 1864. In 1867 Henry's widowed mother married Albert A. Swope. Then, before Henry reached his twenty-third birthday he died, leaving the property to his mother and stepfather. After a few more years the mother died, and the estate went to her husband, Mr. Swope, who later married a second wife, Margaret Whitehead.

After the Swope family finally abandoned the house in the 1940s, it was occupied by renters for several years and then stood empty, finally falling into complete ruin. The old barn, which was also part log, was torn down about 1955 and the house finally came down in 1957.

It is interesting to note that the Erskine letters quoted in various chapters of this book, particularly in the following chapter, were written in this house.

XIX

SOME OLD LETTERS

VOLTAIRE HAS WRITTEN, "The post is the grand connecting link of all transactions, of all negotiations. Those who are absent, by its means become present; it is the consolation of life." What a consolation letters must have been to our forefathers who were isolated here in this wilderness with no means of communicating with their friends and relatives in distant places. Today, with direct-dialing telephones and radio that can put us in contact with almost any corner of the world in just minutes, letter writing is becoming a lost art, but it was most important in the early days.

It is indeed unfortunate that so many of these early personal letters have been lost, because they are a wonderful source of information for the historian. Nowhere else can one find so perfect an account of life as it was lived at the time of the writer. The little bits of information on daily activity that they provide can be woven into a more accurate picture of the times than can be gained from all the recorded accounts of the unusual and spectacular happenings. I am including here several letters that have not been quoted elsewhere in this volume. The original letters are all in private hands.

The earliest letter I have found is now in the possession of Dr. and Mrs. Albert Hahn. It is stamped "Henderson, Ky.

December 30," and addressed to "Mr. William Erskine—at or nigh Evansville, Indiana."

William Erskine, as we have related before, was the second permanent settler in the community, having arrived here in the spring of 1820. Since he and his family had spent the preceding winter in a log house in Evansville, he, no doubt, was acquainted with Hugh McGary who laid out the town of Evansville. It was probably through McGary that the letter was finally delivered to the Erskine cabin in McCutchanville. It reads:

On Board my Boats at Hendersonville
December 29th 1823

My Dear Friend Erskine I thought to land at your place this morning but as your town is not mentioned in the navigator we passed this morning in the fog. I am on my way to New Orleans loaded with flower corn beef cattle hay corn meal & apples. I have a number of articles I thought to sell at your place such as spinning wheels Earthen ware & castings. However I think of being Down next fall God willing with some articles of merchandise when I will allow my self to see you.

From the unfavorable time in Ireland on Farmers my Father and Family were oblidged to come to this country. My Father & Mother are both Dead both Died last August My Mother on the 5th & my Father on the 7th. My Brother James & Sister Sarah are teachers in the acadamy in Maysville Kentucky which is worth considerable by the year. My Sister has at preasant forty young ladys studying the English painting & Drawing under her & my Brother teaches in the Classical Department. Brother Samuel Robet is attending to my Bussiness at preasant & Sister Brown is still in Ireland how wonderfully a Family scatters through the world. We have been fortunate in the world way in this Country but the loss of our Parents Mr Erskine has been verry hard but we must be resigned to the will of Providence.

I trust in God your family is all in health. You will be so good on the receipt of this to write me to Natchee as I will detain there to sell the principal part of my loading. Let me know how our friends in Ireland are doing particulary your Brother inlaws Family as I am very anxious to hear from that Family. Let me know how you are doing & if any of your Family be married. My own Family was well when I left home two weeks ago which consists of my wife & two sons my oldest two years & 7 months and my youngest 11 months. Fail not to write to me to Natchee or New Orleans with hopes for your welfare in this wooden world

Amitally yours,

JOHN MOLYNEAUX

Excuse Haste as my
Boats is going on

* * *

Here is one written in County Westmeath, Ireland, on August 22, 1842, addressed to "Mr. Mathew Parks, Evinsvill, Indiana, America" and postmarked "Castletown—Paid Au 25th 1842." It was actually a letter to Parks's wife Catherine McCutchan Parks, from her parents. Since Catherine was only twenty-one when this letter was written, she had not been in America very long. To identify her further I can give this bit of genealogy. She and her husband, Matthew, had a daughter, Jane, who in 1866 married John Ruston. John and Jane Ruston's daughter, Margaret, married Allen McCutchan, and Allen and Margaret McCutchan were the parents of the well-known University of Evansville basketball coach, Arad McCutchan. The letter reads:

DEAR CATHRINE I received your letter on this 2 of July which gave me great comfort to hear you are all in good health. Dear Cathrine forgive me for not wrighting to you before this. A few days after I received your letter William came for me to go to Kitty what was very ill. I spent three weeks with her untill I left her quite well. I was not long at home untill I got a severe cold and was very ill with it but I am quite recovered I thank God.

Dear Cathrine I don as you told me. I wrote to Mr. Joseph Parks the few lines you wrote to him in your letter. I got no answer from him since but I was talking to Andrew Reyley and he told me that their was an account from America which makes me think he got my letter.

Dear Cathrine Robert Parks told me when I would be writing to you to let you know that he and the whole family are gowing to America in this month and has their land and crops sold off and has got two hundred and fifteen pounds for it and he tells me that their is nothing shurer than they will gow whare you are. I need say no more as you know them yourself as well as I do. Tell Mr. Dobson I was talking to his brother in Streete. He is quite well and has got married to one of the Miss Brocks in Granard. Dear Cathrine we are getting on just the same way as when you left us. Your father sleeps in Clonyn. Still the childering are all gowing to school just the old way as when you ware at home with us and are still expecting to see you again and their sister Mary Ann but I think shee has quite forgotten us all as Shee never writes to us not even a line or two in your letter but the reason is I think Shee is so taking up with her little daughter. Dear Cathrine Kitty and family seemed quite gelous that you did not mention something in your letter conserning the death of Mary Ann, but Kitty said it was hard for you to think of as much as you did. Dear Cathrine James Geran Sends his love to you and Mathew and still expects to see you all yet. Dear Cathrine I have to part with your favouret the white cow as shee I may say gave me no milk since shee calved. Shee is quite dry. I intend to sell her as a fat cow again the latter end of harvest. All the neighbors Round me are just the same as when I wrote my last letter no one married nor no one dead. Your Father was very glad to hear his aunt was in good health and all the rest of his friends.

Dear Cathrine give my love to Mathew and Kinlaugh and Mr. Dobson and all my friends as it would be too tedous to mention them separate, not for getting my little grand daughter. Still be telling her she has a grandmother Sapose she never seese her Keep her in mind of me its well, but I forgot to tell you to let me know is there any fear of you to have a young one. Don't forget letting me know in your next letter which I will expect as soon as you receive this. I trust God this will find you all in good health as it leaves us at present. Give my love to Mrs. Parks in perticular and I trust in the lord she is getting good health in that strange country. Your father and Jane Eliza James Joseph Andrew Rachal all send ther love to you Sister and all their friends.

No more at post from your affectionate Mother and Father
ELIZABETH AND ROBERT McCUTCHAN

The two sheets on which this letter was written were folded and sealed with red wax. The Mary Ann who was mentioned was Catherine's older sister married to Kinlock McJohnston (Kinlaugh in the letter). Their daughter Frances (the little granddaughter mentioned) grew up to marry William Erskine in the first wedding ceremony performed in the new brick church in 1880. (See Chapter 10.) They were the grandparents of the well-known present-day teachers, Frances and Eloise Erskine.

"Your father was very glad to hear his aunt was in good health" refers, we believe, to Mary Ann Vickerstaff McCutchan, wife of William, who at the time of this letter was sixty-five years old, widowed, and living with her son, George Bond McCutchan, in Scott Township. (See Chapter 1.)

⁂

The following letter bore this address:

Thomas Piggot
to be left with Rich Ruston
Sandersville
Vanderburgh County
Indiana State
United States
America

April 1st 1851 CHATTERIS

DEAR SON AND DAUGHTER, I recd your Letter 20th March 1850—and should have wrote sooner but I have been very ill but I am much better now thank God for it—

I recd my money of Wayman a fortnight after Michaelmas last—Sister Ann & Husband sends their kind love to you and hope to hear you continue well—likewise Sister Sarah the same.—and Sarah Grimwood and Ann the same. John Roe & Sarah Wool send their love to you. Wm Wool the son of Sarah Wool was married a short time back. We all give our love to Mary Skeels (widow) and family.

England is in a very poor state in Agricultural Districts at this time no work hardly is done and what is done very little is received for it, from 6 shillings to 8 shill per week, & women 8 pence a day—Flour 1/8 pnd per st. Butter 11½ per lb. Meat 6 p. per stone on an average.

One example out of many I will give you. A person informs me he saw 200 people at least going to the board for relief a few days back. Ann & Sarah Grimwood are both very steady and are in service they both remain at their place they was at last year Ann at Jos Haywood & Sarah at Mrs. Brook's. I wish you would send us word where to direct to—that is to say where you live. Sarah lives with me and lets her house. Betsy Gunton is a good girl is 8 years old 16th April next and goes to school is a very good scholar of her age. Would it be adviseable for us to come to America think you? That old house of old Mrs. Middleton in the lane is pulled down and a Chapel is built for the Primitive Methodists the congregation are very large. Tobias Digby died at Christmastime last. A great many people keep leaving England for America and a great many more intend it.

Do you intend coming over here to see the Exhibition [the International Exhibition suggested by Prince Albert]? It will be open in May and will continue open some months. There is a great alteration here you would hardly know it. The River is greatly deepened and tunneled over through Sladeload and gardened upon the top of it.

From your loveing Mother

MARGARET MUTTON

The above letter, owned by Mrs. Grace Hahn, was written to one of her ancestors at the English settlement, Saundersville. Thomas Piggot was born in England in 1812 and died here in 1891. He and his wife, Mary, are buried in the cemetery located a quarter of a mile west of Noble's Chapel. The writer of the letter, Margaret Mutton, who asked if she should come to America, apparently never did. A letter to Thomas Piggot a few years later informed him of her death. The "Mary Skeels (widow)" mentioned is perhaps the same Mary Skeels from whom John and Sarah Whitehead purchased their farm the following spring (1852)—land now occupied by Lake Talahi and its surrounding estates. (See Chapters 1 and 17.)

◆

The Erskines and Hillyards were among the first families here to send their children to college. It is said that each fall they would load all the trunks and belongings and a supply of food into a wagon and drive to Greencastle to enroll the children in Indiana Asbury (now DePauw) University. The following interesting letter is full of advice for Mary Erskine, one of the first women of the neighborhood to go to college, from her Uncle Andrew. She was later to become the mother of the famous authoress, Annie Fellows Johnston.

McCUTCHANSVILLE
Feby 4th—1853

DEAR MARY You see I have commenced on a sheet of foolscap fearing that a sheet of letter would not contain all that I wish to communicate. I received your kind letter last evening Dated 14th, and was happy to learn that you were all in good health and pursuing your studies. I suppose by this time you can correctly compare the *real* pleasures of traveling and being from home with those that are anticipated and imaginary. New objects soon lose their novelty and it requires us to keep close watch on ourselves to prevent 'ennui,' but it is easy for the mind to revert upon some of the pleasing associations of home, of rural life, of friends etc. And then there is that officious and kind little friend, Hope, that is ever at our elbow with his mirror, placed there too by a kind parental hand that is ever ministering to our wants. As a friend of mine writing from Ireland observes (speaking of our different and varied pursuits in life and comparing this country with Europe) that "human life everywhere is checkered with the same hopes and fears, the same joys and sorrows, and our temporal advantages or deprivations are but short-lived after all, and are intended to prepare us, we trust, for a higher and happier inheritance."

The main question then that we should be always ready to propound to ourselves is, What are we doing? Are we expending our time and our means in that which will neither benefit us nor society either now or in time to come. Every person can answer that to themselves because *they* only can know fully their own arrangements, and a person not knowing the arrangements of another dare scarcely venture an opinion. A young man should be very particular in laying out his plans for life and prosecute his studies accordingly. He should, in a great measure, be his own judge. If we leave the matter to teachers or to the fashionable world, I fear the accomplishments recommended will be like articles of dress, regulated more by fashion than utility. I cannot here help reverting to the history of Henry Hillyard, my own nephew, and one in whose welfare I take an interest next to that of my own sons. He spent a day and night with us last week. He went to Madison from Green Castle where he found a speculator loading some flatboats for New Orleans, he assisted in loading, went down with him to Orleans and stayed there two or three weeks with the boats. On his way down however the owner of the boats informed him of a vacancy for a clerk in a commission house that he thought he could procure for him at N. Orleans, worth $50.00 per month and board. The office was filled when he went.

The result however would have been the same for he could not have filled it creditably one single hour. His half learned Latin & Greek would do him no good in business. Chickens and Turkeys etc were a good price there and he hastened up to engage in the river trade until the commencement of the next session of College in Sept next. I took a great deal of pains to dissuade him from it, but he parted with us fully intent on his plan. I saw him in town on Tuesday and he informed me that from my advice and his Father's that he had given up the river trade and was going to engage in a school in the Bayou. I am sorry to see him so unsettled in mind and so unfinished in his education. He said two years more at College will finish him, I say four at least, which will put him past thirty, then so many opponents as candidates for clerkships, the different professions, and business pursuits etc so that success in afterlife will be a good deal of a lottery and his life almost half spent before it is well begun. If I do not greatly misunderstand him, his highest ambition now would be, to be owner again of his own little farm and horse.[1]

You speak my Dear Mary of your teacher recommending a regular course and of taking up Latin at first. So will the Physician recommend a "regular course" and the Lawyer too, this is their interest, but I consider the study of Latin, Algebra or Chemistry as little suited to you and of less utility, as sewing, knitting and spinning would be to the boys. True it may do as a means of spending time and money with those in the upper circle who have nothing else to do, but to those who intend to devote the remainder of their lives to some useful avocation, those branches would seldom if ever be called in requisition. I would very much prefer a knowledge of music, which is a great solace after the fatigues of the day, or in the evening of life. Those branches will not even be required for a teacher of common schools for the present century. I know I lay myself liable to be accused of a want of taste, but I cannot help that, I speak from my sincere convictions, founded on long experience and close observation. I fully appreciate your kind offer respecting John, but I fear he is not advanced enough for college. I have him at school at present and have made such arrangements as I think will enable me to send him pretty regular for two or three years. I have leased over two thirds of the farm to Wm. & Andrew, given up to them the farming utensils, part of the crop and stock and on such favorable terms as will enable them to get a good start on their own places. I have deeded to each of them something over three thousand dollars worth of land, and sold all the remainder except the home farm containing about 140 acres. The interest on the proceeds of which, with a small income from the farm, will enable us to live comfortably with something considerable to spare for benevolent purposes. [See Chapter 21.] The boys still continue to board with us and most probably will for a year or two. Wm. has received two letters from Levi, and has written one which has no doubt come to hand before this. My health is about the same as when you left. The ague still continues with Andrew, he was very low last week, he is now much better. The rest of the family are well. Your father's family are in health about as you left them. I see your father pass three or four times a week with bark [?] pork etc. Wm. and I advised him strongly to sell his pork. I think he had sold when you left. There was so much going in I was afraid of the price coming down. He rather regretted selling, he thought he might have got six for the large, and traded the small around for nearly as much, but I believe before he got any taken in, or but very little, it was down to $4.50. Your brother Wm. told John A. at school that they had written three or four letters to you, and had recd. as many.

---

[1] Henry Hillyard died in 1856, three years after this letter was written, at the age of thirty-one. His sister, Ann, who was another of the group attending the university, died two years after Henry at the age of twenty-eight. They are buried side by side in the Blue Grass Cemetery.

Your old neighbor Stephen Burtis started for California on New Years-day. He drove Maria H. to Parson Atchison's the same morning, had the words said and she accompanied him to town and saw him off. A novel way to form a union by turning their backs on each other. Levi speaks of having the blues, but I thought he and you would be proof against them, especially with the aid of James and Ann. One day a little cloud settles over our mental hemisphere, the next day probably dispersed. Some of our greatest writers, even divines, complain of this, and we know not why it comes over us, but so it is from the cradle to the grave. As I have not yet got through, please look at the strip inside.

[the following inserted on a strip of paper]

I am getting almost as much ashamed of this long letter as I was of your short one, we *will* be in extremes. Well you will say, enough of that, but I want to tell you that I can't give it an even trade. I must have two or three of yours to Boot. Please write when convenient. Tell James to try his genius on paper till we see how he looks. You should all be very careful to preserve the proper balance between the exercise of the mind and that of the body. If you draw too largely upon your mental energies without proper exercise it will produce a languor that will be injurious to both. The finest education or property either, without health is worthless. Remember me affectionately to James, Levi and Ann separately. Your Aunt Charlotte and Cousins send their best respects and kind love to you all. Your system of writing is very much improved. I do not know whether my small instructions had any tendency, but I think I can see a likeness of my system in it. When I was in Town on Tuesday last I understood that your Uncle Asa's youngest child had died that morning. I suppose that you have had that intelligence from home. Do not study too hard. Write soon. And believe me to be Dear Mary your affectionate Uncle

ANDREW ERSKINE

⁂

In the preceding letter of February 4, 1853, Andrew Erskine wrote of his youngest son, John: "I fully appreciate your kind offer respecting John, but I fear he is not advanced enough for college."

However, even though John was only fifteen years of age, the following fall he was enrolled at DePauw with the other children. Before the second month had passed be became ill and died there on October 17. The two letters that follow are full of the poignant grief of the family shocked by this untimely tragedy. The first was written by the dead youth's older brother, William, relating how he returned the remains to McCutchanville for burial. The second contains the reflections of the bereaved father.

October 31, 1853

DEAR COUSIN: According to promise I take this opertunity of writing to you to inform you of my journey home. I got to Jefersonville about Twelve Oc that evening the next morning we went over to Lewisville and found that there was no chance for a bote at Lewisville and Henry went down to Shipensport and procured a bote the Federal Arch a very comfertable bote and kind oficers when they found my business. I started about Twelve Oc a fue minutes after Henry left me on Tuesday and did not get to Evansville until Thursday at Five Oc in the evening I got a conveyance and got home about Ten Oc at night. Andrew had bin waiting for me in town that day and had given me out that evening. I found father as well as I expected and more resined to the wil of providens than I expected to find him. I dreaded to go home expecting to find him down sick but he was up and was able to go to the funeral. John was buried the next day at Two Oc when we saw him laid in the tomb it went very hard with us to look back but a few weeks when he left us in good health and now has paid the det that we must al pay sooner or later. Mother is very bad with her foot which has turned to an ulser or to arasipelus. Dr. Bray is tending on her he has been out to see her and said he could not pay the atension required unles she was brought to town so we took her in so as to be under his care. Your father and the rest of the family are al well and does not apear uneasy, Uncle Jameses family ar al wel but very uneasy about the Children they heard at Conference al about their sickness but was told that they was out of danger. I made the best of it I could under the circumstances.

Our quarterly meeting had broke before I got home they had meeting every night through the week Br Whitens preeched Three sermons on Sunday although they had fine preeching and warm feeling in the church among the members there was no one joined the church nor seekers after religion.

You would be surprised to hear that Kinloch McJohnston and John Inwood had left the Church for reasons unknown.

I am not very wel having much fatige on my journey home. you must excuse these few lines for the present. I am in hopes that they may find you al beter than when I left you.

Write to me and let me know how you are al getting as I feel very uneasy. I remain your Cousin

Wm. H Erskine

* * * * *

McCutchansville
Nov 7th 1853

Dear Mary I have just passed through one among the greatest trials of my life,—I say passed through it—but it will be ever present with me, even to the grave. Wm. arrived late on Thursday the 27th with the remains of my dear child and trunk, a fearful contrast with the morning which he started with his little outfit for Green Castle. He was interred next day in our burying ground arranged by me in such a manner that he will lie between his dear Mother and little sister. The greatest consolation I have under the circumstances (next to hopes of meeting him in Heaven) is that of his being brought home and accompanied to the grave with the deepest and kindest sympathies of relatives and friends. You may imagine my feelings when the first news I had of a twelve days illness was a dispatch of his *death*. True, I rec'd a letter from you stating that he was better, but it accompanied the dispatch, and the frightful news of his death fell first into my hands. I then of course prayed that I had been with him, but without any blame to you, it was merely the yearnings of a father's heart who wished to administer to the comfort, and receive the last looks of his dying child. I rec'd your kind letter written on the day that Wm. arrived in Green Castle. I fully appreciate your deep sympathies for me, and deeply sympathize with you in the many trials and troubles that have assailed you and your little circle of friends, but the Almighty best knows what is for our good in this world of trial and tribulation.

You mention in your letter several things that I probably now reflect on. No my Dear Mary I have nothing to reflect on, for I am confident that from the very first intention of sending John Allen to college until the time of his death, every thing was done by all of us (yourself included) under a sense of duty and for the best. I had every confidence in you that your watchful care over him, your kindness and affection would be that of a parent, and that confidence remains the same, and I am not so selfish in my sorrows as not to see and deeply feel for your situation—returning to Green Castle to renew your sorrow and open a wound that was yet bleeding—your little party almost all sick of both families—and one who was a general favorite among you lying a corpse was a scene of the deepest sorrow and affliction. The part of the letter that he had written and which I value above all other relics, I have not yet seen. Everything yet remains where you placed them. I directed his trunk to be taken up to his room, and I have not had the strength nor fortitude to open it, and I know not when I will. His last wishes were characteristic of his life—a love of home and its associations. It was a great comfort to see that he was resigned, and passed off without much suffering.

Your Aunt Charlotte has suffered much since you left. The sore has almost healed, but a kind of malignant erysipalus has attacked the limb similar to what she was afflicted with in Dublin. She was in town with the Doctors during the week and will probably remain another. She is now much better. Your father's family were all well yesterday. Your Uncle James and Aunt were here yesterday both in good health. They mention that the relatives are all well as far as they know. I hope you will write soon and let me know how you all are. I am doubtful about Martha's health, I fear she is still lingering. Let us know how the other family are getting. Your Aunt Charlotte sends her love to you all, and to your cousins. Remember me to all affectionately

I remain Yours

ANDREW ERSKINE

⁂

From a letter written by William H. Erskine to his cousin, Levi Erskine, a student at DePauw on February 3, 1854, here are some interesting excerpts on weather, church activities, and prices:

I am sorry that I did not write to you sooner but times being dul I had nothing to write about and being very bisy with wood and gathering corn. But before I thought I resieved a letter dated January/54 and was glad to hear that you was al well and doing well at your studies, and that John Hilyard was getting better. I notice that it is a fine time for sleighing in your region. We have not had much snow with us but January has bin very cold and dry. The Canal has bin froce over most of the month and the river has bin nearly blocked with ice once or twice. . . . there was a revival started down at Vicery's School house and Mr. Hall joined the church and has bin a good member since. The revival lasted about three weeks and most every one in that part joined the church among the rest Mr. Delong and most of his family, after which they moved it to our church, but there was such a diferance with the members that it did not last but three nights and the last night there was but very fue out. Father and Mother are well—better than common—our neighborhood is generally healthy excepting a few cases of tyfoid Feever. Dr. Linsby is very low at present. Relations and acquaintens in general are al well.

Markets are very good with us at present. Wheet is 1.10 per bushel Corn 40ct Flower $7.50ct Hay $11.00 per ton.

No more at present I remain your cousin,

WM. H. ERSKINE

Mr. Erskine's comment about the canal is interesting in the light of what present-day historians have written about it. Although the Wabash and Erie Canal had been in operation less than a year when the above letter was written, here is proof that already the big ditch was having its problems. Records show that the canal was actually most ineffective because throughout much of the winter ice made it impassable, and in the spring the thawing brought such an increase in the volume of water that the dikes and retaining walls would break. In all, it has been estimated that the canal was totally unusable at least a third of every year for one reason or another.

⁂

Nothing is known about the authors of the following two letters written on the same sheet. I have not found the name Nisbeth in any other old records. It would seem from the contents of the letters that they were members of one of several laboring families that lived from time to time in the community and hired out as field hands on the various farms. J. H. and Samuel were apparently brothers. One great mystery is the heading of the letter with the location "Spoon Up." Where was Spoon Up? I have found no one who knows. Although the writers were obviously illiterate, their letters are full of news and local gossip and I am sure "Henery" must have been very happy to hear from them.

VANDERBURG COUNTY ind
My 6 1865 SPOON UP

MY FIREND HENERY BENJAMIN I answer your letter I must tell you that we have all been sick sence you left us and i hav work for Marten Cashn tomas is at work at James inwoods Samuel at Georges inwood. Willian works at Willian charley inwoods father at vick mccutchens. Lievi is getting on with is house he as it coverd Charley and george is gon to Illinois it is very wet down here old man carr lives with old Mrs. Erskin. Miss hatty Chapman is a getting allong fine Robert hooker and maggy haden is marred and livs on Mrs Haden place. pleas to send us word all the perticklers about the place were you are and send us word wether there is much work and how the wages are Leivi is living with James Erskin I must close pleas to rite soon and tell me all about it.

J. H. NISBETH

On the other side of the paper is written:

Dear friend i write a few lines to you hoping to find you quite well as it leaves me unwell at this time I am still at work at G. W. Inwood for four months till the first of July I am glad to hear you are getting a long so well Earskine as got the frame of the barn up but it will be some time before it is finished i must close with kind love to you from

S. Nisbeth

⁂

Annie Fellows Johnston, the author of the famous Little Colonel books, as I have mentioned before, grew up in Erskine Lane. She and her sisters attended McCutchanville Church and the McCutchanville School. When she and her sister Albion finished their education they both taught school for several years—Annie at McCutchanville and Albion at Kansas School. Then they taught in the Evansville schools for a time, and after they had finally saved up enough money they took their "grand tour" of Europe in 1888. While on the trip they purchased their wedding gowns and returned to be married in a double ceremony—Annie to her second cousin, W. L. Johnston, and Albion to Hilary Bacon.

While touring Scotland Annie remembered her old Scottish Sunday School teacher back in McCutchanville and wrote him the following letter when she reached London.

London
June 22, 1888

Mr. Andrew Brodie
McCutchanville, Indiana

My Dear Friend: We have just said goodbye to your "bonnie Scotland," where we had such a good time, we were sorry to come away. We reached Glasgow last Friday morning, and after a delightful trip down the Clyde, visited the great exhibition now in progress. Next day we went on an excursion across Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine, took a long drive across the moors all covered with heather, and visited Stirling Castle. We spent two days in Edinburgh. Sunday morning we went to a church where they had no organ, but the singing of the congregation was grand, and we heard a fine sermon by Dr. White. Next day we visited Edinburgh Castle, and Holyrood palace and the Abbey. At the castle we saw a most beautiful sight. The soldiers were drilling in their Highland costumes. On our way down to London we stopped to see Melrose Abbey and visit Abbotsford, the home of

Sir Walter Scott. We could not have had better weather. The sun shown all the time we were in Scotland, and we saw it under favorable auspices.

I thought of you and your folks many times while there. We were delighted with the country and shall henceforth take double pleasure in the works of Burns and Scott, and all the others of whom Scotland may well be proud. At Abbotsford I gathered some of the white pink tipped daisies and some buttercups to send to Mrs. Henry, but had no book to press them in at the time, and they withered so that I cannot send them.

At present we are in London with so much to see and hear and so many places to go that we are kept very busy. Allie has gained six pounds and I have gained eight and a half since we left. We are enjoying every day of our journey to its fullest extent, and our only regret is that we cannot stay longer.

Still we think "there's no place like home," nor no friends like the friends of "auld lang syne." Allie joins me in kindest regards to yourself and Mrs. Brodie, to Mr. Henry's family and all the other friends at home.

We spoke often during our stay in Scotland of our kind Sunday School Superintendent, and of our pleasant recollections of him.

Very Truly Yours,

ANNIE J. FELLOWS

⁂

Soon after I began work on the original edition of this book I started a correspondence with Emily McCutchan Egolf, an elderly lady then living in a home for the aged in California. She had spent her childhood in McCutchanville, the daughter of Charles A. and Martha McCutchan, and a granddaughter of the first schoolmaster, Alexander McCutchan. She had a keen mind and a good memory, and for about fifteen years she wrote to me voluminously on family history and the recollections of her childhood. Although she had spent all but the first few years of her life on the West Coast, she became so interested in the community that in the end she made arrangements to have her ashes flown back here for burial in the McCutchanville Cemetery. This is an excerpt from one of her letters, dated March 10, 1950.

When my mother died in 1923, we buried her in Oak Hill where my father and brothers were buried. My two older brothers and myself were in Evansville with our cousin, Mrs. Edgar Durre. Edgar took us in their car to visit the old familiar places round about. It seems that at one time my father spent a winter in the country down in the Flats district, and my brothers attended the Kansas school. I, being the youngest, was too young. So when Edgar and all of us were driving along that road [Green River Road] that cuts Uncle Vick [McCutchan]'s farm in two, we spied Uncle Vick, then an old man, and Clarence in the field. As my brother had not seen him since he was a little fellow, he asked Edgar to stop. As my brother approached, Uncle Vick looked up and when he recognized Eugene he said, 'There's that little devil Eugene, who used to steal apples from my pit and take them to school when he would come to my house for water for the school.' I think Eugene had forgotten, but Uncle Vick hadn't—but they both laughed. And he remembered Ed, and told about the time when there was a very heavy snow with ice covering the top, that Ed came skating up to his back door about breakfast time one Sunday morning. As Ed was very cold they took him in and gave him a hot breakfast. I'm sure that was when they lived up in McCutchanville, as Ed was too young when they were in the Flats—only about five. He started to school down there before he was five because he wanted to go with Eugene—so mother let him. Well, those were nice days to look back upon, and I remember visiting Uncle Vick's family when about eight and an old turkey took after me in the barnyard. However, I was rescued by one of the family and have lived to tell the tale.

In one of the last letters she wrote before her death (dated August 13, 1964) she gave this vignette of her childhood.

I remember the Fisher family when mother rented the old Earle home in Gabtown, two miles north of McCutchanville. It was an old log house with many rooms built onto it; but the original old log house was like all the old log houses built in the early days—a big living room with a large fireplace, a bedroom off of it and two rooms upstairs. But this place had a big long kitchen where we would eat by the heat of the kitchen stove—also two more rooms on the south side where we mostly lived as they were bright and sunny. We only went into the parlor when the preacher came to visit, but I was put to bed in that awfully cold north bedroom off the parlor. Mother would heat an iron and iron the bed to make it warm before I crept in. Those were the days. I went to school that year about a mile west, near where the Whiteheads lived. The Fishers lived up there, and also a family of Lantaffs. The teacher was Miss Agnes McAvoy and she rode a horse to school, which fascinated me. One muddy day I told her my mother would like for her to bring me home on her horse, which she did. I was punished for it later, but I certainly was thrilled.

XX

EXCERPTS FROM A DIARY

ONE OF THE MOST charming and uninhibited accounts of the manners and morals of the community three quarters of a century ago is found in the journal kept by Miss Florence Ensle in 1891 and 1892. Here we find the secret writings of a spirited young girl of sixteen with a keen observation of all that happened around her, a wonderful sense of humor, an appreciation of beauty, and a passion for music.

Those of us who knew Miss Florence (see Chapter 5) remember that these qualities remained with her throughout her life. She retained a carefree air and a zest for living seldom found in aging persons. Only an hour before her death at age eighty-nine she played the piano to entertain the other residents of the rest home where she spent the last years of her life.

The journal was written in the old house now owned and occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Neil Pierce at Oakhill and Whetstone roads. The excerpts printed herein have been chosen more or less at random. The people most frequently mentioned are Eva, her older sister; Jim, her brother (Mrs. Pierce's father); Aunt Jenny, Miss Jennie Hooker who is mentioned elsewhere in this book; and Charlie or C., Charlie Clippinger, a neighbor boy who apparently was one of her favorite beaux. All bracketed passages have been added by the author for the purpose of clarification.

June 22, 1891: I am starting tonight at about 10 PM a journal. This is Monday, and the longest day of the year. Today I went to the office [Mr. Cavins' post office] and brought the mail and took my satin dress to L.S. the dressmaker's. I sewed some and in fact a considerable amount for me. A couple of elegant suits for the house, and not exactly in style they will do. I practiced some also, for my teacher is coming for the first time in the last five years. I picked up an old piece of music which was a favorite of one of my favorite friends, one I dearly loved and now love if she has departed from this world. . . . I saw one of my other schoolmates today, but she is not Julia. I will stop tonight. It is goodnight to my journal, wishing it might see the lovely golden moon—the moon that can shine only a short time for this day was the longest day.

Tuesday: I am sorry to say I was indolent and took a very refreshing nap when I should have been practicing or reading.

Friday: We ironed and tore around pretty hard. Mamma and Aunt Jennie went in and brought out the new buggy. I liked it very much.

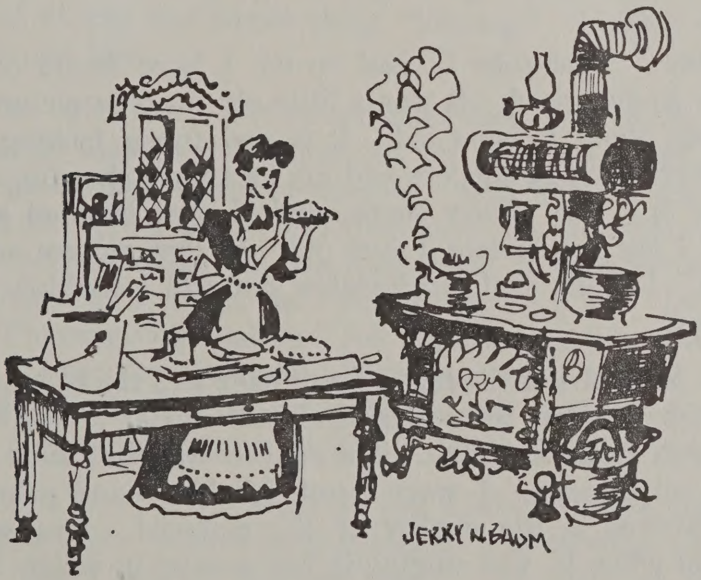
Monday: My music teacher came this week, Willie Davidson. I got my feet into finger exercises to fair you well. We had a settoo Saturday. Acy came and struck us tolerably favorable, but I of course was away celebrating the Fourth, and when I came in I thought I would slick up a little and go in and make my manners, so I made a belt for the bedroom because it had a comb and glass. I tip toed and I thought I heard someone and lo! and behold it was Acy who had retired, and "I lit a shuck." He talks through his nose and is very ugly, but *very* smart and that covers a heap. Aunt Jennie said he proposed on the way out, so we gave him our best duet, "Secret Love," and he also sang some for us. The folks went out for a ride Sunday morning and went down the Green River road across the bridge and into the woods, and on past our wash woman's, Maria, who was laughing fit to kill herself. It seems like the old man undertook to go to the creek and wash and that was more than he bargained for. Ma drove up and as Acy wanted to see a cabin and some picinninys ma stopped. Aunt asked Maria what she was laughing about, and she replied mid bursts of laughter, "The ole man went down to the crick to wash hisself and fell in head first, and when he came to de house he was jus de color of de crick. The chillun had to take a tub of water to wash him." And Maria just more than laughed. The old man was sitting flat on the ground with his feet sticking straight out and he looked so comical when he looked up and said, "Some folks can't get to heaven caze they wont never tell the gospel truth." Goodnight dear journal. There is no moon tonight, only the stars their lone watch keeping.

We had a scouring this week to be sure. First it was Davidson, "the little spider" better known as. Then Joe Walz the ticket agent gave us a call. Then Aunt Viney, and then Sue, and Conrad and Clara gave us a call of all day and night, and by that time it was late Saturday morning. Sue looks awful, Con. looks bad and Clara *is* bad, but they are clever people and gave me a cordial invitation which I intend to accept if possible. And I forgot about Uncle Rob, Tom, and Lee coming out blackberrying and then we had fun. I also went to town this week and got me a pair of new slippers. I got huffy a time or two this week, but have survived wonderfully.

Charlie made his usual call which was a pleasant one. We talked about training his voice, and he pictured himself out as Chas. S. Clippinger, the world renown singer of Boston, and he went on to say he would of course marry some millionaire and then travel and we might see in the paper about him singing in Berlin at some big concert.

Saturday: Eva and C. have gone [to an ice-cream social at Asbury] and are stuffing cream about now. I was hitching [the horse to the buggy] this eve. My appearance was almost indescribable. I had run the cows until my hair was all down, bangs straight and a dirty dress and old shoes and a red face. While in this predicament I undertook to wipe some of the dust off and was using my apron, I mean my dress, and had it hoisted in the air and Aunt J.'s old striped skirt showing. Along came C. I lowered my dress, "strange to say" and went on hitching. And C. said he would remember me for that.

Another lovely night, big, full silvery moon and so radiant as to give anyone a beautiful silvery light. I feel ashamed of putting down such foolishness, but now it is down. Mrs. Graff has been out and played some beautiful pieces. She played "Music On The Ocean" it is a serenade & it is beautiful. I know I never heard anything so beautiful as that. She also played several pieces more, but I was simply carried away with that particular one. She played it so soft and sweet. We then went to the barn. The calves were making their wants known and Albert he says to Jim, are they bulls? Jim never let on like he heard him, but A. kept asking and I think Jim was compelled to answer. The same boy asked Jim, on seeing a pig, what its name was—and glad it wasn't something worse promptly answered and told him it was Nellie. He replied, she has a big enough belly. I wanted to scream and laugh but didn't dare of course. . . . [It must be noted for the sake of present generations that in the prim Victorian era the words "bull" or "belly" were never spoken in mixed company. I remember my Grandmother would refer to the bull as "the male," or sometimes even as "the gentleman cow."] I forgot to say I picked berries up at Uncle John's and have been nearly wild with chiggers ever since, and I am scratching now fit to split. My music teacher came Wed. and brought my piece called The Joyous Farmer by Schumann. It is very pretty. We made nearly ten gallons of jelly. Granpa is full of chiggers too and says we won't get him into such a scrape again for he is nearly alive with them. Eva is laughing because he was so wildly anxious to go. But now several days have passed and Eva is paying up for that laughing. She came home the other day from Aunt Mary's covered with hives, chiggers and everything that would make a body scratch. I baked a cake and four pies Saturday, and I was fearful tired, but it was a good thing for we had company Sun. of course.



Wednesday: We rested up, and ate little for the festival at night. I flew high. I was with Essie and Bertha all the time except when Charlie had me at the ice cream table. Charlie and all that was at that table was speaking of Dock as to how we was to manage to get ahead of him so C. could ride home & there was Kate sitting not a yard away, and when we saw her we all had to laugh. I was afraid we had put our foot into it. But ma don't think she heard us. We managed it skillfully.

Friday: We did nothing worth mentioning until this evening we went down to Julia Wards to get some yeast cakes. She told Eva she was almost too old now to get married but I was just the right age.

Monday: Aunt J. and mama went to town, and it was one of those cold, dreary, rainy November days that makes one feel like fall, and like winter is actually coming and is almost here. We had a fire in the grate, and spent such a pleasant day. I love those days—days that make me feel sad, yet comfortable. I made a pair of drawers by hand, my first pair. Charlie came over, but he was sick and wouldn't eat any tomato soup we had for dinner. I was a little proud of my drawers.

Wednesday: We took Willie home, and then went out to Mrs. Bramm's. We spent a very pleasant evening after having such a good dinner in town. Lilly Hall was there visiting too, and she didn't strike me the same way a Southerner generally does. She chews wax, and that is so disgusting. She had a lovely complexion.

Sunday: That joke C. had on me I have found out and I never was so surprised. It was a little old tin type picture of me, when I was about 5 years old. It is real funny looking picture. My feet were shod in slippers and my legs were showing and they are so fat & a very pretty shape, and C. just laughed and said, ever time I am despondent I just pull out that picture and laugh and laugh. I didn't feel comfortable, but still I couldn't help but feel pleased.

Dear Journal I shall start a fresh page and try to improve my penmanship. My last music lesson I took up at Anna Erskine's and had such a pleasant time. The concert was that same evening. We were all dressed. I wore Aunt J.'s blue—and pale blue at that. Albatross is the quality of the material. Eva wore her Chally, and when E. was singing in her quartet in which Dr. Clip. carried the bass, Ma heard Ester Y. saying—Just look at Eva Ensle, don't she feel big standing up there by Dr. Clip. If there were any remarks about me, and which I have no doubt but what there was, I didn't hear any. I sang in a triple trio, "Down Among The Lillies." C. sang so well. His piece was "Why Don't They Do So Now," and he sang it so innocent. Eva sang well and so did Jim. But Ella Copeland started in 2 or 3 notes above pitch and

Davidson couldn't find her. But as Phil McCutchan said, she came in on the home stretch. D. said she sang up to G above one time.

Now for the wedding. [This was the wedding of Carrie Boeke to Jacob Schmitt at the Boeke home, a large, two-story brick, Italianate house that stood until recently on Rucker Road. It was demolished about 1964 for Airport expansion.] Carrie looked beautiful in a cream, pale cream of cashmere, and it was made simply beautiful, and so plain and it showed her figure off to the last notch. She wore a veil and carried a bunch of cream roses. Jake was dressed in black and stood up just as stiff as a board. Eva declared he stood pigeon-toed. The preacher took a text and preached a sermon before he married them, and one of the bridesmaids had been sick and it was awful trying for her. The bridesmaids looked lovely, and one of them carried a beautiful bouquet of white chrysthamems tied with a pink ribbon. It was a swell affair, a splendid supper was spread. About 600 at the house, and a special bar tender was out. I could scarcely describe everything, but especially one thing I noticed, and that was a little love affair, a singing and a gabbing and arms in the wrong places, and to cap the whole thing "kissing." I think they felt their wine and beer.

Dec. 3: Mollie has left us and Rosa Bell, too. Rosa gave me a pretty white shawl and 50 cents for my birthday. Eva gave me a pair of gloves and bottle of vaseline. Charlie gave me his ribbons from the spider party, and then gave me the little charm he got in the pop-corn that trip we took down to Henderson. I am now wearing it as a watch, the ribbons holding it on. John Boyle came out Thanksgiving and also Joe Walz and family. We had a high time. Aunt Jane brought a Ouija board and we run it nearly all the time. I am going to die at 20 but will be married and have one boy. Grandma gave me $1.00 for being 17 years old.

Dec 31, 1891: I will write to you a while as this will be the last time this year. I have been negligent and careless. I am going to be "more bestest" the new year. The death of Mrs. and Mr. Ruston was sad. The Xmas entertainment at McCutchanville was very good. Our entertainment was, I hope. I was so scared I don't know how it went only from hearsay. Xmas Eve we went up to Epworth League. C. went up with us and we put up at Aunt Mary's and walked on up. Jim and John came along behind talking and Charlie just offered his arm to Eva and not to me, and after we had gone a little piece he said, "Come on over on this side of the road," but I said it was very good walking where I was. He came down Monday night after me to practice and I had to go with him then. But I am even and square up for the new year. John is home with sideburns. He is so fine looking. He took Eva home after the church doins was over.

Jan 10, 1892: I shot the old year out and am not a better girl after all. I scrubbed on New Year's Day and fussed at Eva because she wouldn't help me, but at night we went to a party at George Hornby's and it was a terrible night but we had a glorious time. I had a high time with James Moffett and heard about it afterwards at home.

March 6: I have had a big bushel of fun since the last time I wrote. I have been to the opera, and have paid Davidson. Relief, and have taken two music lessons, and had fun in general. Ma bought me a new bisque doll and she has beautiful hair. I have made her a new cap to protect it, and most of her underclothing is made. Eva was determined to call her Hattie and I am determined she shall not. She isn't named or christened yet. The opera was splendid. I can scarcely describe it. It was so good. I have the program and I can never forget Miss Abby and Otis Tucker, and nothing can make me forget those singers.

March 20: We are now hustling about our dialogues and pieces and songs etc. We have several good dialogues and of course every child has a piece to speak. I have not been practicing much this wk. but I have been studying, and was examined yesterday for a diploma. The examination was hard and very hard and I was so tired and wore out when evening came. Didn't get through till after 5 P.M. I do hope and pray that we will all pass though I am afraid Warren won't for I heard today that he forgot the History questions and didn't even see them. I hope the report was false. Willie and I studied all day Friday and studied so hard I couldn't hardly sleep that night, but I do hope I will pass, in fact I want all nine of us, Willie and Warren, and Jimmie Erskine and Levi Erskine, Arthur Inwood, Morton McCutchan, Addie Henning and Ella Copeland and myself. [Since this examination was held in Evansville, and on a Saturday, it may be assumed that this was an examination for a teaching license. In those days anyone who had finished the eighth grade and who could pass the examination could become a teacher.]

March 28th: After all my studying I didn't pass, and I think nearly every one else did at least all I heard from except Warren and he went Sat. and had his examination in history, so I guess he will pass. Of course I think it very strange that Warren passed and I didn't because I told him every question but 2 in Arith. and everything else I knew.

April 17th: Easter night I will try to write a few sketches from time dated back. I took my music lesson on Tuesday and Davidson hasn't been out since and won't be for a while. A great many things has happened since then. Above all things the marriage of Miss Annie and Levi Erskine which is all over the country, it spread like wild fire and everybody is laughing and wondering and all sorts of tales are being told on her. [Miss Annie was Annie Headen. She was a prominent schoolteacher, fifty-two years old at the time and never before married. Levi Erskine was a sixty-year-old widower whose wife had died less than two years before.] We heard that she said, "Levi proposed to me when I was 18 but I refused because I thought I was too young, but have loved him ever since." Grandma thinks she never said it. She is to be married at 8:30 in the morning and then take the train and go up to Heber's on a wedding tour. She and Levi were out at church today and Miss Annie's face was red as fire, and as we were passing out the aisle Charlie whispered, "There goes the blushing bride now." Annie Erskine is taking it pretty hard and so is Levi, his youngest son. I feel sorry for Annie and I think it a very foolish match. Annie Erskine had a solo today and she sang it beautifully and in fact the services were all nicely done. There was a large crowd out this evening and a good supply of babies. Our text was, "He is Risen and Become The Fruits of Them That Slept."

May 2nd: And a rainy day, a splendid day for reading and writing and practicing. Miss Annie was married last Thurs. and went to Mitchell for a week. Uncle Bob's folks were out at the wedding and they stopped as they went back. They said Miss Annie and Mr. Erskine were both scared and Henry Benjamin cried all the time. Tom and Henry was afraid Miss Annie couldn't make biscuits fast enough. They went off on the 10 o'clock train and the people at the train threw old shoes and slippers after them, and some of the shoes were on the train when it was going. We all went to hear the Schubert Quartette Thurs. night. It was splendid, but of course some of it was above us that we couldn't appreciate it, but taking it as a whole it was splendid. Willie B. took us with his old horse, Logan, the most horrible looking old wretch I ever saw but he could pull and that was all we cared for.

May 10th: was Henry Boeke's birthday and they celebrated the fact with a rousing big party, and we were there and I think it will be the last party I will go to around here. There are too many toughs and this thing of playing and associating with those boys is to much. I am going to reform, and although Henry is somewhat struck on me and Mr. Boeke patted me on the head when we were taking refreshments and called me his little girl, and Henry also offerd to pin on my snow-ball, I must reform. I forgot about the fishing party which was held at Ferlick Creek near the Perkins residence. I caught the second fish and also the largest fish and brought it home and cooked it. We fished all day in spite of mosquitoes and rain and I can hardly say we had fisherman's luck, for we caught about 3 doz. in all and had a good mess of fish for supper. This Dear Journal is not a fish story.

May 29: I went to town Thursday and also Eva went with me and we had so many escapades, the most interesting ones were taking a dinner at Fitchner's and paying for it instead of taking a lunch which would have suited the pocket-book much better. We had Lottie shod and when we went to get out I got out first and then E. carefully lifted her dress and made a lunge and her dress caught on the step and she fell and her dress caught and there she hung, her skirts up and, she thought, her legs a showing and those men looking right at her. We got some sateen to make up my old dress with and left it at the Boston Store. I hope mama will get it today. Eva and Jim have been going up to practice and they brought home some of the music. It is very pretty, especially one quartette for male voices. M.Z. Tinker is coming out to teach the Singing School. Haas is under par somewhat. I heard that they had him up before the conference for playing Bingo at Denzer's party, but I think it is a mistake.

June 7: The Decoration [Memorial Day] music was very pretty and also the address given by Dr. Grimm, although I would as leave hear Mr. Boring. We went to Oak Hill in the afternoon and I took a few honey suckles for Julia's grave, and nothing for Uncle, but still it looked very well and was in very good order. The address given by Dr. Bacon was fine and the music was very good only Mrs. Frick broke down in singing the Star Spangled Banner.

Monday: We washed of course, and in the afternoon I undertook to make over a dress and asked E. to cut a yoke out and she made such a botch that I cried and fussed and got mad in general.

Annie [Perry] and Asa [Erskine] are going to be married tomorrow night at the church and C. & Nellie and Fannie and Jode are going to stand up with them [Charlie Clippinger, Nellie McCutchan, Fannie Perry, the bride's sister, and Joseph Erskine, the groom's brother]. She is to be married in cream colored cashmere. E. got her a lovely picture. "Calling The Ferryman" is the name of it and it is beautiful.

Today we did as little as possible, but mostly preparation for the wedding at night. We went over to Mrs. White's and got our dresses. Eva was a splendid fit, but mine was too tight and the darts to high up but I wore it anyhow. Annie looked very pretty in a cream cashmere and Jode and Clip. looked nice and also Nellie and Fannie looked very pretty and the whole thing went off in splendid style. The church was nicely decorated and the house also, and nice supper of ice cream and cake, and a room full of handsome presents.

Sunday: There wasn't any preaching at Mc. so we didn't go up in our surrey. We went out to German Church but came home after Sunday School because Ella, Clip and Gertie came up and we had a very nice time. After they had gone Aunt Mary and John came down and we had a good time swinging until we were tired. Then I went over with Virgie and we played our duet, and then Mrs. Baumann served some ice-cream, home-made and just splendid too. After we had eaten 3 qts over there Mrs. B. brought the freezer over here and we made some and it was splendid. John ate 3 plates and nearly all of us ate 3 or more plates. We then went up to League in the surrey and took V. with us and had a good time. It was the first time I ever got up and read at League. The verse I read was this. "My meditation of him shall be sweet. I will be glad in the Lord," and I had to rake up considerable courage to do it. Asa and Annie, or should I say Mr. and Mrs. Erskine, were there and looked just as natural as ever. But of course now that they are married they won't come to Singing School only once in awhile.

Saturday I don't remember what I did but practice for the organ which I thought would be out at the church Sunday. Sunday I went to church but the organ hadn't come so I was disappointed. We went to League Sunday night and we made Grandpa go. He has been making a great deal of fun about the League. He says it is just a sparking spree, and when we wanted him to go he always and invariably says he "couldn't stand the bitin' and gougin'," so we made him go.

July 1st: Sat. we baked and fixed for company which we had Sunday. Saturday night we went to a social at Clippinger's and had a good time. They pinned a ribbon on each girl and also one on each boy and the boys went around and hunted the ribbon that matched theirs and then he took that girl to supper. Dr. C. took Eva and Jode Erskine took me. Jim waited on the table and took Sallie C. to supper. Charlie sat right down and talked to me and of course J. and E. were watching me and I have heard scarcely anything else since.

Sept 2nd: Clayton Clippinger preached on Sunday night after Epworth League and he did preach a splendid sermon. He preached about people, that is people who think you know the very hour when you are converted. He said he didn't believe that had to be. He said if we looked in our hearts and found we had no hatred for any one and tryed to do our best he believed all was well. I can't say I agree with him but still I came home feeling so much better and cheered with the thoughts. I shall always feel thankful toward him. Our concert is past and it went through all right. Hugh forgot to say his part. Still we excused him on the grounds of being a little scared and then he tried to act his part and he couldn't do both at the same time. Eva's and Miss Fisher's duet went off fine, only the wind blew off their music, but only for that they did it fine. Jim and Mr. Tinker brought down the house with a comic piece in which Jim patted the old man on the back. Mr. Boden has been out and tuned the piano, but couldn't find any buttons. We have had a scouring from one of Aunt J's Kentucky friends and we all liked him very well. This week we have been sewing carpet rags and I believe we have enough for 50 yards. I hope so anyhow.

Monday: Mama and Eva took the carpet over and I studied considerable for me. I would like to see Jim tonight and would like to know how he likes his school. I know he must be lonesome away down in Posey County among strangers.

Tuesday: We washed and tore up Eva's old pink wrapper and sewed it up into carpet rags and it made two balls.

Sept 10: We have canned peaches and peaches and peaches and nothing but peaches. Goodbye dear old Journal.

XXI

MISCELLANEA

ANDREW ERSKINE, the second son of pioneers William and Mary Erskine, apparently was a man of considerable education. Since he was twenty years old when he arrived here he probably had received all of his schooling in Ireland. He was one of the first teachers in Center Township, and also a trustee of the first free school in the county. The following document found among the Erskine papers is neither dated nor signed. By comparing the handwriting of this paper with letters signed by him there is no doubt that he was the author of this "Plan of conducting a good English School."

In the first place the scholars should be so classed that the cypherers and those in Mathematics (which generally include the larger scholars and the best readers) should form a first class in reading in the best books either on Morality, History, Geography etc., and the writers and those commencing Arithmetic a second class. There are always from six to a dozen generally so little advanced as not to be in any class. When a school commences of a morning the teacher's time should be devoted to the smaller scholars until the classes are all full. The first reading class should then be called, when finished and proper explanations on it, orders should be given to go to cyphering, which gives them the full benefit of their time. As the second class can be profitably employed in the interim in studying their lesson two or three times over. The second class should then be called after which they should go to writing. The remainder of the forenoon until half past eleven should be employed among the smaller scholars (which always require the greatest attention, as many of them cannot improve themselves) and also with the writers and those in Arithmetic. At half past eleven or sooner according to the advancement of the students, orders should be given to study Geography. It should then be called shortly before turning out at noon, and with it finish the forenoon's exercises.

The first thing in the afternoon is to hear the Grammar lesson, after which orders are again given to go to cyphering, then the second class in reading, and the orders to go to writing and so on the same as in the forenoon until half an hour before turning out when orders are given to go to their spellings. Then hear the spellings and finish the day. Although I did not require that those who were advanced in their studies should stop to study their spellings, yet no scholars could ever escape from reading once a day and spelling once. The above was my regular course winter and summer except on Friday evenings, which was generally employed in examinations in tables* and Arithmetic, also in punctuation, and choosing sides in spelling. Also explaining to the smaller ones their christian duties, Lord's Prayer etc. which now more properly belongs to the Sabbath school duties.

---

* Those commencing in Arithmetic had to say tables every day. Indeed it is a good rule to have the writers studying their tables a week or two before the teacher intends putting them to cyphering. It was always a fixed rule that no scholar, whether spelling, writing or cyphering should ever leave (that is change) his seat at any time of the day, week, or year without my permission. There was no mixing nor travelling. Anything wanted they had to come to me.

⁂

The same Andrew Erskine of the preceding sketch wrote his will in his own hand on May 15, 1862. One of the stipulations was that a "Vanderburgh County benevolent fund" be set up from the proceeds of certain promissory notes and be kept invested *"forever,"* "the income to be used for needy persons," and be distributed by the trustees

to poor families, widows and orphans, newcomers in distress or persons in Vanderburgh County suffering from want of clothing, food or fuel, especially in the winter; not to be paid to drunkards, but to their suffering families if worthy; not to companies or corporations of any kind except such associations as may be formed for the relief of the poor; not to churches of any profession whatever, but to those in distress and especially to suffering families from whatever country or whatever name of denomination; not to paupers who are a county charge but to such as by a little timely aid may be prevented from becoming a county charge.

The trust fund still stands today and now totals between fifteen and twenty thousand dollars. It is administered by the Juvenile Court and most of the money is spent in annual gifts to the United Fund, to the Christmas seal campaign, and for clothing for needy children.

⁂

At one time, a long time ago, McCutchanville almost got a Quaker settlement. In the late 1840s or early 1850s some Quakers from Pennsylvania came looking for a place to start a new community. They purchased a large piece of land between Whetstone Road and Oakhill Road, just south of the present Oak Hill School, and started to clear it. However, in a short time they pulled up stakes and went back to Pennsylvania never to return. For years the tract remained undeveloped and was called "The Quaker Land."

During the Civil War the Home Guard used part of it for a drill field. A number of years later the Denzer family bought the major portion of it, but it is said that they had some difficulty at that time getting a clear title because it was hard to locate all the Quaker heirs back in Pennsylvania.

⁂

Through all the years there have been only one or two small industrial ventures in the community. Perhaps the largest and most successful operation was the John Clark Tile Factory located on the north side of Kansas Road on property later owned by the Angermeier family and called Lake Grove, and presently owned by the Evansville Gun Club. According to the Alex Perry diary, the factory was built in April 1885. It manufactured quantities of four-inch field tile that was in great demand while the Blue Grass Creek bottoms were being cleared and drained. When, after ten or fifteen years, the clay began to run out, the operation was abandoned.

A few years later the Tieman Tile Factory was built, almost directly across the road from the Clark site, but set considerably back in the field. It reportedly paid labor $3.00 a day, a very high wage at that time. I can barely remember the old Tieman Factory. We could see it from our front yard, and it had a very shrill whistle that blew every day for the noon hour. It went out of business suddenly at noontime one day in the very early 1920s when the boiler exploded. Fortunately, the workers were at lunch and no one was injured, but the blast shook the whole neighborhood. The boiler blew clear out of the building and landed several hundred feet away on the bank of the creek. I think part of the rusty old iron is still there today. That was the end of the tile-manufacturing business in this area.

⁂

Every village or small town has its characters, I guess. McCutchanville has been no exception. Through the years there have been many. Some of them have appeared elsewhere in this book, but two or three others come to my mind that should not be left out.

In the very early years, further back than anyone living today can remember, there was one John McCann, who roamed the country playing the fiddle. He always turned up at the old-time frolics, the huskings and barn raisings or any other gatherings that were likely to end with a dance. Although he left no mark in the history of the area, he no doubt did a great service in his time by helping to break the monotony of the rugged pioneer life. It is also said that he was a valuable worker in the stillhouses and for a time made whiskey for Samuel Scott who lived about a mile south of the present Inglefield. He drifted from the scene as the years went by, and no one ever knew what became of him.

One old gentleman that I knew well when I was a small boy was Uncle Luke. I shall never forget him. He was very old. He, himself, did not know how old he was, but he had been born in slavery and could remember his life on the plantation before the Civil War. His real name was Allen Lucas, but everybody called him Uncle Luke, or just Old Luke. He lived alone in a little cabin near our place on Green River Road. I spent many an interesting hour sitting in the sun at his back door listening to him spin his tall tales. When he got tired of me he would say, "You git on home now. Your ma don't know where you is. Git on now." And I'd have to "git," for that was indeed the end of the visit.

In spite of his age his health seemed always good. He knew herb remedies for almost any ailment. His only complaint was, "My feets hurt."

He was an expert gardener, and he would hobble a mile and a half almost every day to work his garden patch on the Coots farm along the Headen Road. It was not that he could not have had a strip of ground for a garden patch near his home; he just preferred to have it where it was. Everywhere he went he pushed his two-wheeled cart ahead of him. Luke and his push cart were almost one and the same.

He had been a powerful man in his day, but when I knew him he was already too old to work in the fields. However, he would take on jobs of digging stumps out of the fields and worked at that whenever he felt like it. Sometimes it would take him all winter to get one stump out.

One time some of the men in the neighborhood played a trick on him. They somewhere got an old department store mannequin and hid it behind a shock of corn near the end of Luke's garden. Then they watched, as they worked in an adjoining field, to see what would happen. As the morning wore on Luke finally went around the shock to relieve himself, and suddenly looked up to see what he thought was a nude woman staring at him. For once he moved pretty fast on his sore "feets."

Also in the Negro community were Rose and Bud. To tell their story properly I must start at the very beginning. In the 1870s, before there were child welfare agencies to look into such cases, a young white woman came to Evansville with an infant in her arms, probably an illegitimate child. Nobody ever really knew. On a pretext that she had to look for work, she left the baby in the care of a Negro family that lived in a shack settlement along the banks of Pigeon Creek. Although she said she would return for the child before nightfall, days, weeks, and months passed and she never did come back. And so the little red-haired girl, which they named Rose, became a part of the Negro family. The man of the house was a lazy drunkard who whipped and beat his children into begging and stealing to keep food on the table. Little Rose, a misfit in the society into which she had fallen, seemed to bear the brunt of the punishment. After many bitter years, when she finally reached her early teens, she had become as hard as her bad environment and decided that she would no longer bear the torture of her black foster father. She ran away and eventually came to live with another Negro family in Kansas Flats. This was then mostly a community of tenant farmers who cleared the land for the owners and in return received the privilege of farming the cleared land for a period of years.

The sounds of the clearing axes rang through the forests from dawn until sunset, and the columns of white smoke rose high into the air from the burning log piles.

The strong young girl, who was known then as Red Rose, worked with the men in the clearing. She could swing an ax and take her share of the work at the log rollings. She worked like a man, cursed like a man, and drank with the worst of them. But nobody took advantage of her or gave her any trouble. The small, sharp stiletto which she reportedly carried tucked in her belt was ever ready to ward off even the most agressive. The saying was, "Don't mess with Red Rose." Sometimes she would hire out to the farmers and work in the fields cutting corn or pitching hay, and all agreed that she was good at it. When liquor sometimes got the better of her, she would be found lying in a ditch by the side of the road sleeping off her drunk. The young girls from the neighboring farms, who rode horseback a lot in those days, were always afraid of her because sometimes she would stagger out of the ditch and yell at them to scare the horses.

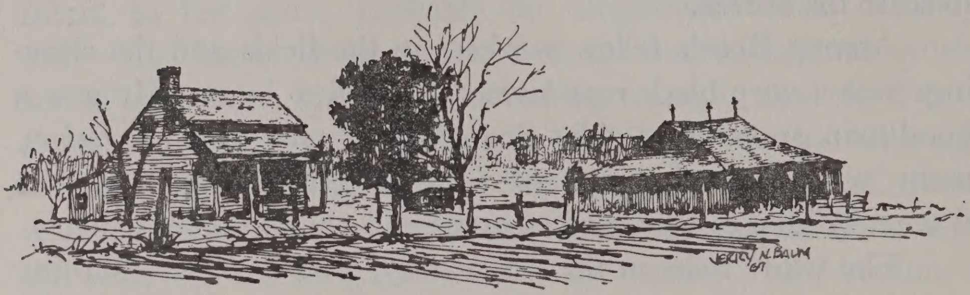
Among Rose's fellow workers in the fields and the clearings was a very black man named Cornelius Jones. He was a good man, some years older than Rose. By her own admission, many years later, he was the first person she had met who was really kind to her—and so eventually they were married.

The white folks in the community, who had done nothing to help Rose improve her lot, now expressed shock and anger that she should have married one of the Negro field hands. In compliance with a state law that prohibited interracial marriages, they saw to it that the couple was arrested and locked up in the Boonville jail. Years later, when she looked back upon that experience, Rose would say, "I still can't eat beans today. That's all they ever fed me in the Boonville jail." However, through the ordeal, love between them did not die, and when they had finished their sentences and were released, they immediately ran away together and were remarried in Illinois. When the clamor over their marriage finally subsided, they returned to the neighborhood and lived out the rest of their long lives in apparent happiness together. Cornelius acquired the nick-name, "Bud,"—and Rose and Bud became a legend.

Love and marriage was a quieting influence on the wild, young woman. Gradually she left the fields and the clearings to take the role of a housewife. Later, when the traveling preachers came to hold revivals in the old abandoned Kansas School building, she went to the meetings and was converted and baptized. From then on she never touched liquor again.

Although they never had any children of their own, they opened their home at various times to orphaned Negro children, and Rose gave them the love and care she had never had as a child.

As old age came to them, they lived on in peace and happiness together, doing chores for the folks in the neighborhood and gaining the respect and affection of everyone who knew them. When at last they were both gone, everybody said, "Rose and Bud were certainly two good old people."



WEBER–AHLES FARM

This is a drawing of the old Weber-Ahles farm on Kansas Road, one of the last all-log pioneer farmsteads to survive. It is not known when the buildings were built, but it may have been as early as the mid-1830s. Some time much later the log house was covered with weatherboarding as it is seen here. Also the barn was surrounded with a board lean-to, but the log center structure was always plainly visible.

The photograph from which this sketch was made has an interesting story. About 1905 a traveling photographer came through the country and took pictures of the various homes. After his negatives were developed and printed, he returned to knock on the door and offer the occupant "a fine picture" of his home for only $5.00. When he called on Mrs. Betty Ahles, she told him in no uncertain words that she had not ordered any picture and was not about to be hornswoggled out of $5.00 by any such fast-talking scheme. So, resigning himself to the fact there was no sale there, he went on this way and tore up the picture into tiny bits and threw it away along the roadside.

That afternoon when little Billy Hartig was walking home from Kansas School, he saw a few scraps on the road. Curious to see what the picture was, he searched the ditches until he found all the pieces, took them home and pasted them together on a sheet of paper like a jig-saw puzzle. It was from this that artist Jerry Baum made the above sketch.

In 1915 the old log house was moved farther back from the road to make room for the present house. It continued to stand as a sort of storage shed and summer kitchen until it was finally torn down in 1960. The barn caught fire and burned to the ground in 1958.

⁂

Once there was a man in the neighborhood named John Arhelger who was, among other things, a treasure hunter. He was born and grew up on his family's farm just across the county line in Warrick. His sister Lizzie worked for many years as a domestic in Dr. Clippinger's home. However, at the time of this story he was married and lived with his wife, Clara, on the Green River Road north of Daylight. He was a tall, thin, dark man and drove an old Model A coupe. Somewhere, I never learned where, he had acquired a sort of divining rod that was supposed to find buried treasure. He called it his doodlebug. It was a Y-shaped device tipped with a cartridge that was filled with some sort of granules or nuggets, and it worked on the principle of the forked peach branch used in the early days by water witches.

Speaking of water witches, it might be interesting to mention in passing that Mrs. Tom Jarvis, Sr., was thought to be the best water witch in Kansas Flats. With a peach branch she is supposed to have located the wells on most of the neighboring farms and never erred. Two excellent ones on my farm were located by her back in my grandfather's time. I have heard him say that the third one, the well at the barn, was never any good because they did not dig where she told them to. She marked it directly in front of the barn doors. Since this obviously was not a practical location, they dug instead near the southeast corner of the barn and consequently missed the main vein.

But back to John Arhelger and his doodlebug in the early 1930s. He would roam the countryside in the dark of night holding this device parallel to the ground. When the thing suddenly twisted in his hands and pointed down, that was the place where the treasure was supposed to be buried.

One time he came to our house and asked my father's permission to dig on our farm. He said he had located two places where there was buried treasure. One was near the Indian village site on the hill, and the other was in the lower forty, once owned by my great-grandmother, Hannah Horan. My father readily gave permission, and I think, for a moment, almost became a believer in the doodlebug when John showed him the place where he wanted to dig on the lower forty. It was at the exact spot where my great-grandmother's log house once stood. It brought back to his memory a family matter he had heard discussed when he was a little boy. Grandmother Horan lived alone after her two daughters married the McCutchan brothers. Her only son, Thomas, had been a Civil War prisoner at Andersonville and had died in the explosion of the steamboat "Sultana," while he was being returned home at the end of the war. Because of his death she was supposed to have received a payment of one thousand dollars from the government. One day, a few years later, she walked through the woods to spend an afternoon with her neighbor, Mrs. Headen, and while she was there she suffered a stroke and died. The family never found any trace of the one thousand dollars in her house or among her belongings. They always assumed that she had hidden or buried her money somewhere outside.

So it seemed that, after all, John's doodlebug might have pointed to pay dirt.

Many nights he dug. Several times I went with him. By the light of an old kerosene lantern I have seen the doodlebug definitely point to the ground, but as soon as a few spade fulls of dirt were turned it would not work anymore. John said it was the spirits. He firmly believed the whole operation was controlled by the spirits, and if they became offended in any way, they would not let you get the treasure. Apparently something went wrong every time, for so far as I know, if the treasure was ever there, it still is.

The same thing happened back at the Indian village, except that when he went there the spirits would tease him, he said. After he would start to dig the doodlebug would not work anymore, but instead point to a new location a few feet away. Then when he started digging there it would point somewhere else. So he would go from spot to spot until he would wear himself out for the night; and it would be the same thing over again the next time.

He also worked at several other "secret" locations. The only other one he ever divulged was on the top of the Walz hill (now Sky Point Farm) where a house stood many years ago beside the old cedar tree. He said there was jewelry buried there. So far as I know he never found anything anywhere. He and his wife are both dead now. I never knew what happened to the doodlebug.

⁂

A half century ago there were held annual meetings called the "Farmers' Institute of Center Township." These were one-day meetings held at the schoolhouse, usually consisting of morning, afternoon, and evening sessions. There were guest speakers, a farm expert and a home economist, and the farmers and their families brought samples of their produce to enter in competition, much as at a small fair. Lunch at noon was served by the PTA.

There is extant a secretary's book for the years 1917 through 1925. From it we learn that the guest speakers expounded on such subjects as "The Farm Labor Problem," "Rural Community Life and Its Possibilities," "Farm Management," "Conservation of Food and Time," "Green Manures," "Beautifying the Home Grounds," and "Co-operative Marketing."

The recorded attendance in 1917 was 183 at the morning session, 203 at the afternoon session, and 150 at the night session. The enthusiasm and interest seems to have faded, for by 1925 there were only 46 at the morning session and 44 at the afternoon session. No night session was held. It was about this time, however, that the "Institute" was superseded by the 4-H Clubs and the Scott-Vanderburgh Fair.

Here are some of the prize lists taken at random. Ribbons and cash awards of $1.00, 75 cents, and 50 cents were given in each category.

POP CORN (1917)

1st	Clarence Seib
2d	Willis Moffett
3d	Howard Moffett

WHITE CORN (1918)

1st	Herb Ahles
2d	Clarence Cooksey
3d	Oscar Gerhardt

BARRED ROCK POULTRY (1919)

1st	Ruth Webb
2d	Harold Peter
3d	Isabelle Schlensker

SWEET POTATOS (1919)

1st	Selma Heilmann
2d	Philip Heilmann
3d	Robert Henry

POP CORN (1920)

1st	Clifford Wilson
2d	Clair France
3d	Harold Peter

WHITE ROCK POULTRY (1921)

1st	Sammie Moffett
2d	Isabel Swope
3d	Geneva Hornby

BUFF ROCK POULTRY (1921)

1st	Clair France
2d	Oscar Riggs
3d	Frances Erskine

COOKIES (1922)

1st	Alma Gerhardt
2d	Madge Hornby
3d	Martha Riggs

JELLY (1922)

1st	Mrs. A. E. Swope
2d	Mrs. Jason McCutchan
3d	Mrs. R. D. Henry

YELLOW CORN (1925)

1st	John Engle
2d	Melvin Engle
3d	David Hornby

OFFICERS OF THE INSTITUTE

	Chairman	*Secretary*	*Treasurer*
1917	Clarence McCutchan	Wm. Erskine	Ernest Hornby
1918	Ernest Hornby	Philip Heilmann	Carl Peter
1919	Philip Heilmann	Carl Peter	Asa Coots
1920	R. R. Henry	Philip Heilmann	Jacob Patterson
1921	Robt. Henry, Jr.	Thomas McCutchan	Jacob Patterson
1922	Thomas McCutchan	Theo. Kuhlenschmidt	James Moffett
1923	Thomas McCutchan	Theo. Kuhlenschmidt	Homer Pearce
1924	John Heilmann	Wm. Erskine	Wm. Ahles
1925	John Heilmann	Wm. Erskine	James Moffett

⁂

In one hundred and fifty years of growing up a community has had a lot of time for joy and happiness, but there have also been many times when tragedy and disaster struck. The Civil War and its toll of dead and wounded was perhaps the greatest tragedy of all, but here are recalled a few of the other more memorable events that have touched our people.

July 18, 1864	The Rev. William Atcheson, a pillar in the community, fell from a load of hay and was killed beneath the wheels of the wagon. He had just recently returned home after being discharged from the army with a physical disability. He had served three years as a chaplain with the 42d Indiana Regiment. He was forty-eight.
October 9, 1864	Andrew Erskine, another of McCutchanville's very prominent citizens, was killed by a train at a railroad crossing in Odin, Illinois. He was sixty-five. Many of his letters and a description of his old homestead are found in previous chapters.
Jan. 13, 1866	The boiler of a steam sawmill exploded on the banks of the Blue Grass Creek just across the line in Warrick County. Five men were killed and three were injured, one of whom died later. Those killed were Jake Steinmetz, his son, Mike Steinmetz, and his son-in-law, Henry Dennis; also John Dennis and another man whose identity is not now known. All five were buried in a common grave at the Zoar Church in Warrick County. A Mr. Klei later died of his wounds. The two who were injured but survived were also members of the Steinmetz family.
March 2, 1874	William C. Inwood, thirty-six, was crushed to death by a falling tree.
————, 1874	William S. Connor, twenty-six, was found dead on the railroad track. Since there was no evidence of foul play, it was assumed that he had been stricken by a heart attack. During the night a passing train had severed the fingers

	from one hand. His death occurred just before the birth of his first child, William G. Connor.
Aug. 15, 1895	Mary E. (Moffett) Browning shot her second husband, William A. Browning, and then turned the gun on herself. He recovered. She did not.
Feb. 4, 1907	Alfred Huebner, twenty, son of George and Esther Huebner, was killed at Erskine Station when a train struck his buggy during a snowstorm.
Dec. 28-29, 1920	Death visited the home of Chester and Minnie Moffett twice during the same night. Their sons Marion, age six, and Willis, age thirteen, both died of pneumonia within hours of each other.
May 7, 1932	Clair France, twenty-six, youngest son of Bailey and Ella France, was killed in an automobile crash near Rockville, Indiana. He had been working out of town and was returning home to spend the Mother’s Day weekend with his parents.
March 14, 1944	A P-47 Thunderbolt crashed into the Jason McCutchan residence on Swope Lane shortly after taking off from the Evansville Airport. The house was almost demolished, but miraculously no one was killed or seriously injured. The house was rebuilt, but two and a half years later, in November 1946, it caught fire one Sunday morning and burned to the ground.
Aug. 16, 1945	Austin Aabel, son of Hans Aabel, served in Africa, Sicily, Italy, France, and Germany during World War II. In Germany he was awarded the Bronze Star for Meritorious Service. After three years overseas he returned home for discharge and landed in Miami, Florida, on his twenty-ninth birthday. He talked with his father on the telephone and then boarded an L. & N. train for home. But he never reached home alive, for he was accidentally shot to death with a souvenir pistol as the train was pulling into the depot at Atlanta, Georgia.

Sept. 25, 1954	Emilie Raley, eighteen, daughter of Ralph and Thelma Raley, was killed in the crash of a small private plane near Mount Vernon, Indiana, while taking her first airplane ride. She and a friend had left Evansville about 7:00 on this Sunday morning and had planned to take only a short trip in order that she could be back in time to teach her Sunday School class at the McCutchanville Church. Both she and the pilot were killed instantly.
Oct. 1, 1954	It was only six days after the above tragedy that Kay V. Work, thirty-nine, was killed when his motorcycle was struck by a car on U.S. Highway 41 near the Pigeon Creek bridge.
June 22, 1964	Shortly after midnight fire broke out in the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Pierce at Sky Point Farm. The house was leveled and four of their sons perished in the flames—Walter T., seventeen, Stanley R., fifteen, Samuel L., twelve, and Will Daniel, eight.
Dec. 12, 1967	Stephen Leggett, eighteen, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Leggett, went hunting on the family farm. When he had not returned in a reasonable time, a search was started by neighbors, members of the McCutchanville Fire Department, and the sheriff's deputies with dogs. About 5:30 P.M. his body was found near Indiana Highway 57 in a thicket. He had apparently become entangled in underbrush and shot himself in the chest.

* * *

The weather is always a topic of interest and conversation. Alex Perry, and later his daughter, Mrs. Mary Johns, made interesting weather observations in their diaries which indicate that extreme conditions were not uncommon even in the earlier years. Here are some entries chosen at random:

Aug. 7, 1869	Great total eclipse of the sun.
Jan. 8, 1886	The great snowstorm was on Friday. Snow 8 inches deep. Some of the byroads drifted full. Thermometer 6 below zero.

Jan. 15, 1888	Ice and snow. The boys skated all over the township and every place. Lasted two weeks. [I have often heard my father speak of this winter. He was eleven years old then. A thick crust of ice formed over the deep layer of snow so that it was possible to skate up and down the roads and even across the fields. Grandfather walked along the railroad tracks all the way to Evansville to buy the boys some new skates.]
April 29, 1899	Earthquake at 8 o’clock Saturday evening.
Feb. 1902	Ice and snow the last of Jan. and first part of February which made good coasting on A. Coots hill for two weeks. [Laura Steinmetz Althoff, in a letter to my mother written from Florida, March 1961, reminisced on this. “I can see Mr. Coots’ huge bonfire on the hill behind their house that as soon as it was lighted was a signal to one and all to gather round—which one and all did. Mr. Coots was lovely about wanting us to enjoy it and was the last to say goodnight. He began with storing up old fence posts and limbs he pruned all year, and at the very first sign of good sledding he set these afire and the shouts and squeals rang out on the winter air. Those long ago days—long gone friends of past years are almost sacred to me.”]
Oct. 3-4-5, 1910	Had heaviest rain in years. Rained 56 hours without ceasing. Flood in lowlands carried away shocks of corn. [Weather Bureau records confirm this. The most rain ever recorded in a twenty-four-hour period was 6.94 inches on October 5, 1910. A total of 10½ inches fell during the three-day period.]
June 19, 1914	Had a tornado. Damaged our trees and barn doors. Ruined barns down the Oakhill Road.
Dec. 11, 1917	A heavy snow fell blocking the roads. Filled our lane from 3 to 4 feet deep. Filled the road at Whitehead’s 8 feet deep.

Jan. 11, 1918	Another heavy snow fell. School was closed for one week. The snow was 3 feet deep on the level. The cistern had a light skim of ice. Many lost fruit frozen in cellars. [This was the memorable winter of '17 and '18 which many still living remember as the worst winter ever. The neighborhood was paralyzed. This was before the time of mechanized equipment and the roads had to be dug out by hand with shovels. All the men in the neighborhood worked at it. In some places the banks of snow along the roads were higher than a man's head. Willie Patterson died at the home of his sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Bruner. It was a week before the body could be taken out for burial.]
Sept. 5, 1925	Temperature 107. Grass all dead, trees nearly bare of leaves. [This, however, was not the hottest day on record. The Weather Bureau says the temperature reached 107.5 on July 13, 1936.]
Aug. 9, 1930	Saturday 6:30 PM after a very high temperature of 106 a sharp wind blew from the north filling the houses full of dust, blowing loads of leaves and piling them against our back fence. Had started for Mrs. Whiting's. The wind blew the barn door off the track and could not get the door open. Conover's woods caught fire. Wind blew such a gale that flames rose 30′ high. Fire trucks came out. [The trucks were from Evansville. This was before the McCutchanville Fire Department. Conover's woods was around what is now Lake Talahi.]
April 11, 1935	A dull cold day but we had the worst dust storm. Dark clouds of dust rolled over us 2000 feet up. It came on about 9 AM and was at its worst at 3 PM. Then gradually cleared at 5 PM leaving everything coated thick with dust.
Jan. 10, 11, 12, 1937	Everything was coated with an inch of ice. Trees everywhere were broken down.

Jan. 1937 Rain began and fell on an average of one inch a day for five days. Furlick flooded everything. Roads all about closed. We had a little lull for one day then it began again on the 20th with renewed vigor. Still poured on the 21st. Everybody in the neighborhood trimmed broken trees and piled brush between showers. Friday night Jan. 22 it snowed to a depth of 6″. It remained cold enough to hold most of the snow. Ohio River went on a rampage. The 25th the river was 52.1 and still rising. Much of Evansville flooded. People moving out. Several families have come out here. In the Kansas neighborhood stock and families have been moved to high ground. 2 ft. of water is around Bob Henry's old house. John Angermeier is surrounded by 3 feet of water. Andy Schmidt has his hogs in his kitchen. All roads to Evansville are blocked off. No mail and no bread man can get through. Saturday Jan. 30 the river was reported to have fallen ½ inch. Depth reached 53.7, 35′ above flood stage. [Weather Bureau records show the actual crest was at 53.8 feet.]

⁂

The late Colonel Leroy S. Foster, a long-time resident of McCutchanville, was a first cousin of John Foster Dulles. At least once while he was serving as Secretary of State Mr. Dulles visited at the Foster home here. The following social item appeared in the Evansville *Courier* dated December 9, 1960.

Mr. and Mrs. Leroy S. Foster and their granddaughter, Miss Jingle Igleheart, of Whetstone Road, McCutchanville, have returned by plane from Washington, D. C. where they had been invited by Postmaster General Arthur Summerfield to the John Foster Dulles Memorial Stamp Ceremony. Mr. Foster is a cousin of the late Secretary of State Dulles. After the ceremony the Fosters and Miss Igleheart were guests at a luncheon given by Mrs. Dulles at her home. Guests at the luncheon were members of the family and partners of Mr. Dulles in the law firm of Sullivan and Cromwell and their wives.

The morning of January 18, 1967, the Evansville *Courier* carried the following front page story under the headline, "UFO SIGHTINGS REPORTED HERE."

> Two unidentified flying objects were reported sighted northeast of the Dress Memorial Airport control tower about midnight Tuesday. A spokesman at the control tower said the objects, blue in color, had been sighted visually, but that they were unable to pick up the objects on the radar screen.
>
> The spokesman said a beam, similar to a spotlight, was emitted from an object at tree top level and would pulsate and then disappear.
>
> The objects, one trailing the other, with one appearing to be half the size of the leading object, appeared to have no definite shape.
>
> Several callers, including one from Carmi, Ill., Monday night, have reported objects similar to the one sighted north of the city.
>
> The spotlight-type beam is described as being whitish-yellow in color.
>
> Control tower personnel declined to guess what the objects were, only that they had been sighted in the vicinity.

For a number of years the sightings of unidentified flying objects around the nation have made news, but this was the first time anything of the sort had been sighted over the McCutchanville area. At the time of this writing people have many different explanations of these phenomena. Some are certain these are space ships, or flying saucers, from another planet. Others scoff at the idea. Perhaps those who read this book in some future time will know what they are, but today we do not. Can it be that this land settled by the pioneers from another continent in the early 1800's is now being examined by a new and different breed of pioneers from another world? Only time will give the answer.

CONCLUSION

When we come to the end of each day, whether we are happy with ourselves or totally unsatisfied with how we have lived it, we have nevertheless added a little bit to history. As the Persian poet has written:

> The moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
> Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit
> Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
> Nor all your tears wash out a Word of it.

Before our very eyes the years pass by, each with its changes and innovations. Now broad landscaped lawns and beautiful houses, far grander than our ancestors would have ever dreamed, replace the stockaded log cabins in the wilderness. The muddy forest trails have become wide paved highways. McCutchanville is now suburban instead of backwoods—and actually from then 'til now has been a relatively short span of time.

The rapidly changing scene will continue to change as rapidly, and another generation in another century will find a life here that we today cannot even imagine; but quoting the Latin poet, Horace,

> Tomorrow the gods may either involve the
> world in dark clouds, or cheer it with
> clear sunshine; they will not, however,
> render ineffectual the things which
> have already taken place.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

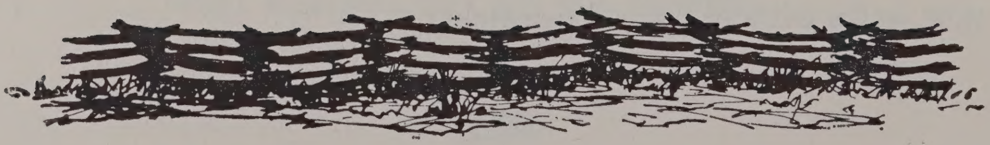
THE ILLUSTRATIONS in this book were done by one of Indiana's promising young artists, Jerry Nelson Baum. It seems appropriate that Mr. Baum should have associated himself with this project for he, like the author and hundreds who will read this book, is descended from early pioneer stock. In 1838, at the time when McCutchanville was receiving its greatest influx of immigrants, Jerry's ancestors, Louis Baum and George Seitz, were the first arrivals at the German settlement that sprang up two miles east of Boonville in Warrick County.

Jerry was born in Evansville in 1934 and attended Reitz High School where he starred in football. He spent one year at Indiana University and then joined the Marine Corps. He still played football and looked forward to a career with a pro team and eventually going into coaching. A series of unfortunate knee injuries put him in the hospital several times, and the condition became so serious that at one time he seemed faced with having to spend the rest of his life in a wheelchair.

It was at this point that he turned to art. He took an art major at the University of Evansville and then, during a year spent in the Veteran's Hospital at Indianapolis for further surgery, he received tutoring by staff members from the John Herron Art School. The knees healed miraculously and he now walks without braces or crutches.

Jerry works exclusively in the media of water color and ink, and is becoming recognized nationally as one of the up-and-coming young artists of today. His works have been accepted for exhibit in competitive shows in several states and he has won many awards. In 1967 he received the Kraft Food Company purchase award for his watercolor "Old Charlie's Barn" at the Watercolor U.S.A. show at Springfield, Missouri, a competition that was open to artists in all fifty states.

Jerry, with his wife and three daughters, lives in Evansville, but for the past four years has maintained his studio in McCutchanville. Most of the material for his paintings is drawn from this area.



INDEX

INDEX

Aabel, Austin, 232.
Aabel, Hans, 232.
Aabel family, 181.
Adams, Frank, 73.
Ahles, Betty (Mrs. John), 226.
Ahles, Herbert, 60, 230.
Ahles, John, Sr., 96.
Ahles, William, 230.
Aleon, Ed (Wilbur D'Alene), 87-88.
Althoff, Laura Steinmetz (Mrs. Carl), 234.
Anfield, Copeland, 113, 165.
Anfield, Mrs. Copeland, 168.
Animals, wild, 32-33.
Arhelger, John, 227-29.
Armistead, Dr. Richard A., 43, 77-78, 187.
Armstrong, ——, 34.
Ashworth, Victor, 65.
Atcheson, Amelia F. McJohnston (Mrs. William), 7, 22, 106.
Atcheson, Anna Maria, *see* McCutchan, Anna Maria (Mrs. Alexander D.).
Atcheson, Eliza, *see* Webb, Eliza Atcheson (Mrs. Willis West).
Atcheson, Margaret, *see* McFarland, Margaret Atcheson (Mrs. William).
Atcheson, Maria, *see* Inwood, Maria Atcheson (Mrs. James C.).
Atcheson, Sarah, *see* Maltby, Sarah Atcheson (Mrs. Joel).
Atcheson, William, Sr., 21.
Atcheson, Mrs. William, Sr., 21.
Atcheson, William, Jr., minister and teacher, 7, 21-22, 49, 101, 102, 115, 116, 150; death, 231.
Atcheson family, 10, 11, 21.
Aunty Mandy, 152.
Authors, 71-72.
Automobiles, first, 87-88.

Bacon, Albion Fellows (Mrs. Hilary), 72, 73, 204-205; on Scotch-Irish families, 10; poem, "The Old Church," 104.
Bacon, Rev. C. E., 119.
Bacon, Hilary, 204.
Baker, Conrad, 134, 176.
Baker, Dr. Herman M., 80.
Baker, Rev. M. E., 115.
Baldwin, Rev. Robert, 115.
Barker family, 33.
Barker's Methodist Church, 102, 103.
Barton, J. T., 143.
Barton, Ralph, 24.
Barton, Raymond, 113, 118, 166.
Baum, Louis, 239.
Bauman, Mrs. ——, 217.
Bauman, Willie, 68, 215.
Baumgart Road, 97.
Becker, William, 23.
Beharrell, Rev. Thomas G., 101, 115.
Beharrell, Rev. William, 114.
Bell, Harry, 73.
Benjamin, Henry (W. H.), 203, 215.
Benjamin, Hester A., *see* McCutchan, Hester A. Benjamin (Mrs. John).
Benjamin, Mary, 49.
Bethel House of Prayer, Camp Reveal, 131.
Bethlehem United Church of Christ, Hookerville, 127-29.
Birkbeck, Morris, 34.
Bishop, Mary Jo, 171.
Bishop, Wally, 171.
Blasie, Jacob, 111.
Blue Grass community, 20.

Blue Grass Methodist Church, 102, 103, 125-27.
Blythe, James E., 134.
Boeke, Carrie, *see* Schmitt, Carrie Boeke (Mrs. Jacob).
Boeke, Henry, 216.
Bohannon family, 10.
Bohn, Fred, 45.
Bond family, 18.
Boone, Daniel, 94.
Boonville–New Harmony Road, 93-94.
Boring, Rev. Nicholas E., 68, 115, 119.
Boswell, James, 8.
Bower, Rev. George W., 115.
Bower family, 33.
Bowyer family, 181.
Boyle, John, 213.
Bradley, Ann Erskine, 50
Brenner family, 181.
Brodie, Andrew, 24, 25, 43, 102, 116, 204-205; house, 182.
Brodie, David, 24, 25.
Brodie, Mrs. David, 25.
Brodie, James, 150.
Brodie, Janet, *see* Moffett, Janet Brodie (Mrs. John Fletcher).
Brodie, Janet Henry (Mrs. Andrew), 24.
Brodie, Margaret, *see* Henry, Margaret Brodie (Mrs. James).
Brodie family, 24-26.
Brown, Elizabeth Moffett (Mrs. William C.), 27.
Brown, Mrs. Harriet, 42, 43.
Brown, James, 181.
Brown, John, 50, 181.
Brown, John M., 43.
Brown, Mary, 52.
Brown family, 10.
Browning, George, 125.
Browning, Mary E. Moffett (Mrs. William A.), 232.
Browning, Richard, 92.
Browning, William A., 232.
Browning family, 33.
Browning Mill, 92.
Browning Road, 92-93.
Bruner, Belle Patterson (Mrs. Elmer), 52, 66, 118, 121.
Bruner, Bernice, 113.
Bruner, Elmer, 235.
Buffalo trails, 93.
Burgdorf, Adam, 129.
Burns, D. W., 150.
Burress, Dr. Clyde R., 152.
Burtis, Edward, 77.
Burtis, Stephen, 198.

Caldemeyer, Rev. S., 129.
Caldwell, James, 150.
Camp Reveal, 131.
Campbell, ——, 72.
Campbell, Mrs. Fannie, 120.
Capehart, Rev. R., 143.
Carpenter, Willard, 83.
Carson, John, 171.
Catholic Church, *see* St. John's Catholic Church; St. Patrick's Catholic Church.
Cavins, Herbert, 69.
Cavins, Isaac N., 42, 43-44, 209.
Cavins Station, 44.
Cemetery, 145-55.
Centenary Methodist Church, 103, 123-25.
Chapman, Rev. H. O., 115.
Charlton, O. C., 43.
Chatteris, England, 22, 194.
Christiansen, Rev. C., 129.
Christmas, 56, 167-68.
Churches, 99-131.
Civil War, 132-44; veterans of, buried in McCutchanville Cemetery, 150-51; soldiers killed in service, 151.
Clark, James, 42.
Clark, John, 143.
Clark, John, Tile Factory, 221-22.
Clark, Mary Lou, 118.
Clippinger, Charles, 63, 64, 208.
Clippinger, Rev. Clayton, 218.
Clippinger, Ella, *see* Ensle, Ella Clippinger (Mrs. James F.).
Clippinger, J. A., 64.

Clippinger, Rev. John H., 115, 164.
Clippinger, Mary Helen Erskine (Mrs. Wilbur F.), 54, 72, 79, 120.
Clippinger, Sallie, 218.
Clippinger, Walter W., 66, 68, 118.
Clippinger, Warren, 68, 214.
Clippinger, Wilbur, 79.
Clippinger, Dr. Wilbur F., 78-80, 87.
Clutter's woods, 63.
Commington, ——, 49.
Connor, Kenneth, 165.
Connor, Ralph, 152, 165.
Connor, William, 150.
Connor, William G., 232.
Connor, William S., 231-32.
Conover, Dr. Earl, 170, 171.
Conover, Matilda, 171.
Cooksey, Clarence, 230.
Cooksey, Mary, 70.
Cooper, Rev. Samuel, 114.
Coots, Alex, 39, 43.
Coots, Asa, 230, 234.
Coots, Clarence, 155.
Coots, Louise (Mrs. Clarence), 103.
Coots, Mary Moffett (Mrs. William), 27.
Coots, William, 27.
Coots family, 10, 11, 147.
Copeland, Ella, 68, 212.
Copeland, J. R., 43.
Copeland, Sarah, 69.
Copeland, Willie, 68.
Cotton, Homer, 165.
Cox, John Coates, 158.
Cox, Mrs. Warren, 168.
Crisp family, 127.
Curran, Rev. ——, 102, 115.
Cushman, Rev. R. L., 115.
Cynthiana, 101.
Cypress Methodist Church, 102, 103.

D'Alene, Wilbur, *see* Aleon, Ed.
Danks, Rev. Thomas C., 43, 106, 107, 108, 115.
Davidson, Helen, 52.
Davidson, J., 161.
Davidson, John, 69.
Davidson, Willie, 209, 210, 214.
Daylight, 84; post office, 45.
Dean, Dr. ——, 71.
DeBruler, Leanna, *see* McJohnston, Leanna DeBruler (Mrs. Kinlock).
Deeg, D. M., 52, 68, 118.
Deising, Ella, 50.
Deisinger, Delbert, 55.
Deisinger, Emma, *see* Johann, Emma Deisinger.
Deisinger, John, 129.
Deisinger family, 153.
Democratic party, 157-58.
Dennis, Henry, 231.
Dennis, John, 231.
Denzer family, 216, 221.
DePauw University, 160, 195.
Dewes family, 182.
Diseases and cures, 75-76, 77, 78.
Doerr, Louis P., 52.
Douglas, Lee, 151.
Doyle, Annie M., 63.
Dremstedt, Fred, 127.
Dress, pioneer, 37.
Dulles, John Foster, 236.

Earl, John, 22-23.
Earl, Mary Granfield (Mrs. John), 22.
Earl, Robert, 161.
Earl, William, 44.
Earl family, 10, 22.
Earle (Gabtown), 23, 85, 161, 206; origin of name "Gabtown," 45; post office, 23, 44-45.
Earle School, 23.
Earthquakes, 119, 234.
Eclectic Literary Society, 72-73.
Education, Andrew Erskine's "Plan for conducting a good English School," 219-20. *See also* Schools.
Egolf, Emily McCutchan, letters, 205-207.
Eissler, Emelia, 64.
Elberfeld, 63, 167.
Elliott, Edward, 143.
Elliott, William, Jr., 160.
Elliott family, 127.
Ellis, August, 134.

Engle, John, 230.
Engle, Melvin, 230.
English settlement, *see* Saundersville.
English settlers, 10, 32.
Ensle, Ella Clippinger (Mrs. James F.), 64, 73, 121.
Ensle, Eva, 66, 208.
Ensle, Florence, 52, 56, 64, 87, 119; excerpts from diary, 208-18.
Ensle, James F., 52, 54, 68, 158, 176, 208.
Ensle, Jane, *see* Pierce, Jane Ensle (Mrs. Neil).
Epworth League, 119.
Erskine, Abigail Ewin (Ewing) (Mrs. Andrew), 9, 148, 187.
Erskine, Andrew, 9-10, 77, 83, 148; house, 187-89; letters to niece, 196-99, 200-202; "Plan of conducting a good English School," 219-20; bequest for "Vanderburgh County benevolent fund," 220-21; death, 231.
Erskine, Andrew E., 160-61.
Erskine, Ann, *see* Bradley, Ann Erskine.
Erskine, Anna, 212.
Erskine, Anna Headen (Mrs. Levi), 50, 51, 52, 59, 63, 69-70, 72, 106, 135, 140, 215.
Erskine, Annie Perry (Mrs. Asa), 52, 63, 69-70, 118, 120, 217.
Erskine, Asa, 66, 108, 217.
Erskine, Charlotte (Mrs. Andrew), 199, 200, 201, 202.
Erskine, Charlotte, *see* Hargrave, Charlotte Erskine.
Erskine, Elizabeth Hemingway (Mrs. William), 9.
Erskine, Eloise, 194.
Erskine, Frances, 194, 230.
Erskine, Frances Gabatus McJohnston (Mrs. William J.), 73, 108, 193, 194.
Erskine, Harriet Iglehart (Mrs. John), 9, 148.
Erskine, Henry, son of William H., 189.
Erskine, Sir James, 8.
Erskine, James, 48, 50, 51, 108, 116.
Erskine, John, 72.
Erskine, John, son of William and Mary Erskine, 9, 48, 99.
Erskine, John Allen, son of Andrew Erskine, 148, 197; death, 199-201.
Erskine, Joseph, 148.
Erskine, Joseph (Jode), 217, 218.
Erskine, Levi, Sr., 66, 83, 118, 160, 163, 198, 199, 202, 215.
Erskine, Levi, Jr., 70.
Erskine, Mary (Mrs. William), 9, 148.
Erskine, Mary, *see* Fellows, Mary Erskine (Mrs. Albion).
Erskine, Mary (Ann), *see* Hillyard Mary (Ann) (Mrs. James).
Erskine, Mary Helen, *see* Clippinger, Mary Helen Erskine (Mrs. Wilbur F.).
Erskine, Mary Jane, 48.
Erskine, Perry, 152.
Erskine, Sarah, 148.
Erskine, Sarah Ann Hornby (Mrs. William H.), 189.
Erskine, Wilbur, 87.
Erskine, William, 9, 148; letter to, 191-92.
Erskine, William, son of William and Mary Erskine, 9.
Erskine, William H., son of Andrew Erskine, 50, 83, 147-48, 161, 189, 199-200, 202.
Erskine, William J., 43, 73, 108, 116.
Erskine, William K., 51, 230.
Erskine family, 8-9, 11; cemetery plot, 147-48.
Erskine Station, 86-87.
Erwin, Will M., 45.
Euler, Anna, 64.
Euler, Jacob, 143.
Eurie, John, 143.
Evans, Henry S., 143.
Evansville, 3, 134, 136, 167, 236; free schools, 49; high schools, 67, 71.

Evansville-Vanderburgh School Corporation, 57.
Ewin (Ewing), Abigail, *see* Erskine, Abigail Ewin (Mrs. Andrew).

Farmer's Institutes, 229-30.
Faux, William, 29, 34, 75, 124.
Felker, William, 118.
Felker, Mrs. William, 121.
Fellows, Albion, *see* Bacon, Albion Fellows (Mrs. Hilary).
Fellows, Annie, *see* Johnston, Annie Fellows (Mrs. William L.).
Fellows, Lura C., *see* Heilman, Lura C. Fellows.
Fellows, M. C., 52.
Fellows, Mary Erskine (Mrs. Albion), 43, 50, 116; letters to, 196-99, 199-200, 200-202.
Ferguson, Rev. Grant, 115.
Fields, Green, 143.
Finke, Harold, 165.
Finke, L. B., 171.
Fire department, 166-67, 168.
Fires, 167, 232, 233, 235.
Fisher, Mrs. Carl, 168.
Fisher, Clara Wiggers, 63.
Fisher, George, 161.
Fisher, Rev. J. E., 115, 120.
Fisher, Mrs. J. E., 120.
Fisher, John B., 151.
Fitzgerald, ——, 174.
Fitzwilliams, Matt, 144.
Flood, 1937, 236.
Food, pioneer, 2-3, 33, 34, 37.
Foster, Allen, 127.
Foster, Blake, 171.
Foster, Col. Leroy S., 236.
Foster, Mrs. Natalie Hartig (Mrs. Walter), 118.
Foster, Walter, 24.
Fox, Amelia, wife of Robert McCutchan-Johnstone, 6.
Fox, Rev. John, 114.
Fox, Maria, *see* McJohnston (McCutchan-Johnstone), Maria (Mrs. Charles).
Fox, Matthew, 6.
France, Bailey, 155, 232.
France, Clair, 230, 232.
France, Ella (Mrs. Bailey), 54, 232.
France, Elnora Swope (Mrs. Ivan), 70, 118.
France, Ivan, 152.
France, Jim, 167.
France, Ora, 70.
Furlick Creek, origin of name, 32.

Gabtown, *see* Earle.
Game, 31, 32, 33, 34.
Garden clubs, 168-69.
Garrett, Mrs. Violet M., 167.
George, Albert, 2, 118; house, 184.
George, Mrs. Albert, 121.
Gerhardt, Alma, 230.
Gerhardt, Oscar, 230.
German settlers, 11, 64, 127, 129.
Gibson, Samuel, 49.
Glodlipp, ——, 35.
Godby, Rev. A. A., 115
Godby, Mrs A. A., 118.
Goldsmith, Katie, 63.
Goldsmith, Walter, 64.
Goodge, Arthur, 51, 68.
Goshen, name of McJohnston estate, 4.
Gould, Charles F., 44.
Graf, Henry, 72.
Grand Army of the Republic, 142-43.
Gray, ——, 177.
Grimwood, James, 163.
Grimwood, Laura Bohannon, 59.
Grimwood family, 10, 45, 127.
Grote, Alfred, 113.
Gudgel, S. W., 52, 68.
Gudgel, William H., 50, 52.

Haas, Charlie, 54.
Hackel, Gottlieb, 96.
Hadley, Geneva Sansom, 118.
Haeussler, Mrs. Armand, 111.
Hahn, Dr. Albert, 80-81, 114, 190.
Hahn, Grace (Mrs. Albert), 80-81, 114, 190, 195.
Hahn, Jack, 81.

"Hall, The," *see* McCutchanville Hall Association.
Hamilton, Fannie Keegan, 50.
Hamilton, Wesley, 187.
Hanning, W. A., 66.
Hargrave, Charlotte Erskine, 50.
Hargrave, William, 151.
Harned, Rev. William F., 108, 115.
Harris, J. T., 142, 143.
Harrison, Clara, 70.
Harrison, Mrs. Henry, 118.
Harrison, Rev. Thomas, 108.
Hartig, August, 24.
Hartig, Clarence, 63.
Hartig, Ellen, *see* Nicholson, Ellen Hartig (Mrs. Raymond).
Hartig, Glenn, 24, 169.
Hartig, William (Billy), 20, 24, 63, 165, 166, 226.
Hartsaw, Rev. William, 115.
Haug, John, 165, 166.
Hawkins, ——, 161.
Hayhurst, Sallie, 52.
Hayhurst, William, 151.
Headen, Anna, *see* Erskine, Anna Headen (Mrs. Levi).
Headen, Janet Henry (Mrs. Heber), 26, 52.
Headen, Heber S., 43, 64.
Headen, Robert, 135, 151.
Headen, Thomas, 118, 152.
Headen, Thomas F., 135, 151.
Headen family, 10.
Headen Retreat, Evansville University, 26.
Headen (Hedden, Heddon) Road, 96-97.
Heady, Rev. James, 115.
Heckel (Hackel) Road, 96.
Heilman, Lura C. Fellows, 63.
Heilmann, August, 127.
Heilmann, John, 230.
Heilmann, Philip, 230.
Heilmann, Selma, 230.
Heim, Orla, 165.
Heinlein, William, 122.
Heinlein Road, 91.
Hemingway, Elizabeth, *see* Erskine, Elizabeth Hemingway (Mrs. William).
Hennesy, ——, 49.
Henry, Agnes, 100.
Henry, Della, 70.
Henry, Hattie, 51.
Henry, Mrs. Hugh, 73.
Henry, Isabel, *see* Whitehead, Isabel Henry (Mrs. John J.).
Henry, James, 25-26.
Henry, Janet, *see* Headen, Janet Henry (Mrs. Heber).
Henry, Lida, 55-56, 136, 185-87.
Henry, Lula, *see* Ruston, Lula Henry.
Henry, Margaret, 60, 64, 133.
Henry, Margaret Brodie (Mrs. James), 25-26, 56.
Henry, Mary, 26, 52, 62, 63, 72.
Henry, Mary Swope (Mrs. Robert D.), 64, 118, 230.
Henry, Robert, 151.
Henry, Robert D., 113, 230.
Henry, Robert R., 26, 46, 66, 118, 230.
Henry, Sarah (Sallie) McCutchan (Mrs. Robert R.), 52, 66, 120.
Henry, Sarah Huebner (Mrs. Ebenezer J.), 136.
Henry family, 11, 24-26.
Hensley, Rev. William, 102, 115.
Herr, Simon, 115.
Herron, Thomas, 114.
High school, 67-71.
Hillyard, Alexander (Alex), 126, 177.
Hillyard, Henry, 196-97.
Hillyard, James, 9, 126-27.
Hillyard, John, 202.
Hillyard, Mary (Ann) Erskine (Mrs. James), 9.
Hillyard, Tim, 177.
Hillyard, William, 142, 143.
Hoffman, John L., 95.
Hoffman, Philip, 45.
Holley, Clarence, 154.
Hooker, Major ——, 34.

Hooker, Brainard, 72.
Hooker, Jennie, 56, 64, 72, 176, 208.
Hooker, Levi, 43, 64, 133, 173-76.
Hooker, R. F., 118.
Hooker, Robert P., 49-50, 158.
Hooker family, 10, 173-74.
Hooker School, 54, 64-65, 174, 176.
Hookerville German Methodist Church, 127-29, 176.
Hopkins, Charles R., 36.
Horan, Hannah (Mrs. Hugh), 43, 228.
Horan, Hugh, 41-42, 76-77, 130.
Horan, Micke, 41.
Horan, Thomas W., 151, 153, 228.
Hornbrook, Philip, 67.
Hornbrook, Saunders, Sr., 2, 30, 34, 36, 37.
Hornbrook, Saunders, Jr., 67.
Hornbrook family, 33.
Hornby, Charles, 75.
Hornby, Cicero, 69, 86.
Hornby, Clara, *see* Whiting, Clara Hornby.
Hornby, David, 230.
Hornby, Ernest (Ernie), 56, 230.
Hornby, Geneva, 230.
Hornby, George, 60, 214.
Hornby, Henry, 75.
Hornby, Madge, 230.
Hornby, Minnie, 69.
Hornby, Sarah Ann, *see* Erskine, Sarah Ann Hornby (Mrs. William H.), *and* Swope, Sarah Ann Hornby (Mrs. Albert A.).
Hornby, William, 75.
Hornby, Dr. William, Jr., 74, 75.
Hornby, William H., 163.
Hornby family, 10, 11.
Hornby School, 54, 65-66; used as high school, 70.
Horner, John, 151, 152.
Horse show, 165-66.
Horse thieves, 157.
Houses, century or more old, 173-89.
Howell, Suzy, 114.
Huebner, Alfred, 232.
Huebner, Arthur, 63, 70, 89.
Huebner, Esther (Mrs. George), 232.
Huebner, George, 232.
Huebner, Grace, *see* Whitehead, Grace Huebner.
Huebner, Harriet Inwood (Mrs. Peter), 11.
Huebner, Harry, 152.
Huebner, Jessie, 70.
Huebner, Peter, 11, 97.
Huebner, Sadie, 70.

Ice, Rev. Lewis H., 113, 115.
Iglehart, Fred, 116.
Iglehart, Harriet, *see* Erskine, Harriet Iglehart (Mrs. John).
Iglehart, Levi, 99.
Iglehart, William, 49.
Igleheart, Jingle, 236.
Igleheart, Susan Ingle, 48.
Igleheart Station, 85.
Indian trails, 91.
Indiana General Assembly, members from McCutchanville community, 158.
Indians, 1-2, 32.
Ingle, John, 29, 33, 34, 36, 123-25.
Ingle, Susan, *see* Igleheart, Susan Ingle.
Ingle, William, 125.
Ingle, Rev. William, 48, 101, 104-5, 115.
Ingle family, 33, 123.
Inglefield, 36-37; post office, 44.
Interurbans, 86-87.
Inwood, Anna (Annie) M., 66, 69.
Inwood, Arthur, 138-39, 151.
Inwood, Elizabeth Moll (Mrs. William C.), 42.
Inwood, Harriet, *see* Huebner, Harriet Inwood (Mrs. Peter).
Inwood, Harriet McJohnston (Mrs. John), 138.
Inwood, James C., 43, 49, 50, 106, 116, 163.
Inwood, John, 7, 138, 200.
Inwood, Maria Atcheson (Mrs. James), 22, 50, 106, 107.

Inwood, William C., 42, 231.
Inwood, Mrs. William C., 185.
Inwood family, 10.
Irish settlers, 129.

Jameson, Charles F., 63.
Jarvis, Mrs. Thomas, Sr., 227.
Jarvis, Tom, 51.
Jaus, W. L., 143.
Johann, Emma Deisinger, 63.
Johns, Mary Perry (Mrs. George), 70, 71; journals, 43n, 233-36; paper on McCutchanville schools, 46-47, 48-49.
Johnson, Dr. ——, 78, 187.
Johnson, Gen. Adam R., 136.
Johnson, James, 49.
Johnson, Lambert, 168.
Johnson, Rev. Levi, 102, 115.
Johnston, Annie Fellows (Mrs. William L.), 52, 62, 71-72, 149, 177-78; letter, 204-205.
Johnston, William L., 204.
Johnstone, Miss ——, of Mosstown, County Longford, Ireland, 5, 13.
Johnstone (McCutchan-Johnstone), Amelia Fox, *see* Atcheson, Amelia F. McJohnston (Mrs. William).
Johnstone (McCutchan-Johnstone), Eliza, *see* Keegan, Eliza Johnstone (Mrs. Patrick).
Johnstone, Harriet Maria, *see* Inwood, Harriet McJohnston (Mrs. John).
Johnstone (McCutchan-Johnstone), Wilhelmina, *see* Moffett, Wilhelmina McJohnston (Mrs. James).
Jones, Cornelius (Bud), 107, 225-26.
Jones, Rose (Red Rose) (Mrs. Cernelius), 224-25.
Jones, Rev. Thomas W., 115.

Kaetzel, Rev. Fred, 103.
Kaetzel, Rev. Glenn, 103, 115.
Kansas Road, 97-98.
Kansas School, 54, 59-64, 204.
Keegan, Eliza Johnstone (Mrs. Patrick), 6.
Keegan, Fannie, *see* Hamilton, Fannie Keegan.
Keegan, Mary Jane, 50.
Keegan, Patrick, 6.
Keegan family, 10.
Keene, Julia Rucker, 50.
Kern, ——, 49.
Killion, Rev. O. E., 115.
King, Rev. H. N., 115.
Kingon, Harold, 118.
Kinney, George, 49.
Kiwanis Club, 169.
Klei, ——, 231.
Klippel, Philip, 88.
Knight, Belle, 63.
Knight, Frank, 51.
Knowle family, 10.
Korb, Anthony, 151.
Korean War, 152.
Krauss, Norman, 165.
Kreger, Jacob, 127, 151.
Kreger, Walter, 70, 177, 180-81.
Kuhlenschmidt, Charles, 129.
Kuhlenschmidt, Theodore, 230.

Lake Talahi, 24, 170-72.
Lant, Elizabeth, 52.
Lant, Laura, 69.
Lant, Mary, 51.
Lawrence, Charlie, 151.
Lawrence, John, 151.
Lawrence, Olive McJohnston, 64, 69.
Lawrence, Robert, 151.
Leggett, Robert, 233.
Leggett, Stephen, 233.
Letterman, Ed, 63.
Letterman, Mrs. H. H., 79.
Lincoln, Abraham, 94, 133, 140, 158.
Linxweiler, George, 92.
Linxwiler, E. E., 66.
Locke, W. R., 52.
Locust Creek Methodist Church, 102, 103.
Log cabins, 29, 31, 34.
Logan, Gen. John A., 149.
Lowe, Bishop Titus, 111.

Lucas, Allen (Uncle Luke), 223.
Lynch, Rev. W. R., 115.
Lynch School, consolidated with McCutchanville, 57.

McAllister, W. R., 118.
McAvoy, ——, 62.
McAvoy, Agnes, 207.
McCan, Rev. J. F., 115.
McCann, John, 222.
McConnell, Gene, 114.
McCrabbie, Agnes (Nancy), *see* McCutchan, Agnes (Nancy) McCrabbie (Mrs. Samuel).
McCutchan, A. J., 143.
McCutchan, Agnes, daughter of Samuel and Agnes (Nancy) McCutchan, 20.
McCutchan, Agnes (Nancy) McCrabbie (Mrs. Samuel), 17, 20.
McCutchan, Albert, 178.
McCutchan, Alexander Dennison, 17, 19, 22, 47, 48, 139, 205.
McCutchan, Allen, 192.
McCutchan, Alto, 54.
McCutchan, Amelia L. Yerkes (Mrs. George Bond), 20.
McCutchan, Anna Maria Atcheson (Mrs. Alexander D.), 17, 22, 139.
McCutchan, Arad, 20.
McCutchan, Arad, 192.
McCutchan, Charles Atcheson, Civil War letters, 136-37, 140, 205.
McCutchan, Charles R., 39, 43, 69, 88, 141-42, 143, 149-50.
McCutchan, Clarence, 206, 230.
McCutchan, Donald Robert, 17.
McCutchan, Ed, 206.
McCutchan, Edna, 64, 70, 118.
McCutchan, Elizabeth (Mrs. Robert), of Castletown, Ireland, 7; letter, 192-93.
McCutchan, Elizabeth, *see* Whitehead, Elizabeth McCutchan (Mrs. Charles).
McCutchan, Ella, 52, 63, 64.
McCutchan, Ellen, 1, 20, 41.
McCutchan, Ellen (Nellie), *see* Whittinghill, Ellen (Nellie) McCutchan (Mrs. James L.).
McCutchan, Elmer, 62.
McCutchan, Emily, 70.
McCutchan, Eugene, 206.
McCutchan, George Bond, son of William and Mary McCutchan, 19-20, 146, 194.
McCutchan, Grace, 24, 177.
McCutchan, Harold O., 21, 187.
McCutchan, Harry, 68.
McCutchan, Henry, 180.
McCutchan, Herbert, 70.
McCutchan, Hester A. Benjamin (Mrs. John), 17.
McCutchan, Isabella (Mrs. Samuel), 107.
McCutchan, James, son of William and Mary Ann McCutchan, 18, 19, 150.
McCutchan, James Shaw, 17.
McCutchan, Jane, 178.
McCutchan, Jason, 113, 118, 232.
McCutchan, Mrs. Jason, 230.
McCutchan, John, 142, 143, 161.
McCutchan, John, son of William and Mary Ann McCutchan, 17.
McCutchan, John L., 43, 162.
McCutchan, Kenneth, 114.
McCutchan, Lenora Peva (Mrs. Thomas W.), 52, 54, 64, 117, 121.
McCutchan, Maggie Hooker (Mrs. Henry), 54.
McCutchan, Marcus, 64, 139, 150.
McCutchan, Margaret, 20, 52.
McCutchan, Margaret Ruston (Mrs. Allen), 192.
McCutchan, Marie Massey (Mrs. Robert), 19.
McCutchan, Marlin, 23.
McCutchan, Martha Pack (Mrs. Charles Atcheson), 136-37, 140, 205.
McCutchan, Mary Anne, *see* McJohnston, Mary Anne McCutchan (Mrs. Kinlock).

McCutchan, Mary Ann Vickerstaff (Mrs. William), 17, 19, 20-21, 194.
McCutchan, Mary Horan (Mrs. Charles R.), 120.
McCutchan, Milan, 23.
McCutchan, Morton, 214.
McCutchan, Nancy (Mrs. Samuel), 32-33, 101, 102, 147.
McCutchan, Nellie, *see* Whittinghill, Ellen (Nellie) McCutchan (Mrs. James L.).
McCutchan, Mrs. Owen, 127.
McCutchan, Philip, 17.
McCutchan, Philip S., 213.
McCutchan, Robert, of Castletown, Ireland, 7; letter, 192-93.
McCutchan, Robert, son of William and Mary Ann McCutchan, 18, 19, 25.
McCutchan, Samuel (Squire), son of William and Mary Ann McCutchan, 17, 19-20, 40, 42, 101, 107, 108, 133, 146, 147, 156, 157, 160.
McCutchan, Samuel Vickerstaff (Vic), son of Samuel and Agnes (Nancy) McCutchan, 20, 38, 39, 43, 147, 206.
McCutchan, Sarah (Sallie), *see* Henry, Sarah (Sallie) McCutchan.
McCutchan, Sarah, *see* Whitehead, Sarah McCutchan (Mrs. John, Jr.).
McCutchan, Sarah Bond, *see* McCutcheon (McCutchan), Sarah Bond McCutchan (Mrs. Samuel B.).
McCutchan, Sarah Trimble (Mrs. Thomas), 16.
McCutchan, Sarah Whitehead (Mrs. William), 23.
McCutchan, Thomas, son of William and Mary Ann McCutchan, 18.
McCutchan, Thomas W., 69, 158, 230.
McCutchan, William, 17-21; relationship to Charles McJohnston, 18; death, 20, 145, 146; descendants, 20-21.
McCutchan, William, son of Samuel and Agnes (Nancy) McCutchan, 20.
McCutchan, William, son of William and Mary Ann McCutchan, 17, 145-46.
McCutchan, William C., descendant of William and Sarah Whitehead McCutchan, 23, 113, 165.
McCutchan, William A., 165.
McCutchan, William J., 150.
McCutchan family, 10, 11-13, 17, 127; origin of name, 12.
McCutchan Station, 44, 84.
McCutchan-Johnstone, Charles, *see* McJohnston, Charles.
McCutchan-Johnstone, Charles (b. 1808), 6.
McCutchan-Johnstone, Robert, 5-6.
McCutchan-Johnstone, *see also* Johnstone; McJohnston.
McCutchanville Benefit Club, Incorporated, 166-67.
McCutchanville Cemetery, 145-55.
McCutchanville Church, organization of, 101; early meetings, 99-101; first building, 101-102; second (and present) building, 106-11; attached to Cynthiana Circuit, 101; in Blue Grass Circuit, 102, 103; form of services, 103-104; parsonage, 102-103; Parish House, 112-13; plans for third building, 113-14; ministers, 114-15; Sunday School, 116-18; Epworth League, 119; Methodist Youth Fellowship, 119; Ladies Aid Society, 120-21; Methodist Women's Society of Christian Service, 121; Methodist Men, 121-22.
McCutchanville Community Association, 167-78.

McCutchanville Garden Club, 168-69.

McCutchanville Hall Association, 162-65.

McCutchanville Post Office, 40-44.

McCutchanville School, first building (1833), 46-48; second building (1837-52), 48-50; third building (1852-75), 49-52; fourth building (1874-1913), 50-52; entries from school register, 51; fifth building (1914-67), 52-58; affected by consolidation, 54, 57, 58; bell, 57-58; last day exercises, 56; Christmas caroling, 56-57; building becomes center of Work-Training in Industry program, 58.

McCutchanville Volunteer Fire Department, 166-67, 168.

McCutcheon (McCutchan), Samuel B., 19.

McCutcheon (McCutchan), Sarah Bond McCutchan (Mrs. Samuel B.), 18, 19.

McElroy, Isaac, 114.

McFarland, Margaret Atcheson (Mrs. William), 22.

McFarland, William, 22.

McGary, Hugh, 100, 191.

McGinnis, Rev. William, 115.

McJohnston, Amelia F., *see* Atcheson, Amelia F. McJohnston (Mrs. William).

McJohnston, Anna, *see* Minton, Anna McJohnston.

McJohnston (McCutchan - Johnstone), Arthur, 6, 8.

McJohnston (McCutchan - Johnstone), Charles, 3-4, 6, 7, 18, 97, 99, 100, 101, 145, 158.

McJohnston, Charles, Jr., 43, 101, 106, 133.

McJohnston, Charles Fox, 7, 8.

McJohnston, Clara, 69.

McJohnston, Edwin, 102, 115.

McJohnston, Frances Gabatus, *see* Erskine, Frances Gabatus (Mrs. William J.).

McJohnston (McCutchan - Johnstone), Harriet Maria, *see* Inwood, Harriet McJohnston (Mrs. John).

McJohnston (McCutchan - Johnstone), Kinlock, 7, 8, 59, 200; house, 182, 184-85.

McJohnston, Leanna DeBruler (Mrs. Kinlock), 7, 185.

McJohnston, Levi, 88.

McJohnston (McCutchan - Johnstone), Maria (Mrs. Charles), 6.

McJohnston, Mary Anne McCutchan (Mrs. Kinlock), 7, 84-85, 193.

McJohnston, Mary Catherine Wasson (Mrs. Charles Fox), 7.

McJohnston, May, 72.

McJohnston, Olive, *see* Lawrence, Olive McJohnston.

McJohnston, W. H., 43.

McJohnston, Wilhelmina, *see* Moffett, Wilhelmina McJohnston (Mrs. James).

McJohnston family, 5-8, 11.

McNaughton, Rev. Samuel W., 115.

Maidlow, ——, 35.

Maidlow family, 125.

Maltby, Joel, 22, 49.

Maltby, Sarah Atcheson (Mrs. Joel), 22.

Mandy, Aunty, 152.

Massey, Maria, *see* McCutchan, Maria Massey (Mrs. Robert).

Matthews, Rev. Gene, 115.

Mattison, H. A., 162.

Mechanicsville, *see* Stringtown.

Medicine, practice of, 74-80.

Memorial Day, observance of, 142, 149-52, 216.

Mendenhall, Alan, 165, 166.

Mercer, Rev. Ronald, 113, 115.

Methodist churches, *see* Blue Grass Methodist Church; Centenary Methodist Church; Hookerville German Methodist Church; McCutchanville Church.

Methodist Men, 121-22.

Methodist Women's Society of Christian Service, 121.

Methodist Youth Fellowship, 119.
Miller, Chris, 143.
Miller, Rev. Clifford, 103, 115.
Millersburgh Road, 96.
Mills, Donald, 118.
Mills, Joel, 49.
Mills, 92.
Minton, Dr. ——, 78.
Minton, Anna (Annie) McJohnston, 52, 78.
Minton, Maude, 51.
Moffett, Anna, 69.
Moffett, Charles, 43, 44, 150, 162.
Moffett, Chester, 51, 232.
Moffett, Eliza (Mrs. William), 27, 28.
Moffett, Elizabeth, *see* Brown, Elizabeth Moffett (Mrs. William C.).
Moffett, Howard, 230.
Moffett, Isabel, 96.
Moffett, Izabella (Mrs. John), 27.
Moffett, James, 7, 27.
Moffett, James, 214, 230.
Moffett, James B., 154, 214.
Moffett, Janet Brodie (Mrs. John Fletcher), 24, 26, 109, 120.
Moffett, John, 27.
Moffett, John Fletcher, 26, 39, 43, 69, 116, 151.
Moffett, John J., 151.
Moffett, Margaret (Mrs. Samuel), 27, 147.
Moffett, Marion, 232.
Moffett, Mary, *see* Coots, Mary Moffett (Mrs. William).
Moffett, Mary E., 43.
Moffett, Minnie (Mrs. Chester), 232.
Moffett, Robert, 43, 184.
Moffett, Sammie, 230.
Moffett, Samuel, 27, 147.
Moffett, Wilhelmina McJohnston (Mrs. James), 7, 27, 43, 106.
Moffett, William, 27, 28.
Moffett, Willis, 39.
Moffett, Willis, 230, 232.
Moffett, Wilson, 43.
Moffett, Mrs. Wilson, 120.
Moffett–George house, 182-84.
Moffett family, 2, 10, 11, 26-28.
Moll, Ed, 154-55.
Moll, Elizabeth, 42.
Moll, H., 43.
Moll, Henry H., 52.
Moll, J. H., 43.
Molyneaux, John, letter to William Erskine, 191.
Moore, Philip, 170, 171.
Morgan, Rev. Shirley, 115, 118.
Morgan's Raid, 136.
Morris, Charles Y., 36.
Morris, J. T., 143.
Moss, William, 66.
Mossman, Mary Ann, wife of James McCutchan, 19.
Mosstown, residence of the Johnstone family, 13.
Music, 73.
Mutton, Margaret, letter, 194-95.
Myers, Rev. ——, 102, 115.

Negley Mill, 92.
Newburgh, 136.
New Green River Road, 97.
Newman, Fred, 118.
Nicholson, Ann Whitehead (Mrs. William), 24.
Nicholson, Ellen Hartig (Mrs. Raymond), 63, 121.
Nicholson, Raymond, 24.
Nicholson, William, 24.
Nicoson, Rev. Max, 115.
Nisbeth, J. H., 203.
Nisbeth, Samuel, 203-204.
Noble's Chapel, 103, 195.
Nugent, Richard, 152.

Oak Hill School, 57, 58.
Olivet Presbyterian Church, 131.
Orr, Robert D., 158.
Orr, Sam, 122.
Owen, Rev. Isaac, 114.

Pack, Martha, *see* McCutchan, Martha Pack (Mrs. Charles Atcheson).

Parent-Teachers Association, 54, 73.
Parks, Catherine McCutchan (Mrs. Matthew), letter to, 192-93.
Parks, Charles, 143.
Parks, Jane, *see* Ruston, Jane (Mrs. John).
Parks, Matthew, 192.
Parrett, Rev. Robert, 102.
Parsley, Rev. Russell, 115.
Passenger pigeons, 33, 35.
Patterson, Allen, 21, 113.
Patterson, Belle, *see* Bruner, Belle Patterson (Mrs. Elmer).
Patterson, Jacob, 230.
Patterson, Minnie Mae Hitch, 152.
Patterson, Rev. N. M., 115.
Patterson, Nettie Inwood (Mrs. Jacob), 109, 118.
Patterson, Willie, 235.
Patterson family, 10.
Pattison, Rev. Howard M., 115.
Pearce, Homer, 230.
Pearce, John W., 79-80.
Peck, J. W., 143.
Peck, Thomas, 143.
Peck family, 33, 125.
Penrod, Rev. S. S., 115.
Perry, Alexander, 43n, 162, 163; quotations from journals, 43, 44, 50-51, 76, 163, 233-36.
Perry, Andrew, 151.
Perry, Mrs. Andrew, 69, 120.
Perry, Annie, *see* Erskine, Annie Perry (Mrs. Asa).
Perry, Fannie, 69, 217.
Perry, James B., 50.
Perry, Mary, *see* Johns, Mary Perry (Mrs. George).
Perry, Maude, 69.
Perry, Milton, 43n.
Perry, Thomas, 51.
Perry family, 10, 11.
Peter, August, 129.
Peter, Carl, 230.
Peter, Harold, 230.
Peter, William, 129.
Petersburg Road, 91.
Peva, Mrs. Carson, 121.
Peva, George, 142, 151; Civil War diary, 137-38.
Peva, James R., 159.
Peva, Lenora, *see* McCutchan, Lenora Peva (Mrs. Thomas W.).
Peva, Susan (Mrs. George), 120.
Pfole, Louis, 143.
Physicians, 74-75, 76-80.
Pierce, Jane Ensle (Mrs. Neil), 87.
Pierce, Neil, 64, 71, 79, 133; house, 173-76, 208.
Pierce, Samuel L., 233.
Pierce, Stanley R., 233.
Pierce, Walter, 233.
Pierce, Walter T., 233.
Pierce, Will Daniel, 233.
Piggott, Mary (Mrs. Thomas), 195.
Piggott, Thomas, 194-95.
Politics, 157-58.
Post offices, Daylight, 45; Earle, 44-45; Inglefield, 36-37; McCutchanville, 40-44; Saundersville, 36.
Potts, John G., 125.
Powell, Rev. Jesse O., 115.
Powell family, 33.
Presbyterian Church, *see* Olivet Presbyterian Church.
Presidential elections, votes cast in, 157-58.
Princeton Traction, 86-87.

Quakers, settlement of, 221.

Ragland, Floyd, 54.
Railroads, 82-86.
Raines, Bishop Richard C., 113, 127.
Raleigh, Richard, 129.
Raley, Emilie, 233.
Raley, Ralph, 233.
Raley, Thelma (Mrs. Ralph), 233.
Ravenscroft, Rev. William, 115.
Reed, Elvin, 114.
Reed, Rev. Kenneth, 115.
Reed, R. B., 143.
Reed, Vernon, 118.
Regulators, 156-57.

Republican party, 157-58.
Reveal, Ernest, 131.
Revival, conducted by Rev. Thomas Harrison, 108.
Ridge View Heights, 124.
Riggs, Rev. Arthur, 115.
Riggs, Hattie Webb, 59.
Riggs, Martha, 230.
Riggs, Oscar, 230.
Riggs, Ross, 127.
Riggs family, 127.
Ring, ——, 48.
Ring, Mrs. ——, 71.
Ritchey, Rev. John, 114.
Ritchie family, 33, 125.
Roads, 91-98.
Robertson, Rev. E. A., 115.
Roddor, John, 151.
Rogers, Rev. Barthol, 115.
Rose or Red Rose, *see* Jones, Rose (Mrs. Cornelius).
Rough, Wilbur, 52.
Rough, William, 88-89, 142.
Rubles, Solan, 43.
Rucker, Julia, *see* Keene, Julia Rucker.
Rucker, Dr. Thomas H., 76, 118, 157.
Rucker Road, 97.
Rudolph, Marlin, 113.
Runcie, James, 49.
Ruston, Isabell Whitehead, 48.
Ruston, Jane Parks (Mrs. John), 192.
Ruston, John, Sr., 44, 192.
Ruston, John S., 152.
Ruston, Lula Henry, 63.
Ruston, Margaret, *see* McCutchan, Margaret Ruston (Mrs. Allen).
Ruston family, 33, 125.
Ryan, Roy, 165.

St. John's Catholic Church, 130.
St. Patrick's Catholic Church, 129-31.
Salt lick, 35.
Sandersville, *see* Saundersville.
Sansom, Edna (Mrs. Joseph), 113.
Sansom, Geneva, *see* Hadley, Geneva Sansom.
Sansom, Mrs. James, 120.
Sansom, John, 92.
Sansom, Joseph, 113.
Sansom family, 10.
Saundersville (Sandersville), 30, 33-36, 195; Methodist Church, 124; post office, 36.
Schaperjohn, Henry, 129.
Scheller, Mrs. Edna Copeland, 87.
Schiff, John, 45.
Schiffer, Edgar C., 169.
Schlensker, Henry, 185.
Schlensker, Isabelle, 230.
Schlensker family, 185.
Schmidt, Mrs. ——, 72.
Schmitt, Carrie Boeke (Mrs. Jacob), 213.
Schmitt, Jacob, 129, 213.
Schmitt, Michael, 127.
Schools, grade, 46-66; high, 67-71; districts, 51, 54; consolidation of, 54, 55, 57, 58; transportation to, 54-55; placed under jurisdiction of Evansville-Vanderburgh School Corporation, 57.
Schrader, John, 123.
Schuler, Henry, 88.
Schwoerdtfeger, John W., 44.
Scotch-Irish settlers, 10, 11-13, 21, 26-27.
Scott, Eliza, 52, 64.
Scott, Samuel, 36, 222.
Scott family, 33.
Seedlings, The, 169.
Seib, Clarence, 230.
Seib, Mike, 165.
Seib family, 182.
Seitz, George, 239.
Sensmeier, Ralph, 24.
Servadio, Dr. Joe, 169.
Shake, Rev. Clarence A., 113, 115.
Shaw, Joseph, 125.
Simmons, Rev. W. W., 115.
Simpson, Mary, wife of Arthur McJohnston (McCutchan-Johnstone), 6.

Simpson, W. H., 143.
Skeels, Daniel, 143.
Skeels, Mary, 24, 195.
Skeels, Rebecca, 60, 63.
Skeels, Sallie, 49.
Skeels, William, 151.
Skeels family, 10.
Skelhorn Hill, *see* Stringtown Hill.
Slocum, Rev. Charles, 114.
Smith, Charles, postmaster, 42.
Smith, Moses, 45.
Smith, Otto, 121-22.
Smith, Rev. William H., 114.
Snively, ——, 49.
Social life, pioneer, 37-39, 208-18.
Sons of Temperance, 160-61.
Spencer, J. E., 143.
Spoon Up, 203.
Stacer, Conrad, 174.
Stacer, 133.
Stafford, Frank, 51, 63.
Stafford, James, 180.
Steller, Wesley, 165.
Steller, Mrs. Wesley, 121.
Sterling, John, 165, 166.
Sterne, Mrs. John, 24, 180.
Steinmetz, Jake, 231.
Steinmetz, Mike, 231.
Storck, Caroline, 64.
Storey, Robert, 122.
Stringtown (Mechanicsville), 36, 48.
Stringtown Hill (Skelhorn Hill), 3.
Straight Line Railroad, 43, 83-85.
Strupp, Jacob, 129.
Summers, Ida, 52.
Swank, Cornelius, 114.
Swope, Mrs. A. E., 230.
Swope, Albert, 88.
Swope, Albert A., 162, 189.
Swope, Anna, 69.
Swope, Elnora, *see* France, Elnora Swope (Mrs. Ivan).
Swope, Isabel, 230.
Swope, Margaret Whitehead (Mrs. Albert A.), 189.
Swope, Mary, *see* Henry, Mary Swope (Mrs. Robert D.).
Swope, Ralph, Sr., 70, 165, 166, 167.
Swope, Ralph (Bub), Jr., 167.
Swope, Sarah Ann Hornby (Mrs. Albert A.), 189.

Tansey, Eula, 52, 72.
Tansey, Rev. John, 108, 115.
Tarkington, Rev. Joseph, 100, 114.
Telephones, 88-90; in schoolhouse, 54.
Temperance, 160-61.
Thompson, Rev. Harry, 115, 127.
Thompson, Rev. William, 115.
Tieman Tile Factory, 222.
Tile factories, 221-22.
Timber, 2.
Timma, Don, 46.
Tinker, Milton Zachariah, 73, 216.
Tornado, 234.
Tower, Rev. Nathaniel, 115.
Tragedies, 231-33.
Transportation, 82-88; school wagons, 54-55.
Traveling, difficulties of, 35-36.
Treasure, hunt for, 227-29.
Trimble, Sarah, *see* McCutchan, Sarah Trimble (Mrs. Thomas).
Tyzer, Mrs. Dora, 111.
Tyzer, Henry, 151.

Underground railroad, 132-33.
Unidentified flying objects, 237.
Usrey, Warren, 165.
Uzell, Fred, 51.

Valandingham, Edward, 151.
Vanderburgh County benevolent fund, 220-21.
Vanderburgh County Vigilance Committee, 157.
Vickerstaff, Mary Ann, *see* McCutchan, Mary Ann Vickerstaff (Mrs. William).
Vickery, James, 49.
Vigilance companies, 157.
Voelkel, A. C., 113.
Voight, George, 182.
Voight, Johnnie, 69.
Voight, William, 152.

Wabash and Erie Canal, 202-203.
Walker, Charles, 114.
Wallis, John, 127.
Walters, Dr. ——, 78.
Walz, James, 144.
Walz, Joe, 39, 210, 213.
Ward, Julia, 212.
Warner, Alanson, 36.
Wasson, Mary Catherine, *see* McJohnston, Mary Catherine Wasson (Mrs. Charles Fox).
Weather, 233-36.
Weaver, John, 114, 118.
Webb, Eliza Atcheson (Mrs. Willis West), 22, 50.
Webb, Homer, 96.
Webb, Mrs. Homer, 120.
Webb, Ruth, 96, 230.
Weber, Ada, 70.
Weber, Charles (Karl), 43, 63.
Weber-Ahles farm, 226-27.
Weidenbaugh, John, 151.
Wesley, John, 5, 18, 100.
Wesselman, A. W., 158.
West, Rev. Asa D., 114.
Whaley, Virgil, 127.
Wheeler, Henry, Sr., 102.
Wheeler, Rev. Henry W., 115.
Wheeler, James, 151.
Wheeler, John, 143.
Wheeler, Rev. Joseph, 101, 115.
Wheeler, Mark, 125.
Wheeler, Rev. Richard, 115.
Wheeler, Robert, 143.
Wheeler family, 127.
Whetstone, David, 94.
Whetstone, Henry, 94.
Whetstone, Matthias, 94.
Whetstone, Peter, 94.
Whetstone, Robert, 94-95.
Whetstone Road, 94-96.
Whitehead, Ann, *see* Nicholson, Ann Whitehead (Mrs. William).
Whitehead, Ann Charity (Mrs. John), 22.
Whitehead, Charles, 23, 48.
Whitehead, Elizabeth McCutchan (Mrs. Charles), 20, 23.
Whitehead, Grace Huebner, 64.
Whitehead, Harry, 70.
Whitehead, Isabel Henry (Mrs. John J.), 63, 118.
Whitehead, Isabell, *see* Ruston, Isabell Whitehead.
Whitehead, John, 22-23.
Whitehead, John, Jr., 23, 24, 43, 48, 50, 102, 147, 158, 195; house, 176-79.
Whitehead, Margaret, 70.
Whitehead, Margaret, *see* Swope, Margaret Whitehead (Mrs. Albert A.).
Whitehead, Sallie, 93.
Whitehead, Sarah, *see* McCutchan, Sarah Whitehead (Mrs. William).
Whitehead, Sarah McCutchan (Mrs. John, Jr.), 20, 23, 24, 170, 195; house, 176, 177-79; death, 24, 180.
Whitehead family, 10, 11.
Whiting, Clara Hornby, 52, 58, 69, 118.
Whittinghill, Ellen (Nellie) McCutchan (Mrs. James L.), 78, 187, 217.
Whittinghill, James L., teacher and physician, 52, 68, 78, 88, 187.
Whittlesea, Mary, 49.
Wiggers, Clara, *see* Fisher, Clara Wiggers.
Williams, Hiram, 143.
Williams, T. M., 52.
Williams family, 181.
Wilson, Clifford, 230.
Wilson, Lucy, 70.
Wilson, Nelson, 52.
Wiltz, Philip, 43.
Wolves, 32.
Wood, Rev. Enoch G., 114.
Wood, Rev. Joseph, 107.
Work, Kay, 63, 233.
World War I, 152.
World War II, 152, 171-72.
Wright, Eloise, 52.

Yerkes, Amelia L., *see* McCutchan, Amelia L. Yerkes (Mrs. George Bond).
Yerkes, Anna, 49.
Young, Benjamin, 162, 180.
Young, Clara, 70.
Young, Esther, 212.
Young, John, 151.
Young, Laura, 64.
Young, William, 151.
Young family, 10.
Youngblood, S. E., 52.

Zion, Roger, 158.

HECKMAN
BINDERY, INC.
Bound-To-Please®
MAR 04
N. MANCHESTER, INDIANA 46962